

THE CALCUTTA REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *La Nouvelle-Calédonie*. PAR CH. BRAINNE. Paris. 1854.
2. *The Ethnographical Library. Papuans*. By G. W. EARL, M. R. A. S. London: Bailliere. 1853.
3. *Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific &c.* By J. E. ERSKINE, Capt., R. N. London: Murray. 1853.
4. *The Quarterly Review*, No. 211. London: Murray. 1859.
5. *Fiji and the Fijians. Vol I. The Islands and their Inhabitants.* By THOMAS WILLIAMS, late Missionary in Fiji. *Vol. II. Mission History.* By JAMES CALVERT, late Missionary in Fiji. Edited by GEORGE STRINGER ROWE. London: Alexander Heylin. 1858.

IN our "school days" we were taught that there were four quarters of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa and America; and though we could not even then see why Europe and Asia were separated, or the two Americas united, we accepted the division as *un fait accompli*.

The 'dry land' must now be re-parted. Far South rises the mountainous Southern land, uninhabited and uninhabitable, with its volcanoes, rising like huge lurid beacon fires, amidst gloomy mists and eternal snows; and far North place must be found for half known Greenland and the ice-bound islands of the Polar Sea. For these no name has yet been assigned. But *one* new division has already been marked out in our maps, under the name (not yet generally recognized) of Oceanica. It includes many of the fairest and most fertile spots on the face of the earth, and has boundless capabilities of improvement. This great island-world, however, stretches over too vast an extent, and contains too many distinct and discordant units, to be designated by a name in itself unmeaning; and recent geographers have divided it into groups, classified under the following names, which we accept only for want of better.

- I. AUSTRALIA, including under that name New Holland and

Tasmania, remarkable to us above all others for the great fact that there, where dwelt the most miserable, helpless and hideous race that ever lived (or rather starved) on the earth in human form, the Anglo-Saxon man has found gold and corn and flocks and herds spring up at his first bidding, and within half a century has laid, broad and deep and strong, the foundations of a colossal empire. We ourselves have seen the sturdy Englishman, who became head of a native tribe, who hunted kangaroos and opossums, and ate grubs and worms, over the ground where Melbourne now stands.

II. The name of MALAISIA (barbarous enough) is given to that splendid group of islands, almost rivalling continents in extent, and surpassing them in richness, fertility and exquisite loveliness, for the most part inhabited, or ruled at least, by men of pure or mixed Malay blood. It includes Java, Sumatra, Celebes, the Sulu Isles, Borneo, and the Philippines. It is often spoken of as the Dutch and Spanish East Indies.

III. All the tiny isles and islets, east of the Philippines and north of the Equator, are not inappropriately designated MICRONESIA.

IV. MELANESIA, or the island-world of blacks, inhabited chiefly by Negroes, or races cognate with the Negro, yields to none of the other divisions in extent, beauty, and capability of improvement. It includes the great island, or islands, of New Guinea, the Solomon Isles, New Britain, New Ireland, the New Hebrides;—and three groups, which we mean specially to consider, New Caledonia, the Loyalty Isles, and the Fijis.

V. All the rest (and their name is legion) from New Zealand on the South to the Sandwich Islands on the North, Samoa, Tonga and the Tahitian group (better known to us as the Navigators, Friendly and Society Isles of Cook,) the Marquesas, and hosts of others, are classed under the name of POLYNESIA.

There are many and most interesting questions connected with the first peopling of these fair isles of the sea, with their very peculiar habits and social institutions; with the original races, at certain points boldly and distinctly defined, at others in almost every imaginable stage of fusion and strange commixture; with their languages, showing singular and novel caprices in grammar and idiom, and alphabets and a literature of yesterday compiled by foreigners, yet wonderfully alike, and intelligible over many thousands of miles; but most of these questions have been dealt with by the masterly hand of Latham, and to his book we refer our readers as the best that has been written on the ethnology of Oceanica.

Recent political events have directed public attention to the Fiji and New Caledonian groups; and as these are but recently

and imperfectly known to us, and the glimpses we obtain full of the most startling interest, and of incidents which recall the perils and the triumphs of the apostolic age, we shall attempt a brief and faithful (though it may be a somewhat rugged and hasty) sketch of Melanesian life and society, and of what has been done and what is doing there.

The islands of Melanesia, and indeed all the islands of the Pacific, are of two, or rather of three, distinct formations. They are low, and then almost certainly coralline. They are high, or at least have high ridges in the interior, and are then usually volcanic : or a lofty island is surrounded by a barrier reef, leaving a channel between it and the island, calm and unruffled as an inland lake.

The formation of a coral island is easily conceived. The building, or aggregation, of the coral insect at last reaches, and is flush with, the surface of the sea. The violence of the waves breaks off portions from the outer surface, and flings them up on the reef. Sand and debris are thus formed. The sand left dry at low water and heated by the sun, is drifted into heaps by the wind. Birds and turtles deposit guano. Drift-weed adds to the heap. Plants, from some neighbouring islet, with germ or root still vital, are thrown upon its shore. Rain water collects in the hollows, and percolates the new soil ; and vegetation begins, and completes the process. This, however, is but the commencement of wonders. The coral insect, naturalists assure us, can only live and build in comparatively shallow water : about a hundred feet below the surface it dies. But within a ship's length of the strand, the reef sinks down a thousand feet in a perpendicular wall. Now the lowest part of this wall *must* have once been within 100 feet of the surface ; and there is no other way of accounting for this, but by a slow, gradual, almost imperceptible sinking of the sea bottom, keeping pace (so to speak) with the gradual building of the coral insect, and casting back the mind to periods of time for which it has no measure. The coral insect, however, has no intelligence and no claim to be an architect. They simply grow out of each other, like buds from a branch, and, when they die, harden into stone. The vast extent, over which this process is going on, may be judged of by a single example. The great barrier reef runs along the eastern coast of New Holland for a thousand miles, and goes almost choke-up to New Guinea, leaving a majestic ship canal between itself and the main, and having safe and practicable openings to the outer sea. We can picture to ourselves a time when this vast reef shall have risen into a thousand miles of island, habitable by man ; when its passages shall be marked by lighthouses, and the energy of our Australian fellow-countrymen shall cover

the inner channel with steamers, and draw into it the yet undeveloped riches of the great Malay Islands, of Siam, Cochin, Japan and China.

If there be truth in the theory of subsidence, (and none else attempts even to account for the phenomena) we are led irresistibly to the idea of a vast continent that once stretched from the Himalaya to Tasmania, and of other vast tracts of land, over which the waters of the Pacific now roll, and which are represented but by the microscopic islands spread thinly over its vast surface.

All the larger islands of the Melanesian group have a central mountain ridge, and oftenest a barrier reef. 'They rise,' says a writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*, No. 271, "into lofty peaks and ridges, grass-grown but bare of trees, from which radiate many buttress-like ridges, separated from each other by deep and precipitous ravines, that open into valleys, as they proceed towards the sea. Each radiating ridge has its sides also closely and deeply furrowed by rocky glens, that run straight from its crest on either side into the valleys, and each ends frequently in a craggy promontory that juts into the sea, with dark precipices of black rock, separating the valleys from each other. Over all the lower parts of the ridges, as well as in the depths of the valleys and ravines, spread dark umbrageous forests, while groves of cocoa-palms, bamboos, bread fruits and the broad leaved banana, extend across the more open and level tracts. If such an island have an encircling reef, the lagoon between it and the land forms a tranquil sea-lake, or natural harbour, in which the natives may disport themselves; while, as the reef often closes in upon the land, and cuts this off where the precipitous dividing ridges, that bound each valley, strike into the sea, it not unfrequently happens that adjacent valleys have no easy communication either by land or water, and are thus apt to form isolated districts, the inhabitants of which are often at enmity with each other."

As a general rule the people on the coast know little or nothing of the tribes that dwell on the mountains. In Sumatra or Borneo this was to be expected: but it is singular that in islands of such comparatively small extent as the Fijis, missionaries, who had been many years on the islands, have nothing but fables to report of the tribes in the hills.

The FIJIAN may be taken as the type of the Melanesian race in its fullest and most perfect development; if indeed some mixture of Polynesian blood may not have improved and elevated it physically and mentally. The Fijian is a negro, because he has a black skin and frizzled hair; but the thick lips in many cases disappear, the facial angle improves; and among the chiefs

and women, models of manly and feminine beauty are to be found, which satisfy the fastidious æsthetic standard of educated Europeans. Their nature is fiercely energetic; and, with customs that fill the mind with horror, and are too revolting to be literally recorded, they show a candour, an eagerness to improve, a readiness to receive new truths and to abandon old falsehoods, which redeem them into humanity, and show that the pitiless cannibal has in him the germ of a noble nature, and is designed to be, at no distant period, the master race of the great island-world. They are not braver; they are neither so polished nor so intelligent as the Malay type. But the Malay mind (we may say, the Asiatic) is stereotyped and effete, vain, slow to move, and corrupt to the very core. The Melanesian, little inferior in intelligence, is fresher, more assimilative, more energetic, and opens his mind freely to every impression from without. Compared with the Polynesian again, harsher, uglier, less amiable, he is harder and not at all effeminate. But, instead of talking about him in this vague fashion, let us try to make the Fijian stand out in our pages, as he lives and acts in the beautiful islands where God has placed him. Nothing more beautiful, more exquisitely beautiful, is to be found on the earth.

It is reported of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, that she had a female friend, whom she loved so dearly that she had her portrait placed in her bedroom, so that it might be the first sight to meet her eye every morning. The ladies quarrelled: their love changed into hatred; and the Duchess in pure spite had the face of the portrait painted black, fixing to the frame this label—"She is blacker within." Nature has painted the skin of the Fijian a "blue black:" but, we fear, there is no room left to doubt that he is blacker within. The truth, in plain simple matter of fact, is like a horrid dream in nightmare.

We begin with his dwelling place. There are fully 280 islands in the Fiji group, of which about 80 are inhabited. They cover a surface in square miles larger than Belgium, a very little less perhaps than Holland and Belgium together. The population is estimated (probably under-estimated) as about 170,600; and, like that of all the Melanesian islands, is, and must be, rapidly decreasing. So far however is this from being caused by contact with Europeans, that it is from being brought more closely into contact with Europeans, that the only conceivable check to the gradual extermination of the indigenous population can arise. The whole group, or rather the collection of groups, known as the Feejee, or Fiji, or Viti isles, lies mostly between 16° and 19° South latitude, and extends about six degrees eastward from the meridian of 177° East of Greenwich. From the comparatively lower temperature of the Southern

hemisphere, their insular position far away from any other land, their height above the sea and the cooling influence of the S. E. trade-wind, the climate is something between that of Calcutta and Canton, and develops with Northern strength and tropical profusion every form of animal and vegetable life. The two largest islands, Vanua Levu, and Viti Levu from which the group is named, are on the Western or Leeward side. From the West point of Viti Levu in 177° E. long. to the North-East extremity of Vanua Levu in long. 180° , an immense number of small islets and reefs sweeps in the arc of a circle, leaving within a large gulf or bay. Viti Levu is about 90 miles from E. to W., and about 50 from North to South. It covers nearly 5000 square miles, and has a population (certainly underrated) of 50,000 souls. The hills in the interior rise to a height of 5000 feet; the scenery is of the most diversified loveliness; and here the dominant chiefs and tribes reside. The seat of empire is on the little island, or city, of Mbau, little more than a mile square, and joined to the main by an isthmus, dry at low water, and always fordable. How this little spot came to be the capital we shall afterwards notice. Close to it on the main is Rewa, next in influence to Mbau. North-East from Viti Levu, and separated from it by a channel full fifty miles wide, lies Vanua Levu; or "great land." It is 100 miles long, with an average breadth of 25; is indented by a bay that runs forty miles into the land, and is called by the natives "the dead sea." It is the only island in the group that produces sandal wood, is said to have a population of about 30,000; but is really very little known. On the East of this island, rises Tavium or Somo-somo, about 25 miles long and 5 broad. It is simply a mountain, gradually rising to a height of 2000 feet above the sea level; on the summit is a lake, supposed to have been the crater of a volcano. It has two outlets; one on the West forming a beautiful fresh water stream, which glides gently through the chief town, and another on the East forming a small but fine cascade. Mr. Williams declares that the most glowing imagination could not conceive scenes of more luxurious beauty than this Eden of the isles. Striking out from Somo-somo in a direction to the South and East, we find the Eastern or windward group, consisting chiefly of very small islands, of which Lakemba is the chief. The inland sea or gulf between the Windward and Leeward groups, is called the sea of Koro. It is on the whole open only to the South, and from Kandavu to Vulanga, both on the parallel of 19° , must be full 150 miles wide. Lakemba is nearly round, six miles in diameter, with a population of 2000 souls.

On these beautiful islands, writes Mr. Williams, a missionary who lived for thirteen years among the Fijians, are found

“ high mountains, abrupt precipices, conical hills, fantastic
 ‘ turrets and crags of rock frowning down like olden battlements,
 ‘ vast domes, peaks shattered into strange forms: native towns
 ‘ on eyrie cliffs, apparently inaccessible ; and deep ravines, down
 ‘ which some mountain stream, after long murmuring in its stony
 ‘ bed, falls headlong, glittering as a silver line on a block of jet,
 ‘ or spreading, like a sheet of glass, over bare rocks which re-
 ‘ fuse it a channel. Here also are found the softer features
 ‘ of rich vales, cocoa-nut groves, clumps of dark chestnuts, state-
 ‘ ly palms and bread fruit, patches of graceful bannanas or well
 ‘ tilled taro-beds, mingling in unchecked luxuriance, and form-
 ‘ ing, with the wild reef-scenery of the girdling shore, its
 ‘ beating surf, and far-stretching ocean beyond, pictures of sur-
 ‘ passing beauty.”*

Here is a stage for the theorist: gardens lovely as Eden, where man in primeval innocence might enact the golden age, where no fierce beast disputes his superiority, where the lightest labour supplies his needs profusely, where his eye feasts on sights of loveliness, and where life might be supposed to glide away sweetly, with dance and song, amidst perpetual sunshine and perpetual spring. The glowing tales brought home by Captain Cook’s companions, of men innocent and brave and stately, of maidens kind and fair and free, dwelling joyously and without a care amidst scenery of almost unearthly beauty, seemed to fix down such visions into living palpable reality ; and tempted many a poor sailor to a miserable and hideous fate. For this paradise was a fool’s paradise: each island was a brothel: their normal state was a state of internecine warfare; the men were cannibals, without remorse, without pity ; and there was no law, for the most part, but the law of the strongest. In the Fijis, as the most energetic race ruled there, vice and devilish malignity in crime sprung up in gigantic and unnaturally luxuriant proportions: and the cruelties of a Nero, or a Dominic, seem tame and insipid beside those of any average Fijian chiefs.

In a certain (shall we call it) civilization, the people of the Fijian group rank higher perhaps than any other savage race. They have fixed laws of succession, well defined division of land, a criminal code, somewhat arbitrary but generally enforced probably because, in most cases, punishment takes the form of a bribe to the chief and a mulct to the injured party, and a richly endowed ecclesiastical establishment. The temples are large imposing buildings ; and each temple has its own oracle, worked by the priests, like that of Delphi of old,

* Fiji, and the Fijians, Vol. I. p. 6.

and firmly believed in by the vulgar. It is to be understood, however, in all cases, that the chief's will is supreme ; and woe to the priest that opposes. Their literature, being oral, is not very extensive : but they have not a few sharp sarcastic proverbs, and songs and poems, with a recognized metre, not altogether contemptible. The bard, indeed, is a luxury of several great men, and his effusions, usually extemporaneous, are very popular. Invention is undoubtedly a common gift among them ; and all authorities seem to agree that for lying and boasting they are unparalleled. They have faith in the white man ; but none in each other. They build excellent houses, construct canoes that carry 300 warriors, carve every kind of weapon exquisitely, make beautiful cloth in almost incredible quantities, and print it with singularly elegant and graceful colours and patterns. They are adepts in cookery ; and eager to introduce every foreign custom, or contrivance, that seems better than their own. With all their fierceness, the greater number are rank cowards, and liable to sudden panics. When a missionary had his house full of people, the slamming of a door sent them all flying into the fields, as if for their lives. The approach of any stranger frightened a whole village ; and well it might, for he might be a messenger from the chief, demanding a wife, or daughter, or a victim.

The people of Fiji have a stereotyped ceremonial, and a code of etiquette most elaborate and minute, with a formidable sanction. If any one fails, even accidentally, he is clubbed. Society is divided into six distinct classes : kings and queens ; chiefs of large districts, or whole islands ; chiefs of towns, priests, and *Matani-Vanuas* (something between a prefect and a collector) ; distinguished warriors of low birth, and chiefs of the carpenters and fishermen ; the common people ; and, last and lowest, slaves.

Rank is hereditary, but descends through the female line. The reason for this is that a chief may have 100 wives at once, taken at random from every class, even from slaves. As in Turkey, when a lady of royal race is married to a distinguished warrior of inferior birth, she does not always bear her honours meekly, and often testifies her contempt for her lord and master by words more emphatic than elegant, and by deeds more unequivocal still. Let us introduce to our readers Goli-wasa-wasa, that is, " skimmer of the sea." " The queen was a most beautiful woman, both in countenance and person, and very fair compared to the generality of Fijian women. She was of the royal blood of Mbau, and aspired by hereditary right to the throne and title of Radi-ni-Mbau (Queen of Mbau). She never liked Tui Dreketi (her husband), but adhering to

‘ the rules of betrothal, and Rewa being next in rank to Mban, ‘ she of course became the wife of its ruler, who was next in ‘ power to Tānoa, or “ Old Snuff,” king of Mban. She was of ‘ an amorous temperament, and carried on her intrigues wher- ‘ ever and with whomsoever she thought fit, not concealing them ‘ on her own account, (because she despised the idea of having ‘ any restriction laid upon herself by Tui Dreketē, whom she al- ‘ ways thought and called a comparative slave,) but for the safety ‘ of her accomplices.”

Jackson, an English sailor, who was kidnapped by the savages, and lived many years naturalized among them, and whose terribly interesting and well corroborated narrative is to be found in Captain Erskine’s book, was well acquainted with this Fijian Messalina, and barely escaped with his life. Her caprice ranged through every shade of colour and every stage of life, white, black and yellow, young, middle-aged, and old. While the *Ava* was preparing for Her Majesty to get drunk with, she had a little cripple *improvisatore*, who composed verses according to her mood. “ I have seen her” says Jackson, “ at ‘ one moment shedding tears, or melting with love, and at another ‘ foaming with rage.”

Jackson’s adventure with this truculent savage ushers us at once into Fijian court life. It so happened that a Tongan canoe came to Rewa, having a “ black, thick-lipped, ugly, American negro” as one of the crew. Queen Gola-wasa-wāsa took a fancy to have this man as a curiosity in her palace; and, to induce him to remain, gave him several slave girls to be his wives. One of them, a pretty intelligent girl, ran away twice in dislike and horror. Jackson was present, when she was brought back the second time. This was what happened. “ The queen came ‘ out with two chiefs, jumped on the woman’s neck, got a burn- ‘ ing stick from the fire, and began to abuse the woman, who ‘ was lying on her back, in the most brutal manner.—She then ‘ ordered the two chiefs to lay hold of the woman’s knees (as she ‘ lay with her knees up writhing with pain), and to *break her ‘ legs*. These men were about *to do it*, the Christian Ton- ‘ gans muttering against this brutal usage; when I, paralyzed ‘ and speechless for the first few seconds, jumped up from ‘ where I was sitting, and with almost supernatural strength ‘ knocked one of the chiefs down like a bullock, and shov- ‘ ed the other from the woman. The queen turned black ‘ and red and white in turn, before she recovered the use of her ‘ tongue,” utterly confounded at Jackson’s presumption. At last she broke out into a tempest of foul abuse, calling him, “ a shark-eyed excrement of the ocean.” He was led by her order, bound hand and foot into the palace, to be tortured to

death at once; but, by Fijian custom, the poor girl was saved. It may be that this act of the wild rough sailor will be remembered to him in the judgment of the great day. Fortunately for Jackson, the black interfered; and there was a passage of arms between them in English, which so provoked the negro, that he eagerly asked to be allowed to kill Jackson with his own hand. Female curiosity was aroused; the queen asked Jackson to tell her in Fijian what he had said. He told her (and the Tongans chimed in,) that he was an English gentleman, and the negro a vile slave; and that he had interfered, because vexed to see her degrade herself by espousing the quarrel of a low (white man's) cook.

The queen's rage passed off like a thunder-storm. Jackson was released; and death threatened to any one, who should upbraid him for what he had done—and, first of all, to the negro cook. On the same day, "when the *ava* was preparing, and the king had returned from Ra, the queen called me up to sit beside her; and, the king not moving to make room for me, she began to abuse him, and called him "Kaisi, Mata Vakapua-ka" (you pig-faced slave,) such expressions being quite common with her, *especially to her spouse*,"—who was much older than she was, and a lazy, luxurious effeminate savage. There can be no doubt that this portrait is drawn from the life.

As a pendant, we add a day in the life of the lady's father. "Tanoa, or 'old Snuff' (a name the white people gave him on account of his snuffy appearance and squeaking noise through his nose, when speaking)—used sometimes, after drinking his *ava* in his palace, to call out (clearing his mouth with the last of the cupfull) 'a crust, a crust.' Sometimes he would say 'bring a virgin;' and he was immediately supplied. At other times he would sing out in the same way for 'long pig' (a human body): and forthwith some poor fellow lost his life to accommodate him: at other times it would be only 'puaka dina' (a real pig)." If there were no dead enemies at hand, a slave was killed; or, if that was inconvenient, one of his own people.

It is not pleasant to write of such things; but we have a purpose to serve, and will not shrink from relating truths, however revolting. The horrid practice of devouring human flesh prevails amongst those islanders to an extent scarcely credible. It originated, no doubt, in those famines to which heedless and indolent savages are peculiarly liable. The annals of shipwrecks warn us not to be too ready to condemn. Once done, the fierce revengeful fury of savage warfare seized upon it, to gratify malignity and to disgrace and insult opponents; and it became

a vent for fiendish passion. But both these are comparatively weak among the Fijians. It is not only now the "boar's head," the "stately peacock," in every royal feast; but it is longed for and relished for its own sake, and stands in the epicure's code on the same footing as our turtle, or venison. The scale, on which it enters into Fijian life, makes one shudder. Nearly every island and district is in a chronic state of war with its neighbour. Every man that falls, whether killed or wounded, is eaten. No feast is complete without human victims. Every time that tribute is brought to a great chief, 30, 40, 50 or even 100 human beings are devoured; a smaller number disgraces the chiefs. One chief was pointed out to a missionary as having laid down a stone for every victim he had eaten; 872 were counted. He claimed to have eaten them himself; but it seemed certain that he had at least been present when 900 human bodies had been devoured. For the slightest involuntary offence, at the nod of a chief, a man is clubbed and eaten. "A chief of Tai Vungalei," writes the Missionary Williams, "sat down to eat with his father-in-law, and a cooked guana was provided for each. In passing the one intended for his father, the young man broke off part of its tail. A dark scowl covered the old man's face; and, at an early opportunity, he slew his son, having first told him that he could not brook the insult put upon him by the breaking of the guana's tail." At another time, Tanoa, the grim old savage of whom mention has been made already, took offence against his own cousin Mothelothu: the unhappy creature begged for forgiveness with prayers and tears, but Tanoa was inexorable. Calling Mothelothu to him, he first kissed him (!), then cut off one of his arms at the elbow, drunk the blood, threw the limb upon the fire, grilled and ate it before the living victim, and then had him dismembered, limb by limb, enjoying his agonies with pitiless brutality.* Afterwards he put to death one of his own sons, making an elder brother club him, and angrily upbraiding the slowness of the execution. Almost the last words of this murderous wretch were;—"How many will follow me?" that is, "How many of my wives are to be strangled when I die?" and hearing that there were to be five, he died satisfied.

Jackson was present at many of these cannibal feasts, always testifying the utmost abhorrence, and succeeding, at the risk of his own life, in saving 3 or 4 of the victims. One of them became his wife; or rather one of his wives. Her rescue illustrates the sudden transitions from ferocity to levity, from rage to laughter, seen so often in minds unrestrained by principle

* Fiji and the Fijians, vol. 1, p. 20.

or reason. Somehow the people had got it into their heads that Jackson was not a real man, but half a devil and half a white monkey, with a tail which he carefully concealed. This provoked the sailor intensely, but gave him a power, which he was not slow to make use of.

One day he came upon the materials for a feast, and among them, was "a young virgin sitting on a heap of yams, oiled 'all over, her skin decorated with leaves, her face painted, her 'hair dressed and stuck full of flowers, and clad in a new and 'gaudy dress." Jackson rushed up to her, helped her down from the pile, swore that he was the real man and they were devils, threatened to shoot the first man that approached, and demanded her of the chief for his wife. Things looked very serious: but, while he stood with his gun cocked, and his back against a tree, panting with rage and excitement, "they all 'burst out laughing, and said they were sorry to see me put 'myself in such a rage, adding 'Watima, Watima'—she is your 'wife, she is your wife:" and so her life was saved.

The details of these cannibal feasts are too revolting for detail. Sometimes a town is taken, from which the warriors have escaped. If any public ceremonial is near, all are killed and eaten, children, girls of 18, grey-headed old men of 70. The King of Mbau wants human bodies to entertain an embassy from Somo-somo. They have no war at that time; so Navindi, chief of the fishers, sails in his war canoe, comes to a part of the coast where the trees come down to the sea, lies there in ambush, till a party of women (fourteen) comes down to the shore, seizes them all, and carries them to the slaughter house. They are too few; so he sails again, falls in with an unfortunate canoe, and returns in triumph with eleven more victims. All were eaten.

Worse remains to be told. When a war canoe is to be launched, it is inaugurated always, if possible, with human victims. We again have recourse to the graphic pen of the sailor, whose fearful statements are confirmed and if possible out-done in horror by the missionaries, some of whom have lived among them for seventeen years.

"Many escaped," writes Jackson, "but upwards of forty were secured. They were laid for ways, each being kept in a straight position, between two banana trees, one at his back, the other on his belly. The cries and screams of the first few, that were crushed, if they uttered any, were completely drowned by the howling song and demon-like laughter of the blood-thirsty victors; but afterwards, when the song was less clamorous, one could hear distinctly the piercing shrieks of the unfortunate creatures for half a mile. After all was over, a kind of spell seemed to come over me—and I walked back looking at the bodies. The bottoms of the canoes, being round, had been dragged over the people, who were all lying face upwards,

so as to fit, as it were, into the soft part of the body, from the breast to the crutch. They were all dead, and not many of them outwardly lacerated ; but their entrails were completely pressed out at either extremity by the enormous weight of the large double canoes. It is needless to say what became of the bodies."

Another diabolical custom is burying alive. When a chief's house is built, deep holes are made for the posts which support it. To the foot of each a living slave is bound in a standing posture, lowered down into the hole, and covered up with earth. The nearest relatives bury each other alive, when death is supposed to be at hand, apparently for no other reason than to be saved the trouble of nursing during sickness. The death warrant depends often on a superstition, or a caprice. Mr. Williams writes* " If sick persons have no friends, they are simply left to perish. Should they be among friends, they are cared for until they become troublesome, or, through weakness, offensive ; and then they are generally *put out of the way*. The people near to Vatikali decide the question of a sick person's recovery by a visit to a famous *mulamula* tree, which is the index of death. If they find a branch of the tree newly broken off, they suppose that the person on whose account they pay the visit must die. The death of the patient being thus determined, any appeal is useless. Ratu Varani spoke of one among many, whom he had caused to be buried alive. She had been weakly for a long time, and the chief, thinking her likely to remain so, had a grave dug. The curiosity of the poor girl was excited by loud exclamations, as though something extraordinary had appeared : but on stepping out of the house, she was seized, and thrown into her grave. In vain she shrieked, with horror and cried out " do not bury me ! I am quite well now ! " Two men kept her down by standing on her, while others threw the soil in upon her, until she was heard no more."*

Jackson was present at a similar scene ; but the patient was a voluntary victim. He was a young man, not very ill, but weak and emaciated. " At last we reached a place where several graves could be seen, and a spot was soon selected by the man, who was to be buried." (The leading motive in his mind seemed to be that the girls would jeer at him and call him a skeleton.) " The old man, his father, began digging his grave, while his mother assisted him to put on a new dress, and his sister besmeared him with vermilion and lamp black, so as to send him decently into the invisible world. His father announced that the grave was ready, and asked him in a surly tone, if he was

* Fiji and the Fijians, vol. 1, p. 185.

‘not yet ready. He said, ‘before I die, I should like a drink of ‘water.’ The father ran to fetch the water, remarking in a surly ‘way, ‘you have been a trouble during your life, and it appears ‘you are going to trouble us equally at your death.’ The son drank ‘the water, and looking up to a tree, covered with tough vines said ‘he would rather be strangled with a vine than smothered in the ‘grave. The father then became excessively angry, and spread- ‘ing a mat at the bottom of the grave, told him to die like a ‘man. The son stepped into the grave—and lay down on his ‘back. About a foot of earth was shovelled in upon him as ‘quickly as possible. His father stamped it down solid, and ‘called out with a loud voice ‘You are stopping there! You ‘are stopping there!’ The son answered with a very audible ‘grunt. Then about two feet more of earth was shovelled in ‘and stamped down by the loving father, who called out again, ‘and was answered by another grunt, but much fainter. The ‘grave was then filled up, and I myself called out; but no an- ‘swer was given, although I fancied, or really did see, the earth ‘crack a little on the top of the grave.’*

When a chief or warrior dies, it is a time-honoured custom that his wives should be strangled. If there are many, a few may escape. The children of a strangled wife are counted as indisputably legitimate. At one chief’s death fifteen women were strangled; at another time, eighty in one village. Female heroism dignifies even this fiendish practice.

A brother of Tui-kila-kila died. He had thirty wives, all willing to die. The most beautiful was a young girl, for whose sake the chief proposed a plan, by which fifteen were to be spared. But the girl refused to live. She asked Tui-kila-kila, where was the man worth living for, now that his brother was dead! This taunt so enraged the chief, that he ordered her to be strangled at once. When she was in the agony of death, he had the cord slackened, hoping she would change her mind, but the resolute girl seized the cord, and tightened it herself; and the furious savage had her despatched quickly. This was in Somo-somo. Jackson says that nothing could surpass her beauty; and that her husband was the handsomest man in the islands, where in his judgment there were men who surpassed all he had ever seen before. Add that female infanticide is universal; and that every man or woman thrown upon the coast by shipwreck are invariably killed and eaten, be they white, black, or yellow.

It may be asked how it is that human nature can ever become reconciled to such enormities? The enigma is explained by universal custom, and early training. Children have captives given

* Erskine, p. 477.

to them, bound hand and foot, to torture to death ; and he, or she, is accounted highest, rewarded, and caressed, who is most forward and pitiless in the brutal work. It is the girls who dance round the bodies of the victims, with foul songs, and fouler unutterable insults. The Fijian drinks in the bloodthirst with his mother's milk, and has as much remorse, or pity, as the tiger. But we shall find that, after all, his better nature is only overlaid with this devil's varnish. Within that savage breast beats a warm and noble heart ; and from these cannibal dens, souls have gone up to Heaven, that sit near the King's right hand.

Some idea may now be formed of the social state of the Fijians, before they came into contact with the European. To club and eat others was his normal life ; to be clubbed and eaten, his ordinary death. No woman's honour was safe from a chief's lust ; no man's life from his idlest caprice. The father killed the son ; the son struck down the father. Brother murdered brother. All the land was one vast slaughter house, and there was the continual going on of killing, eating, strangling, and burying each other alive. They lived without faith, truth, or mercy ; and their belief was, that their gods devoured their souls after death, and that a very very few ever reached the Fijian paradise. Strange to say, every bachelor was doomed to be eaten by the gods. The wonder is, with so many destructive agencies continually at work, not that the population was decreasing, but that it was not totally exterminated. This was not the white man's doing. To an educated Christian man of our race, life, such as this, would be a physical hell. The wildest imagination would shrink from conceiving it, *a priori*, as possible, or real, and yet we have drawn a veil over its chief horrors. Now comes the white man into the cannibals' den.

The group was seen for the first time by Tasman in 1643. Captain Bligh next saw them, after the mutiny, communicating with an island supposed to be Kandavu. The missionary Ship *Duff* visited the Windward Isles in 1797, and brought home a rough incorrect chart. But the first lasting influence brought to bear upon them was by the sandal-wood traders, and especially by the survivors from the wreck of an American brig in 1808 : and the first authentic account of them was written by M. d'Urville, who was there for two months in 1827.

The first grafts of our civilization were the introduction of fire-arms, and of the lowest and most desperate villany of Europe and America. The natives and the foreign traders vied in treachery and bloodshed. The chief articles of export were sandal-wood, and *beche de mer* ; and the history of the trade for a time was greed and overreaching, restrained by massacre. It is now in better hands, and forms a real civilizing nucleus

among the wildest islands. From the elaborate survey of the United States' exploring expedition, the recent visits of British ships-of-war, the journals of the Missionaries, and the works forming the heading of this Article, the Fijis are now perhaps better known than any other group in the Pacific.

A French vessel having been destroyed, and all the crew murdered (not however without great provocation), a frigate was sent out to seek redress. The offending town was burnt; but the whole population had fled to the mountains; and the loss of their property did nothing but enrage them.

All this time the little island of Mbau was growing up to power, out of its original insignificance. It has a history, even a chronology, which go back for more than 60 years. The earliest remembered king was Mbanuvi. He was succeeded by his son Na-Ulivou. He was an energetic chief, and reigned from 1800 to 1829. In his reign (about 1806) a number of convicts escaped from New South Wales, with fire-arms and powder, and landed at Mbau. With such auxiliaries, Na-Ulivou made conquests on every side, and Mbau rose to acknowledged supremacy. The white men were desperate ruffians, more cruel and vicious than the worst of the cannibals; and they died out rapidly, killed, drowned, or assassinated. His brother, Tanoa, or "Old Snuff" came to the throne in 1829, was driven into exile by his own people, and restored with great slaughter by the reigning monarch Thakombau (evil to Mbau, from the severe punishment he inflicted on the rebels) an able, determined, and remarkable man.

He owed his high standing to the fire-arms which he purchased from the Sydney traders. He told Jackson that he had 5000 muskets, and several hundred kegs of powder; and thus he armed his warriors; and, until other chiefs also obtained ammunition, crushed all opposition, and was always successful. Most likely the number of muskets was mere Fijian boasting; but he certainly had a large collection.

Not much good yet from the white man! Expeditions for human bodies were more frequent, because, from the new weapons, more successful; therefore more blood feuds and more frequent cannibal orgies, and a dread of the white stranger intense as their hatred and thirst for revenge. All the old men declare that fifty years ago, Fiji was comparatively peaceful, life and property more secure, and the stain of blood far lighter. It is full time for the Missionary. But who will have the courage to dwell among these men of blood?

The first movement was in Tonga in 1834, immediately after a remarkable time, when thousands, the King and Queen at their head, embraced Christianity; and many of the new con-

verts went forth to preach the gospel in the heathen islands, with the zeal, perhaps with the spirit, of the apostles. There was a friendly and frequent intercourse between Tonga and Fiji. Quite a small colony of Tongans, mostly Christians, had settled in Lakemba, one of the windward Fijis; and certain Fijians, in Tonga, had been baptized, and approved themselves sincere earnest men. These things directed the thoughts of the Wesleyan Missionaries in Tonga to the Fijis. The Rev. William Cross and the Rev. David Cargill were appointed to this trying mission; and they landed at Lakemba on October 12th, 1835, *with their wives and families*. They had a letter to the King of Lakemba from King George of Tonga, and found that he and many of his people could converse with them fluently in the Tongan tongue.

We are not going to write the history of the Fijian Mission. A few incidents will show what these heroic, self-denying men and women, "God's nobles," were inspired to suffer and to do. It is hard to tone down the mind, in writing of them, to simple recital, while the heart swells with the proud thought that they were of our own faith and race. We are not given to hero-worship: but so far as man may admire and worship his fellow-man, we feel and cherish revering admiration for the Wesleyan Missionaries of Fiji.

After years of great danger and sore trouble the Mission was firmly established in Lakemba. The Missionaries were not raw, ignorant, improvident enthusiasts, but men with a determined will, and strong practical common sense. They selected Lakemba for its large Tongan population, and because its king and many of the people were able to speak and to understand the Tongan tongue, with which they were familiar. They were able to introduce Tongan books into their schools, and to distribute at once Tongan translations of the Sermon on the Mount, and other portions of the Gospels. They mastered the Fijian dialect speedily, and formed an alphabet for it, serviceable at once if not very philosophical. They took with them a supply of axes, hatchets, planes, chisels, knives, razors, iron pots, calico and prints, which they exchanged with the natives, (who were mad after them) for food, labour, mats, curtains, &c.; so that in a short time Lakemba became the envy of the neighbouring islands, and its fame reached even to Mbau and Somo-somo. No doubt also the warm and zealous friendship of the redoubtable King George helped to preserve the Missionaries from plunder and violence, in spite of the bitter hatred and threats of the idolatrous party.

How strange, high and incomprehensible to these fierce murderous cannibals must have been the spectacle of a well order-

ed, cultivated, loving Christian family, and the divine breath of the Sermon on the Mount. Again and again, their constant pleadings for those about to be slain, their fearless rebukes, their openly shown abhorrence and detestation of the bloody customs of Fiji, drew involuntary exclamations of astonishment and respect from the most savage and implacable of the cannibal chiefs, at whose slightest nod they would have been cut to pieces.

The time came at last to make the plunge, and, alone and unsupported, to go forth, risking life and honour, to dwell among a people more like fiends than men, amidst sights of frightful devilish cruelty and horror. In 1837, Mr. Cross and his family left Lakemba to settle at Rewa. The notorious chevalier Dillon exacted £125 from this poor Missionary family to carry them across from Lakemba to Mbau, a distance, with a fair wind, of less than a day's sail! In July 1839, carrying out the same noble policy, Mr. Hunt and Mr. Lyth landed in Somo-somo. "Here the Missionaries found all the horrors of Fijian life in 'an unmixed and unmodified form; for, even in the other 'islands, Somo-somo was spoken of as a place of dreadful cannibalism.'"

Immediately after their arrival, news came that the King's son had been shipwrecked, killed and eaten. Remonstrance and entreaty were vain. Sixteen women were strangled, and most of them buried within a few yards of the Missionaries' door. On February 7, 1840, writes Mr. Hunt, "almost before we 'had time to think, eleven men were laid on the ground before 'our house, and chiefs, priests and people met to divide them 'to be eaten." The manner, in which the poor wretches were treated, was most shamefully disgusting. They did not honour them so much as they do pigs. When they took them away to be cooked, they dragged them on the ground. The ovens, on which they were cooked, were quite near the Mission house; and all they could do when these cannibal feasts were held, was to close the blinds, and to lift up their hearts to God. Their rebukes and avowed detestation roused the natives to fury. The King's son was specially angry. Mr. Waterhouse gives us his picture. "Such a Goliath I had never seen before. 'We measured together and I found him to be the head and 'neck taller than myself, and nearly three times my bulk, every 'part indicating the proportions of a giant." Such a monster, all but stark naked, might well frighten Mrs. Brooks, who saw him for the first time, especially when he took "her child (seven months old) into his arms, and put his great tongue into its

* Fiji and the Fijians, Vol. II., p. 25.

mouth." One day he came in a fury to kill Mr. Lyth, who had to hide himself till the savage's rage had cooled down. Mr. Lyth had another narrow escape from the old King's wrath. Provoked by Mr. Lyth's pertinacity in urging him to become a Christian, he suddenly started up, seized and clung to him, calling for a club, and had not the Missionary's dress torn in his grasp giving him time to flee, he would have been a dead man. One night they heard they were all to be murdered. "A 'strange and memorable night was that in the great gloomy 'house where the Missionaries lived. Those devoted men and 'women looked at one another and at their little ones, and felt 'as those only can feel, who believe that their hours are num- 'bered. One after another they called upon God through 'the long hours of that terrible night, resolved that their mur- 'derers should find them at prayer. Just at midnight, each 'pleading voice was hushed and each head bowed lower, as the 'stillness outside was broken by a wild and ringing shout. 'But the purpose of the people was changed; the cry was to 'call the women to dance; and the night passed safely."*

What nerves could endure such constant and fearful excitement? Abominations, too hideous to record, were forced continually on their sight. What they suffered God only knows. Well might Commodore Wilkes write of them;—"There are few 'situations in which so much physical and moral courage is re- 'quired, as those in which these devoted and pious individuals 'are placed; and nothing but a deep sense of duty, and a strong 'determination to perform it, could induce civilized persons to 'subject themselves to the sight of such horrid scenes, as they 'are called upon *almost daily* to witness. I know of no situation 'so trying as this for ladies to live in, particularly when pleas- 'ing and well informed, as we found these at Somo-somo." Some may question whether women ought ever to have been exposed to such terrors and perils: an old adage is the best answer—*Respice finem*, "look to the result." Our own belief is that their influence, gentler and less combative, and it may be less practical, had a powerful, subduing, elevating effect upon the hardest natures; and that they were true help-mates and worthy companions of those noble and high-minded men, to go with their wives and children as hostages among the Heathen. This was what women could do, and did, among raging murderers and cannibals. The story should be written in letters of gold.

"The report crossed over to Viwa, and reached the Mission 'house, 'Fourteen women are to be brought to Mbau to-morrow,

* Fiji and the Fijians, Vol. II, p. 38.

'to be killed and cooked.' Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Lyth were 'alone with the children. Their husbands were many miles 'away, on another island. The thought of the horrid fate that 'awaited the poor captives roused the pity of those two lone women.' But what could be done ! Every moment was precious.

Amidst such fiendish excitement, it would be a desperate thing for any one to venture into Mbau for the purpose of thwarting the bloodthirsty people. Those two noble women determined to go. A canoe was procured ; and as they went poling over the flat, they heard, with trembling, the wild din of the cannibals grow louder as they approached. The death-drum sounded terrible, and muskets were fired in triumph. Then, as they came nearer, shriek after shriek pierced through every other noise, and told that the murder was begun. Fear gave way to impatience at that wild warning, and the Englishwomen's voice urged the labouring boatmen to make better speed. They reached the beach, and were met by a *lotu* Chief, who dared to join them, saying, "Make haste ! Some are dead ; but some are alive !" Surrounded by an unseen Guard which none might break through, the women of God passed among the blood-maddened cannibals unhurt. They pressed forward to the house of the old King, Tanoa, the entrance to which was strictly forbidden to all women. It was no time for ceremony now. With a whale's tooth in each hand, and still accompanied by the Christian Chief, they thrust themselves into the grim presence of the King, and prayed their prayer of mercy. The old man was startled at the audacity of the intruders. His hearing was dull, and they raised their voices higher to plead for their dark sisters' lives. The King said, "Those who are dead are dead ; but those who are still alive shall live only." At that word, a man ran to Ngavindi, to stop his butchery, and returned to say that five still lived ; the rest of the fourteen were killed. But the messengers of pity could not leave their work unfinished. They went to the house of the murderer, and found him sitting in state, in full dress, but evidently very uncomfortable. He winced under the sharp rebuke of the Missionaries' wives, and muttered something about his friendliness to the *lotu*. Even in cannibal Mbau, all did not consent to the deed of darkness. Thakombau's chief wife and Ngavindi's wife had already secured the life and liberty of two of the victims ; and when Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Lyth left, there were others who blessed them for their work of love. What the doing of it cost those intrepid hearts, none may know : but their deed stands in this record above all praise. They have their reward."

Thakombau, dominant chief, emperor, or feudal superior of nearly all the group, and usually known as King of Fiji, was a fierce and remorseless warrior, stained with almost every crime. A freethinker himself, and personally despising the priests and their lying oracles, he upheld them publicly with all the weight of his power, and insisted on the full performance of every abomination of their bloody ceremonial. Cannibalism was the great state institution, and therefore to be upheld and enforced. He listened to the Missionaries with respect, bore their reproofs, while he winced under them : but would not permit them to settle in his capital, and, for about twenty years, wherever his authority extended, was the stern, resolute, unceasing opponent of Christianity. The strange con-

flict in his mind, and the involuntary and unwonted risings of remorse, are powerfully illustrated by the events that followed the death of Tanoa, his father. To prevent the strangling of his widows, Mr. Calvert and Mr. Watsford entreated the King again and again; they offered ten whales' teeth, twenty muskets, and the new whale boat of the Mission. The haughty chief listened in uneasy silence, but would give no promise. The Missionaries will tell what followed:—

“Hastening on to the house where he lay, Mr. Watsford saw six biers standing at the door, from which he knew that *five* victims, at least, were to accompany their dead lord to the grave.

Within the house the work of death was begun. One woman was already strangled, and the second was kneeling with covered head, while several men on either side were just pulling the cord which wound round her neck, when the Missionary stood on the threshold, heart-sick and faint at the ghastly sight. Soon the woman fell dead. Mr. Watsford knew her. She had professed Christianity, and shrunk from death, asking to go to prayer. But when the fatal moment came, she rose when called, and, passing the old King's corpse, spat on it, saying, “Ah, you old wretch! I shall be in hell with you directly!” The third was now called for, when Thakombau caught sight of the Missionary, and, trembling with fear, looked at him in agony, and cried out, “What about it, Mr. Watsford?” Mr. Watsford, with great difficulty, answered, “Refrain, Sir! That is plenty. Two are dead. Refrain;—I love them!” The Chief replied, “We also love them. They are not many,—only five. But for you Missionaries, many more would have been strangled.” Just then the third victim approached, who had offered to die instead of her sister, who had a son living. She had sat impatiently; and, on hearing her name, started up instantly. She was a fine woman, of high rank, and wore a new *liku*. Looking proudly round on the people seated in the apartment, she pranced up to the place of death, offering her hand to Mr. Watsford, who shrunk back in disgust. When about to kneel, she saw that they were going to use a shabby cord, and haughtily refused to be strangled, except with a new cord. All this time the assembly gazed at her with delight, gently clapping their hands, and expressing, in subdued exclamations, their admiration of her beauty and pride. She then bid her relatives farewell, and knelt down, with her arms round one of her friends. The cord was adjusted, and the large covering thrown over her; and while the men strained the cord, a lady of rank pressed down the head of the poor wretch, who died without a sound or struggle. Two more followed. Throughout the terrible scene there was no noise or excitement; but a cheerful composure seemed to possess every one there, except Thakombau, who was much excited, and evidently making a great effort to act his murderous part before the face of God's messenger. He ordered that one of the victims should live; but she refused; and her own son helped the King and the rest to strangle her. Mr. Watsford, by a painful effort, stayed to the last, protesting against the heartless butchery, which he and his brethren had so long striven to prevent.

The following is a fair example of the perils to which the Missionaries were constantly exposed. Mr. Calvert determined to land among a very fierce tribe, partly to preach the Gospel, and partly to warn them of an approaching attack of their enemies.

The beach was a considerable distance from me, and the water was in some places over knee deep. As I proceeded towards shore, many more persons made their appearance, some running fast towards me from two directions. As they neared me, they looked very fierce, and made gestures indicative of evil intentions towards me. I could not get to the boat; I therefore went on towards the shore. One was swifter than the rest, and came near, with his gun uplifted to strike me. I expostulated with him. Quickly several were up with me, some of whom had clubs uplifted to club me, some with hatchets, some with spears laid on in a position to throw. One came very near with a musket pointed at me, with desperate looks. I trembled; but protested loudly and firmly that they ought not to kill me; that in me there was no cause of death from them; that their killing me would be greatly to their disgrace. I was surrounded by upwards of a hundred. The features of one I recognised, and hoped he was friendly. (This man had thought that it was my boat, and he, knowing the exasperated state of the people against the whites for meddling in the present wars, fearing that I should be in danger, had run towards me; but was late in reaching me from having run a sharp shell into his foot.) He took hold of me, recognising me as the husband of the lady of the wooden house at Viwa, who had frequently purchased food of them, and treated them kindly, and he said I should live. I clung to him, and disputed for my life with those who clamoured for my death. Another man's face, through a thick covering of soot, exhibited features familiar to me: but a fearful-looking battle-axe he held in his hand attracted my eye. However, I laid hold of him, and advised and urged them not to kill me. Thus I was between two who might be friendly. I told my name, my work, my labours in various ways, again and again, on their behalf; my having offered Tui Levuka a very large looking glass if he would let them alone; my having entreated Mara and the Mountaineers not to attack them, and my preventing an intended attack. I told them that I had interceded with the Mbau Chief to send them the help by which they were now strengthened, and that my full knowledge of being one and friendly with them led me to come on shore; that no white man who had been active in the war against them would have dared to come on shore there. Matters were in a hopeful state, when a very ugly man drew near with great vehemence. Many had avowed themselves in my favour. He appeared resolutely determined, in spite of opposition, to take away my life. He was extremely ferocious; but his arms were seized and held by several. He struggled hard for a length of time to get his musket to bear on me, which indeed he once or twice managed, but it was ward off before he could fire. At length his rage subsided. All then consented to my living. But their thirst for killing had got up; and, as they could not kill me, they wished me to return towards the boat, intending to accompany me, hoping to get one or more of my natives in my stead. I refused to go, and persisted in approaching towards the shore, led by two. One untied my neckcloth, and took it. They pulled my coat, felt me, and I fully expected to be stripped. My trousers were wet and heavy. I was weak with talking and disputing with them, indeed quite hoarse. As we still went on in the sea, they commenced their death song, always sung as they drag along the bodies of enemies slain. I feared that might increase their rage, and desired to stop it. It was most grating to my feelings, and I stood still and entreated them to desist. After a short time they did so, and we proceeded to the beach. Those who had run to destroy me, departed towards their own town.

"I found Ratu Vuki, a Chief of Mbau, had just arrived. He was vexed with those who had treated me so, and would have punished them. I begged he would not. I desired him to send me to Viwa in a canoe, as I was sure Mrs. Calvert would be anxious. My boys had seen the danger

to which I was exposed. They also were pursued by the natives, and hastened to Viwa, where they arrived about seven o'clock. Mrs. Calvert felt much at the alarming intelligence ; but feared to send the boat to inquire, lest my death might be followed by the killing of those she might send."

On another occasion, Mr. and Mrs. Moore were driven out of their house by the savages, saw it destroyed before their eyes, and were only saved from being clubbed by the cupidity of the murderers, and his own presence of mind in persuading them to make off with the spoil.

At last, after many a weary year, Thakombau himself yielded to the power of the Gospel, and was publicly baptized, having dismissed all his other wives (or rather concubines,) and publicly married his chief queen, who was baptized along with him on the 11th January 1857. The scene is graphically portrayed by Mr. Waterhouse.

"In the afternoon the King was publicly baptized. In the presence of God, he promised to 'renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh.' He engaged to believe all the articles of the Christian faith ; and solemnly vowed, in the name of the Holy Trinity, 'to keep God's holy will and commandments, and to walk in the same all the days of his life.'

"In accordance with my request, previously conveyed, the King then addressed the assembly. It must have cost him many a struggle to stand up before his court, his ambassadors, and the flower of his people, to confess his former sins. And, in time past, he had considered himself a god, and had received honours, almost divine, from his people ; now he humbles himself, and adores his great Creator and merciful Preserver.

"And what a congregation he had ! Husbands, whose wives he had dishonoured ! widows, whose husbands he had slain ! sisters, whose relatives had been strangled by his orders ! relatives, whose friends he had eaten ! and children, the descendants of those he had murdered, and who had vowed to avenge the wrongs inflicted on their fathers !

"A thousand stony hearts heaved with fear and astonishment, as Thakombau gave utterance to the following sentiments :—'I have been a bad man. I disturbed the country. The Missionaries came and invited me to embrace Christianity ; but I said to them, 'I will continue to fight.' God has singularly preserved my life. At one time I thought that I had myself been the instrument of my own preservation ; but now I know that it was the Lord's doing. I desire to acknowledge Him as the only and the true God. I have scourged the world.' He was deeply affected, and spoke with great diffidence."

Before leaving Fiji, we would lay before our readers a picture, however feebly drawn, of the kind and degree of Christian into which converted cannibal may be changed. It is an exceptional case, not an ordinary example : but such was Paul's.

If Thakombau was the Agamemnon of the Fijian Chiefs, Verani was the Achilles. He was the nephew of the crafty Namosi-Malua, King of Viwa, and the chosen friend and right arm of Thakombau. The terror of his name, the appearance of his war canoe paralysed the bravest. No Fijian warrior had struck

down more foes, or devoured more numerous victims. His heart was stone, and had no room for pity. Of all the cannibals he was the most ferocious, the most formidable, the most hardened. Talking often with the Missionaries, this terrible Chief began to feel the power of the Gospel. He often stole to the woods to pray alone, and, at length, entreated his beloved friend and chief to consent to his baptism. Thakombau, knowing the man, asked him only to delay: but for this he was too much in earnest; and on March 21st 1845, the far-dreaded Verani, as humble as a child, bowed his knee before God, and was publicly baptized, renouncing Heathenism and all its abominable practices. His sincerity was soon and severely tested. His brother-in-law, with his aged father, were treacherously murdered. There could not be a more deadly insult to Verani: "but the arm, once so quick to strike in bloody revenge, was now unmoved. The man so jealous and so furious in his wrath was now another man; and when his own widowed sister and the other wives of the slain gathered round Verani, and wildly urged him to strangle them, he stood firm, saying calmly. 'If you had come some time since, I would readily have done it; but I am now a Christian, and the work of death is over.'" When the news of his baptism reached Thakombau, all expected an explosion of fury: but he only said "did I not tell you, that we could not turn Verani? He is a man of one heart. When he was with us, he was fully one with us: now he is a Christian, and not to be moved."

"Verani's crimes had been of no ordinary kind and number. Few men's history had been so blackened with every kind of outrage and abomination, and few men's hands were so stained with blood. His grief and penitence were proportionate to the enormity of his sins, and amounted to agony, as he wept bitterly before God, while every remembrance of the Saviour's love drove the stings of remorse deeper into his broken heart. If few men had ever sinned more, no man ever repented more deeply. His high-souled pride was gone, and in his lowliness "this poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." Verani continued in prayer day after day, until he found salvation by faith in Christ's atonement, and went out before his fellows a changed man, rejoicing in the blessedness of having his iniquity forgiven. He now verified the judgment of his heathen friend, and became a thorough Christian, using every effort to lead others to the same gladness which filled his own heart. About a month after his conversion, he had an interview with Thakombau on board a trading vessel lying off the coast. Verani told him all he knew and felt of religion; and when he had done, the Chief said, "Go on, go on!" The next day he visited him again, and told him that the Christians would obey all his commands, if right; but they would do nothing wrong, and could not take part in cruel and barbarous wars. The Chief said, "Very good: you stay at home, and learn your book well;" and promised that he would eventually *lotu*.

"Though Verani refused, on behalf of himself and the Christians, to engage in war, saying, "I have already fought too much: I have done now;"

yet his was too earnest and active a nature to remain idle. But he had now espoused another cause. One day, less than two months after his conversion, Verani ordered his great war-canoe to be launched ; but not to go on its old work of bloodshed and crime. A dark day was it, in time past, for some town or island, when the great sail of that canoe went up to the wild shouts of the painted warriors who thronged the deck ; but it was far otherwise now. Verani, with his energy of soul directed by the new power of love to God and man, was setting sail to carry the Missionary to the distant islands under his charge ; and wherever the war-canoe of the dreaded Chieftain touched, it brought " the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace."

" At his baptism, Verani chose the name of Elijah, and when he built his new, large house, called it Cherith. Here he lived in great happiness, with his wife, of whom he was very fond. Their daughter was regular and attentive at the school. Family prayer was never neglected : so that this household became a pattern to the natives, and its master went in and out among them an example of what the grace of God could do in reclaiming the worst of men. He was always happy and kind, and thought no trouble too great, and no distance too far, if anything could be done to heal a quarrel, to prevent a war or strangling, or any other of the horrors in which he had formerly taken so active a part."

At the death-bed of Mr. Hunt, Verani was by, with mighty pleadings. Deeply he loved the dying Missionary, and now he prayed aloud, " O Lord, we know *we* are very bad ; but ' spare thy servant ! If one must die, *take me, take ten of us ;* ' but spare thy servant to preach Christ to the people."

Eight years after his baptism, this noble Chief was treacherously shot, and then clubbed to death, when visiting, on an errand of peace, a tribe so treacherous, that the Missionaries besought him not to run the risk. He knew his danger, asked Mr. Calvert to pray with him, and left him weeping to die, as so many others had done by his own arm. It might perhaps be difficult to pick out in Christian England a man to measure with this converted cannibal. Here is part of one of his prayers, taken down *verbatim* by Mr. Williams, earnest, direct from the heart :—

" O Jehovah, hear us for His sake, Thy Son, whom Thou didst give that through Him we also might become Thy children. O hear our prayer, that the wicked may consider, and that the impenitent may become penitent, and come to Christ, and be saved. From Thee we came, and our mind is that we may return to Thee. We would enter where Christ has entered, and be with Thee. O Holy Ghost, descend upon us, and prepare our hearts for that place. Tell us that our names are written in the Book of Life : we do not ask to know this at some time that is yet to come ; do Thou speak it to us now, as we do not know the continuance of our lives here. O tell us now that we are saved through Jesus !

" And bless the Christians at Lakemba, and Moala, and Kandavu, and Mbau, and Nakorotumbu, and Rakiraki, and Nandi ; and be with Lazarus and those at Ndama ; and be with those who live here. Bless Ra Hezekiah, and give him Thy Spirit, and teach him in his goings, and help him to cast away the old strength in which he used to trust, and to trust in Thy

strength only,—the strength which we never knew until we heard the name of Jesus.

“And, O Lord, bless Thy people in Viwa ; and if one is sent to-day to preach Thy Gospel in Mbau, go Thou with him, that the words of his mouth may be of use to the Chiefs of Mbau.

“And we pray Thee for our Ministers : they see much evil by living with us in Fiji, and they suffer, and are weak in their bodies, and there is nothing with us that we can give them to strengthen them. This only we can do, we can pray for them. O Lord Jesus Christ, hear our prayers for them. Mr. Williams is weak ; do Thou strengthen him, and let his life be long, and make our land good for him ; and bless the lady, and the children, and let Thy Spirit be always with them to comfort their minds.

“These are our prayers : O hear them ; do Thou hear them for Jesus's sake. O hear them for Fiji's sake ! Do have love for Fiji. When our minds think of Fiji, they are greatly pained ; for the men and women of Fiji are Thy people, and these Thy people are strangled, and clubbed, and destroyed. O have compassion on Fiji ; and spare Thy servants for the sake of Fiji, that they may preach Thy true word to the people. And, O Holy Spirit, give light to the dark-hearted, and give them repentance. And set us in motion, that we may not be so useless as we have been ; but that we may now, and for the time to come, live to extend Thy kingdom, that it may reach all Fiji, for the sake of Jesus Christ, the accepted offering for us. Amen.”

It remains for us to notice the most marvellous portion of this tale of marvels. God has honoured those few high-minded men and women, who laid their lives at his feet for Fiji. Within less than twenty-five years, throughout a great part of Fiji, cannibalism is *entirely extinct* ; and polygamy and infanticide are fast passing away. Human life is no “longer reckoned cheap, and the avenger of blood comes forward now, ‘invested with the solemn dignity of established law.” Murder is punished by death on the gallows ; and other practices, once familiar and unreprieved, are now recognized and punished as crimes. Last year there were in Fiji SEVEN THOUSAND Church Members, TWO THOUSAND more on trial, and SIXTY THOUSAND stated hearers of the Gospel.

Fiji is not now a paradise ; at best only partially cultivated, and partially and superficially Christianized. But such a work has never been done, in a like period, since the age of the Apostles : and not Paul himself showed more zeal and devotion, or wrought out more marvellous results, than the handful of Wesleyan men and women of our own day, who went forth like lambs into a den of raging wolves, endured to look on butcheries and wild frightful horrors, that made their hearts sick and their eyes dizzy, and lived and prayed them down.

Brave men are proud of the civic wreath, the Victoria Cross, the clasp and the medal won by deeds of daring done before their fellows, honoured by a nation's gratitude and praise. But for the men who, without hope of reward, sympathy, emulation or companionship, have stopped the cannibal feast, and saved

the lives of thousands—for the women, without defence, with the worst to fear from savage lust and fury, who entered Tanoa's den, and wrested from his cruel grasp the doomed and despairing victims—for those who are an honour and a glory to the nation to which they belong,—to the vast majority of that nation their names and their deeds are utterly unknown, or classed perhaps with those whom it has pleased Mr. Dickens and his school, to represent as designing knaves and silly dupes, who send out flannels to the negroes of Burribooloo. Yet these are the real heroes, the true salt of the earth; and they have their reward too, given by the King's own hand. They succeeded, not because they were white men—hundreds of white men were killed and eaten—but because the Lord was with them. If ever the hand of God was seen in history, it was seen in the recent history of Fiji.

The sovereignty of this interesting group is now offered to England; partly in consequence of a fine (£9000) demanded from the King by America; which, if levied, would infallibly give rise to a wide spread rebellion, and but too probably turn Fiji into a slaughter-house again. Its value to our Australian Empire would be considerable, were it only as a coaling station on the steam path to China, Japan, Panama, California, and the British gold fields in North America. If England should refuse, France will be less scrupulous; and, we must confess, there are few questions in regard to which we have such serious misgivings as French colonization and Roman Catholic Missions. True wisdom would be to leave Fiji to the Missionaries, to help them by occasional visits of ships of war, commanded by officers, such as Erskine, Pollard, Fanshawe, Wilkes and Maegrubber, and to guarantee their independence, as in the case of the Sandwich Islands.

Leaving the Fijis, we pass to the new French Settlement (scarcely yet begun) on New Caledonia. This large island, more than two hundred miles long and thirty-five broad, like the great Fijis, has a high central ridge, and a barrier coral reef almost entirely encircling it, connecting its S. E. extremity with the Isle of Pines, and stretching out 150 miles from its N. W. end. The reef has many openings, giving easy entrance to the largest ships, varies from 2 to 12 miles in distance from the shore, and the interior lagoons have almost everywhere good anchorage ground. Its harbours are excellent, and command the Australian trade with India, China, and Western America. The larger island is a little bigger than Sicily, has two navigable rivers, and many smaller, which the natives make use of for irrigating their fields, and which never dry up. South East from it, and separated by a channel of 30 or

40 miles, swarming with reefs and shoals, lies the Isle of Pines, about 30 miles in circuit, and running up to a high central peak, which can be seen 50 miles out at sea. The best port and most accessible is Assumption Bay on the South side of the island. Many vessels came here for sandal wood, which grows abundantly, as well as the tall pillar-like araucarias, from which the Isle received its name. It was infamous at one time for several massacres of ship's crews, probably not unprovoked. But Mr. Towns, a Sydney merchant, establishing a factory for the collection of sandal wood, trepang, &c., and treating the natives kindly and with good faith, "an unarmed man," writes Captain Erskine, "may now walk over the whole island without apprehension;" and the French Missionaries reside there in perfect security, having been twice driven from the larger island by the savages. Many islets, some inhabited, stud the barrier reef; and the three Loyalty Islands, Lifu, Wea, and Mare (in our charts Chabrol, Halgan, and Britannia) lying 45 miles to the Eastward, properly belong to the New Caledonian group.

The parallel of 21° South runs through the centre of the large island. Its longitude is 162° East. Its distance from the coast of New Holland is only 3 or 4 days' sail. Though the scenery is grand and beautiful, the soil is comparatively barren; and there is as little as may be to tempt the colonist or the trader. The population too is inconsiderable, being estimated variously from 15,000 to 50,000 souls. The tribes on the sea coast differ little from the Fijians, and like them are cannibals; but they are far inferior in intelligence, vigour, and civilization. They live in the same state of constant internecine warfare, expose or bury alive their sick, are polygamists, and their rude legends of the gods and the state after death, do not differ materially from those of the Fijis. Of all savages they seem to be the most improvident. When they have a good crop, they send invitations to the surrounding villages, with which they happen to be at peace, to come and help them to eat it up; and for the rest of the year they live upon fish, lizards, grubs, worms, spiders, and human flesh. But they are too poor, too few and too isolated to hold cannibal feasts. These form no part of the state ceremonial. They eat their enemies, chiefly from sheer famine, and do not object to white flesh, as the Fijians do. One of them said to a French Missionary, "If you say that to eat human flesh 'is wrong,—good! we say nothing against you; but if you say 'it is not pleasant, you lie.'"

Little is known of the interior; but the high ground to the South West is held by a different race, who originally held all the island,

but were driven to the hills by invaders from the isles to the North East. The people of the Isle of Pines are thought to belong to the original race, and are milder, more docile, and more civilized than those known to us as New Caledonians. There are five harbours on the East coast, and one at the Northern end called Balad. The principal on the East coast is Yengen.

These are the islands which the French have formally taken possession of, with the intention of turning them into their chief naval station in the South Seas, and of using them (but this is less certain) as a penal settlement, in preference to Guiana. It is understood that Tahiti is to be subordinate, as a Station, to New Caledonia, and that the Marquesas are to be virtually abandoned; France keeping up only a nominal Protectorate. We shall attempt a brief outline of what has been actually done. The French began with a Mission. The *Bucephalus*, commanded by Captain Julien La Ferrière, was sent to visit various islands, where Missionaries were to be landed; and on the 19th December 1843, she reached Balad. There she left on the island, M. Donarre, titular Bishop of Amata, two priests, P. P. Viard and Rougeyron, and two lay brothers. The Mission was not successful, except in baptizing unconscious children without the knowledge of their parents, and dying persons. Mr. Viard writes;—"in my various journeys, I have 'baptized about 270 infants, of whom a considerable number 'have already gone to heaven to pray for the success of the Mission.'"*

"Their instructions," writes M. Brainne, "were to be very circumspect in administering the sacraments, and to baptize (as far as possible) adults only at the point of death, to avoid the risk of their afterwards becoming bad Christians! What was the natural consequence? almost every savage, that was baptized, died immediately after. Nothing more was necessary to raise the cry of sorcery; and, as the Caledonians put mercilessly to death all among themselves whom they even suspect to be sorcerers, it was not likely that they would be more favourable to foreigners, whose dress and religious practices must naturally have excited their suspicion."†

We have no wish to be unjust to the French Missionaries; but, while we admire their courage and cheerful endurance of danger, famine, and every privation, it is impossible to approve of the measures they pursued. It is best and fairest to speak from the book of M. Brainne. The natives were exceedingly troublesome: the men forced their way into the Mission House, and stole whatever they could lay hands on; and naked women hung about the door, pretending to beg. A nautical friend made them a present of a *huge bull-dog*. This brute hated the natives,

* Brainne; *La Nouvelle-Calédonie*, p. 82.

† P. 92.

and at the slightest signal, rushed upon them and fixed his fangs in their flesh. They sent for more; and the dogs became the body-guard of the Fathers.

"One day, a native of a different tribe stole a tool from the Mission carpenter, and fled at full speed: but the cry, "Here, Rhine!" (the dog's name), produced its usual effect. The bull-dog, and his companions, were off at once. The terrified culprit dropped the tool, and finding the dogs gaining on him, hastily ran up a tree. The other savages, who happened to be present, although perfectly innocent, thought it best to take to their heels. The dogs rushed in pursuit of these poor wretches, and seized them by the calf of the leg. They gained the bank of a river, and plunged into the water. The dogs followed them; in vain the poor creatures dived beneath the surface; as soon as they came again to the top, a dog's head was sure to be near them. It was a comical confusion, not easy to stop; for it became very difficult to call back the aggressors, who were quite excited by the chase. This little piece of practical moral teaching had more effect on the natives than all the sermons that were preached to them on respect for the property of others."*

The moral is not ours.

At another time, the natives were hard pressed by famine; they were angry with the Missionaries for not procuring them rain, as they were sorcerers, and therefore had the power to do so; and they believed the Mission house to be a complete store-house of food, and of rare and precious treasures.

"One evening a large number of savages gathered round the house; and, in spite of all that could be said to them, refused to go away. The Missionaries were in a terrible fright. Father Rougeyron went to the threshold, and, dropping his usual mild and courteous manner, ordered them imperiously to disperse, otherwise he would without pity burn them all up. At the same rubbing a lucifer match on the palm of his hand, he kindled it. The savages fled rapidly and at once. The story spread to all the villages. "Yes, said the spectators, we have seen Father Rougeyron draw flames from his hand; and, if we had not run away, we should have been burnt."†

On another occasion, when a threatening demonstration was made in open day (it was before the time of the dogs,)

"Father Rougeyron, who was the man for expedients, called in a solemn tone to one of the brethren to bring from the house a barrel of salt meat, which had just been opened, and to place it near him. Then, pulling up his sleeves, he drew out in each hand, all dripping with brine, two legs of pork, and holding them out to the astonished and terrified savages, he told them that such should be their fate, if they did not flee for their lives. All ran away immediately, believing they had seen pieces of human flesh taken out of the barrel."‡

Such "expedients" as these did no good, and served only to exasperate the savages. Evil came to the Mission. In 1845, a bishop (Mgr. Epalle) was killed in one of the small islands,

* Pp. 86 87.

† P. 88.

‡ P. 89.

when landing, by a party in ambush. Later, a boat's crew of 12 men and two officers belonging to a French Corvette, were destroyed and eaten on another of the islands; and more than one trading vessel was captured, and all on board devoured. An epidemic broke out, which was peculiarly fatal. The blame was laid on the Missionaries, unfortunately a large supply of iron tools, provisions, and other articles of barter arrived in a French vessel, and was stowed away in the Mission house. The missionaries hint that their Protestant rivals calumniated them, and a somewhat ridiculous allusion is made to the "affaire Pritchard." There is no need to go beyond the facts already narrated to understand what followed, and why it followed. Mad with eager greediness, as soon as the protecting vessel was gone, the savages conspired to plunder the house and murder the Missionaries. They attacked the Mission house, pillaged and set fire to it, and mortally wounded M. Blaise. The Fathers retired into their little chapel, recommending their souls to God, and confessing each other; but, finding the savages entirely occupied with plundering, they fled for their lives, and escaped with great difficulty to a station farther down the coast. The treacherous natives put out the fire before it did much damage, that the sight of the house, uninjured, might tempt vessels into the bay, and decoy the crews to land. Encouraged by their success at Balad, the savages agreed to seize the station house, to which the Missionaries and other Europeans had fled, and not to leave one man alive. At this critical moment, when all hope had fled, a French armed vessel hove in sight, and they were rescued; but not without a conflict in which 5 seamen were severely wounded. Thus they were driven from this inhospitable shore, and conveyed to Sydney. This was in 1847.

A second time they set out with increased courage and numbers. Some wandered about the neighbouring islands, the Loyalty group, and the New Hebrides, and even ventured to land once more at Balad, where they were received with treacherous joy and pretended repentance. But in none of these places could they find rest or safety: and a second time they had to flee for their lives from the savage cannibals of New Caledonia. Another party, more fortunate, landed on the Isle of Pines, where they were well received, and dwell in security; and there, in 1850, all the New Caledonian Mission was established. The native Protestant teachers from Samoa and other Christianized islands were not more successful; and the Gospel seems to have made little or no progress in the New Caledonian group. It is pleasant to read M. Brainne's estimate of the Wesleyan and other Protestant Missionaries. As a Roman Catholic and a Frenchman

he cannot help wishing for the success of his co-religionists, and the increased influence of his own nation. But he cheerfully acknowledges that the Protestant Missions have been of immense use among the Polynesian islanders, and allows that they are better liked and more successful than the Roman Catholic. According to him the Catholic, teaching only supernatural dogmas, fails: the Protestant, striving first to improve the physical and moral condition of the people, succeeds. To solve that problem, candid, clear-headed M. Brainne, you will have to go deeper.

A new name now appears on the scene, and the priest gives place to the sword. On the 24th and 29th September 1853, the French flag was hoisted on shore at Balad and the Isle of Pines, and formal possession of New Caledonia, the Isle of Pines and all their dependencies, in the name of Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, was taken by Admiral Febvrier-Despointes, amidst the firing of cannon and shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur.*" The Admiral, after mature consideration, fixed on Balad, as on the whole best fitted for the head quarters of the naval power.

His first act, after surveying the river and the neighbouring coast, was to build a strong block-house of brick and stone, which could defy the assembled tribes of all Caledonia. Inside is a magazine, sufficiently large to hold arms and a year's provision of food for 600 men. On the top of the magazine are fortified barracks; and the fire from the block-house and barracks sweeps all the surrounding plain: and here once more, under the shelter of the guns, the unwearied Missionaries are for the third time settled in New Caledonia.

The French Government demi-officially avow their intention of establishing here a penal settlement, and a first class naval station for ships of war. The reports published, but not yet acted on, recommend the transportation of ten thousand felons, but slowly, and spread over many years. The island cannot yet support so large a European population. Another wild utopian proposal, is to hire (or kidnap) 20,000 Papuans from New Guinea, male and female, to be to New Caledonia what the coolies are to the Mauritius. It is too absurd for serious consideration. It does not appear that the French have sent any of their convicts to Balad; and that idea may therefore be supposed to have been abandoned. There can be little doubt that the real object of the Emperor, in occupying these islands, is to form a great naval station, easily defended and perfectly secure, from which armed cruisers may issue forth, in the event of a war with England, and inflict incalculable injury on those great lines of commerce, which connect our Indian and Australian Empires with China, Japan, the Malay islands, California, and

the proposed new routes through the Isthmus of Panama and our North American possessions. Our Australian cities, also, Sydney, Melbourne, Launceston and Hobart must look to their own defence, which, as yet, is of the slightest. The enemy will be almost at their doors.

In another aspect, the French sovereignty can scarcely fail to be a blessing to New Caledonia. The fierce cannibals, who inhabit it, have no fire arms, and are too few and too divided to struggle against the power of France. They will be persuaded, or compelled, to abandon their abominable practices, brought under the strong arm of the law, and, let us hope, will soon cease to be idolaters.

ART. II.—*The Yadgar-i-Chistie, or the Manners and Customs of the Mahomedans in the Punjaub, in plain and simple Oordoo.* By MOULVIE NOOR AHMUD CHISTIE. Lahore: 1859.

THE *Yadgar-i-Chistie* is an Oordoo work purporting to set forth the peculiar customs, religious and social, of the Mussulmans of the Punjaub, in so far as they are either deviations from the original laws and traditions of the Mahomedan Faith, or have been directly borrowed from the followers of the heathen creeds of India, or have sprung up, as local customs do, so silently and gradually that their growth was unremarked. It treats of the sects of the Punjaub Mussulmans, their castes, their superstitions, their trades and their social customs, from the moment when the first summons to prayer is shouted into the ear of the newborn son of the faithful, to the hour when he is lowered into the tomb to be put through his catechism by the dread angels Moonkir and Nakeer. The writer of the book is a Moulvie of Lahore, and the author of several minor educational works in Oordoo. Observing the eager interest with which English gentlemen endeavoured to make themselves acquainted with the history and habits of the various tribes of India, he was induced to commence the composition of the *Yadgar-i-Chistie*. The work was originally intended to be an account of the manners and customs of the people of the Punjaub, in three books, treating first of the Mussulmans, secondly of the Hindoos, and lastly of the Sikhs. But the author did not meet with the encouragement he expected, and he never continued the work beyond the first book, which treats of the manners and customs of the Mussulmans in the Punjaub. It possesses considerable merit, and gives a faithful and minute picture of the Mussulman customs. The author is unsparing in his censure of whatever he considers objectionable in the faith or practice of his countrymen, and has in many instances drawn upon himself the hatred and execration of his co-religionists by the uncompromising manner in which he has exposed their follies. He mourns deeply over the want of earnestness and piety, the degeneracy, the superstition and credulity of the present age, and especially the sects and factions which rend the bosom of the congregation of the Faithful. His own creed is that of an eclectic. He is not free from the taint of scepticism, and might perhaps be called a Sofee. Quaint and curious is his confession of Faith;—

“I am not a heretical Sheah, yet I fear to be called a Soonee. The Sheahs pray with unclasped hands, but I fold mine during prayer; nor

do I, like the Soonees, shave the middle of my moustache. I am a servant of God, let that profession of Faith suffice. Party spirit in religion is pitiful. The bigotry of both Sheahs and Soonees is blameworthy, because each conceals the merits of the other, and neither considers his own creed to be defective, but believes it to be the oracles of God. I lean to both, and find many of the principles of both sects in our sacred books. Each holds the truth with a large admixture of error, and those men of both sects are most to be admired, who are free from bigotry."

In the preparation of his work, the author has confined his observations almost exclusively to Lahore and its neighbourhood. Undoubtedly Lahore is the best field for observing the peculiarities of Punjaub Islamism, because there the mixture of Mahomedans, Hindoos and Sikhs is most complete. Long the imperial city and the seat of Government, Lahore occupied, in the earlier days of the Mahomedan Empire, a position similar to that of Delhi under the Moghuls. It is fabled to have been built by Balo, son of Ram Chunder, some 1,600 years before the Christian era, but its political importance dates only from the Mahomedan invasion. The city was raised from ruin by Sultan Mahmood, and it was the imperial residence of the two Chosroes, the last of the house of Ghuznee. The Gaurian dynasty abandoned it again for Ghuznee, but in the early years of the Moghul Empire it was restored to its former importance. It was fortified by Akbar, and was for some years the imperial residence of Jehangeer. But of all the Mahomedan Emperors, Alumgeer contributed most towards the splendour and magnificence of Lahore, by the erection of mosques and spacious edifices, and by the construction of large embankments to save the city from the inundations of the Ravee. It is said that during the reign of this Emperor the repairs and improvements of the city were carried on uninterruptedly for a period of 40 years. Although Lahore again sank into comparative insignificance under the late Moghuls, Mahomedanism had already taken so firm root, that its existence no longer depended on locality or political support. But it could not be expected long to retain its purity. There is a common element in all religions, by which creeds the most opposite assimilate and combine. Religions borrow rites and ceremonies from each other as languages borrow vocables. Even the Christian religion has assumed forms and imbibed errors and corruptions varying with the countries into which it spread. Islamism therefore, fiercely propagandist though it was, could not escape the influence of foreign creeds. Nowhere in India is Mahomedanism found pure—least of all perhaps in the Punjaub, where two distinct attempts have been made to found a new religion on the ruins of Brahminism and the faith of Islam.

Many causes have combined to produce this corruption of the

Mahomedan Faith. Even when the mountain hordes poured down from their fastnesses on Northern India, Islamism no longer retained that purity and vitality which it displayed in the days when the ferocious Omar swept with his cavalry the Persian plains. Discord and faction had long divided the soldiers of the Crescent. The Soonees and the Sheahs turned against each other those swords which should have been unsheathed only against the common foe. Their hatred of the infidel was as nothing compared with the scorn and ferocity with which those two sects regarded each other. But they seem to have become mutually more tolerant when they settled in the Indian plains, as will be seen from the following account which our author gives of the distinctive tenets of the Soonees;—

“The Soonees* are also called the people of the circumcision, the congregation, the Charyarus or adherents of the four friends and successors of Mahomed, and are considered by the Sheahs to be a heretical sect. They consider Mahomed as the true Prophet, and venerate every one who enjoyed his intimate friendship. They believe that the four successors of the Prophet, Aboobukur, Omar Khitab, Osman Ghunee and Mortaza Alee are equal in rank, but they put Aboobukur first and Alee last in succession. As Mahomed is considered by them to be the last of the Prophets, so Alee is the first of Fukeers, though in truth they are quite ignorant of Alee's real dignity. They usually associate themselves with some Fukeer, as his disciples, and respect Fukeers, who excel in virtue, as the peculiar children of God. They observe the fast of Rumzan, make the pilgrimage to Mecca read the Koran and acknowledge its authority, and assemble together for public prayer. They believe in the resurrection, that the people of God continue on earth till the last day, that the Most High God will judge the world and send the good to Paradise and the wicked to Hell, that the Prophet will intercede for them, and through him they will obtain salvation. They say that on the day of judgment all the other Prophets will cry ‘O God, save us, save us,’ whereas Mahomed will cry ‘O God, save my disciples.’ They consider it unlawful to make the image of Hossein's tomb and to read the funeral eulogium, and though they believe it forbidden to beat the breast during the Mohurram, they do not think it unlawful to shed tears. Many of them even drink the wine of Imam Hossain, and make offerings and oblations. They look upon the Sheahs as heretics. Their patron saint

* It is perhaps unnecessary to explain that, when Mahomed was on his death bed, it is supposed that he nominated his son-in-law and vicar, Alee, as his successor, but that Ayesha, the Prophet's wife, through hatred of Alee and jealousy of the fair Fatima, carefully suppressed this declaration, and secured the appointment of Aboobukur, her own father, to the Caliphate. To him succeeded Omar and Osman. Alee was the fourth who filled the office. Mowaveeah disputed Alee's right, and on the quarrel being referred to arbitration, a decision was fraudulently obtained in favour of Mowaveeah. The fraud being apparent, recourse was had to arms, and a battle ensued which ended in the death of Alee. For some time after this, the Caliphate continued in the family of Mowaveeah, and the Imamate, or spiritual dignity, in the house of Alee. From this contest with Mowaveeah arose the two sects of the Sheahs and the Soonees. The Sheahs consider Alee to be of right the immediate successor of the Prophet, and that Aboobukur and the others were usurpers. The Soonees (so called from following the Soonut or traditions, which correspond with the Misnah of the Jews) believe that Aboobukur and his successors were lawfully elected.

is Mohee-ool-deen Geehancee, for whom they carry their veneration to an extravagant degree, though some of the less credulous venture to say that he was in truth a heretic. Wine, bhang and intoxicating liquors are proscribed by them. They do not curse Meer Mowaveeah, Governor of Syria, and father of Gezeed Boolund the murderer of Hossein ; at least if they do, they never profess it."

But the disputes of the Sheahs and the Soonees were not the only seeds of weakness which the Mahomedans brought with them to India. Many other sects had sprung up to dispute the doctrines of the Faith and even to deny the authority of the Koran. Fierce and hot had been the disputes* in Arabia and Persia regarding that book which the Prophet had published as a revelation from the Most High God. Nor were these disputes left behind by the invaders. Besides scepticism and internal divisions, however, other causes contributed to weaken the vitality of Mahomedanism as a Propagandist creed. In the conquest of Persia, the Saracens had absorbed into their religion many ideas well known to the educated classes of India, and these corruptions were conveyed with the Mahomedan creed to the mountain hordes who afterwards overran the plains. Mahomedans, especially of the Sheah sect, began to believe that the Imams were incarnations of Deity. Even the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul† was not rejected by them, and is believed at the present day by the sect of the *Mortanasikhas*.

From all these circumstances, Mahomedanism had lost much of its early fierce, propagandist character. 'Paradise was' no longer felt to be 'prefigured in the shade of the scimitars.' We find accordingly that the invasion of India was the result of political and social necessities rather than of religious fervour. Mahmood indeed professed great religious zeal. But in early life he was an avowed infidel, and the sincerity of his conversion is doubtful. It is probable that he was less influenced by the am-

* We quote the following illustrative anecdote from Taylor's History of Mahomedanism p. 139, Vol. 45. "Abou Yacoub relates a curious account of a public controversy on the subject, between Shafai, the Poet and Theologian, and Hafs, a sectarian preacher at Bagdad. Hafs asserted that the Koran was created at the moment of its revelation. Shafai quoted the verse 'God said *be* and it was' and asked 'did not God create all things by the word *be*?' Hafs assented—'If then the Koran was created, must not the word *be* have been created with it?' Hafs could not deny so plain a proposition. 'Then,' said Shafai, 'all things according to you were created by a created being, which is a gross inconsistency and manifest impiety.' Hafs was reduced to silence, and such an effect had Shafai's logic on the audience that they put Hafs to death as a pestilent heretic."

The eternity of the Koran is one of the leading doctrines of orthodox Islamism, and tradition says that the Koran was written from all eternity on a table which is kept before God, and which the Prophet was allowed to see once a year, and twice during the last year of his life.

† "The doctrine of the Metempsychosis, or the transmigration of the soul of one chief of religion into that of his successor, was applied to the Imams, as it had been from unknown time to the Lamas of Thibet."—Taylor, p. 212.

bition of saving heathen souls, than by the desire of filling his coffers with Pagan spoils. With few exceptions, the Mahomedan conquerors of India did not attempt to force their religion on the people of the country. The Emperor Akbar even endeavoured, by combining the Mahomedan and Brahminical religions, to introduce a new creed, not unlike that of Nanuk. Islamism thus quietly took its place beside the creeds of the Hindoos, not as the exclusively true religion, but as one faith of many. The natural consequences ensued. In the days of exclusive bigotry, when the Faithful rode to battle with the sword in their hand and the Koran at their saddle-bow, the Faith of Islam had been unable to resist the silent corrupting influence of Pagan creeds. Can we, therefore, expect that it would long retain its purity, when it became tolerant of Brahminism? "The Mahomedans became Indianised.....Nor did the proud distinctions of caste and the reverence shown to Brahmins, fail to attract the notice and the admiration of the barbarous victors. Sheikhs and Seyuds had an innate holiness assigned to them, and Moghuls and Pathans copied the exclusiveness of Rajpoots. New superstition also emulated old credulity. 'Peers' and 'Shuheeds,' saints and martyrs equalled Kirishna and Bheirav in the number of their miracles, and the Mahomedans almost forgot the unity of God in the multitude of intercessors whose aid they implored."* With the mass of the people, Mahomedanism has now become as little a religion and as much a superstition, as the worship of Vishnoo and Mahadev. There are seventy-two acknowledged sects of Mussulmans, who hold all possible shades of opinion, from absolute Atheism to unquestioning devotion to the Faith of Islam. Some, like the *Arbecas*, deny the mission of Mahomed; others acknowledge no moral distinctions. Many sects deny the divinity of the Koran, while the *Juzamecas* dispute even the existence of God. Mahomedanism has indeed become a mere superstition.† Prayers are almost entirely neglected, or are regularly performed only by those who aim at a reputation for sanctity. Music and dancing, which were strictly forbidden by the Prophet, now compete with the Koran; and attract larger assemblies than the prayers of the Moollas. More offerings are made, and more valuable, at the shrines of the saints than at the mosques, and amulets and incantations are considered more efficacious than prayer and fasting.

* Cunningham's History of the Sikhs, pp. 30—31.

† It is a remarkable fact that the Mahomedan cry is and was from very early times '*Deen Deen*,' not '*Iman Iman*.' Now *Iman* is properly the religious creed or Faith, *Deen* is the religious practice, including all rites and ceremonies, superstitions or otherwise. Mahomedans thus adhere more to the external formula, than to the essential truth to be believed.

The Mahomedans preserve caste with almost as much scrupulous exclusiveness as the Brahmins.* Most Mussulmans would consider themselves ceremonially polluted by sitting on the same carpet with a sweeper. The Seyuds, or descendants of the Prophet, are held in a veneration almost approaching to worship. It is considered impiety to assume their manners, and many Moghuls and Pathans, who affect to be Seyuds, are held in execration. Such is the superstitious respect for this class, that it is popularly believed if you were to set fire to the clothes of a true Seyud, he would not be burnt; and all this notwithstanding that the Seyuds lay no claim to extraordinary piety, but have substituted wine-bibbing and debauchery for the virtue and continence of olden times. They receive disciples, by whose bounty they subsist. On the 11th of every new moon, they take tithes from the people, and vows and offerings are made to them as to gods. They guard the purity of their sect with the utmost jealousy, and though they will take women from other classes, they will not marry their daughters into other castes. They keep regular genealogical tables of their descent from Mahomed, and when any man brings discredit on the caste, his name is expunged from the family tree. The same strictness of caste is observed among several other classes. The Mooltanee Arasens will not intermarry with the Kuwalees, nor the Kuwalees with the Kumbos. There is a notorious caste of Lohars called *Surdecas*, who are considered so impure and of such evil omen, that if they come into any house and sit on a couch or smoke a Hukka, the couch and Hukka are broken up on their departure.

In regard however to the relation of caste to trades, particular trades are not so strictly confined to fixed castes, as among the Hindoos. A Goldsmith may betake himself to the handicraft of the Lohars, and a Khoja may follow any calling he chooses, from that of an old-clothes-man to a priest or a doctor. But when a man adopts a trade, which is usually followed by persons of a different caste from his own, he does not adopt the new caste name. Caste goes by birth not by profession. Thus many Zurzurs will be found to work in old iron instead of the precious metals, while a dealer in lace or a trader in horses may be called a Potter or Kulal. In most cases however certain trades are followed by men of certain castes. Statuary, carving, gunmaking &c. are usually reserved for the

* The adoption of caste distinctions was probably one of the earliest corruptions of the Mahomedan Faith in India. It is most amazing how rapidly such distinctions arise. Martin says that in Bahar the distinction of families who admit and who reject inoculation has already become hereditary.—See *Eastern India*, vol. I. p. 113.

Lohars and Trukhans, shoemaking for the Mochees, and horse-dealing for the Kukezaees. It is strange that horse-dealers should bear a questionable reputation all the world over. The Kukezaees are not more celebrated for honesty than their brethren in trade elsewhere. The following extract from the *Yadgar-i-Chistie* regarding horse-dealing may not be uninteresting.

"In Lahore most horses are sold through the agency of the *Kukezaees*. The part of the city when they live is well known and contains three or four horse-markets. Any one who wishes to sell a horse usually sends for the horse-dealer and fixes the price, or he takes the animal to the market and informs the dealer of the sum for which he will part with him, and it remains with the dealer to dispose of the horse. In bargaining for the horse, the buyer lays hold of the dealer's hand, which is concealed under a sheet, and the price is agreed upon by signs with the fingers. If the buyer wishes to give a short price, the dealer, after bargaining in this underhand way, informs the owner. Should he agree to the reduced price, well and good; but if not, the dealer refers again to the intending purchaser. At last, after haggling in this way sometimes for two or three days, the transaction is closed and the dealer receives a commission of 4 per cent., occasionally less. In every market there are several such horse-dealers in partnership, and the profits are collected monthly and equally divided. The condition of the partnership is, that if any one of the partners sell a horse or a pony out of the market, he will not appropriate the commission to himself, or if he do and be detected, he will be expelled from the partnership in disgrace."

"When a horse is sold, the blanket, mouth bag, currycomb and martingale are included in the price of the horse. All horse transactions are for cash, and the animal cannot be returned after sale. On fixing the price, a pice or a rupee or a ring is given in earnest, and after giving earnest money the horse is considered sold and cannot be returned. Having received the money, the owner transfers the animal to the purchaser in the following way. The buyer spreads out the skirt of his garment, and the seller, after laying hold of the head rope of the horse and giving it to the buyer, throws a little grass into the lap of the purchaser's robe. By this symbolical act, the transfer is completed."

Since the annexation of the Punjaub, many native trades have been almost entirely discontinued, and articles of manufacture formerly in great demand cannot now find a market. This is particularly the case with articles of luxury and sumptuous display. The native gentry are decaying, and the eye is no longer delighted with the brilliant processions and gay cavalcades which adorned the native courts. An English Magistrate or Commissioner wears less jewellery on his person than a menial did in the court of Akbar or Runjeet Sing. The trades which have more particularly suffered are lace-making, cloth-flowering, gold embroidery, gold-working, &c. From these trades the Sikh Government used to derive a large revenue. Originally they were all followed by men of particular castes, who formed a kind of guildry. But in later times any one

might learn these crafts on payment of the usual entry fee to the guild. This fee was known by the name of *sail*, and ranged in the different trades from 10 to 50 rupees. The fees were collected once a year, when the master workmen made up their books, and were all paid into the common treasury. Of the whole sum thus collected, half went to the Government, and the remainder was spent in a grand entertainment to the brethren in trade. This impost has not been levied by the English Government,* and these trades are now thrown open to all who choose to follow them. The market for such articles, however, is extremely limited, and consequently very few are desirous of learning these crafts.

We may notice in passing a curious kind of apprentice law which prevails among some classes, and specially the Cashmere shawl-weavers. It is the custom in this trade, when an apprentice changes masters, for the new master to pay all his debts to the old. Advantage is taken of this to keep the apprentice in a state little better than slavery. The master advances him large sums of money, which he is expected to repay in work at certain fixed rates. The boy thoughtlessly squanders the money in pleasure, and before it is half repaid in work he has to take a new loan from his not unwilling master, who begins to find his services valuable and wishes to fetter him still more securely. The unfortunate boy falls deeper and deeper into debt which he can see no hope of repaying, while the master, knowing that he has him in his power, exacts work from him with the most merciless severity. The apprentice is driven to despair and at last runs away in the hope of making better terms for himself, or at least of beginning the world anew and free from the burden of debt. But the old master follows him like a bloodhound and compels the apprentice by law to return, unless his new master agrees to pay up the debt. A good apprentice law is required to check this lending of large sums to young men, which they can seldom hope to repay. The present practice is productive of much evil. Masters traffic in apprentices as in slaves.† Young men are often torn from their homes for years, because their parents are too poor to pay the ransom money. In districts where the Cashmere shawl trade is extensively carried on, it will be found, that by the civil suits instituted in our Courts, a

* We believe that Goojrat is almost the only place in the Punjab where the English have kept up the direct tax on trade. It is there imposed in lieu of the usual *Choongee* or municipal tax.

† A case recently came to light in which the master actually fettered his runaway apprentice and compelled him to work in chains like a slave. It is said that this is not an uncommon practice among the shawl-weavers in some of our large cities.

large proportion of those troublesome cases, called *Ghair-zillah* cases, arises out of this injurious law of apprenticeship.

To return from this digression to the consideration of some of the religious customs. When a Hindoo becomes converted to the religion of Mahomed, he retains many of his old habits, circumcision in fact being almost the only sign of his change of faith. This rite is rigidly enforced, because, when once performed, the convert cannot relapse into Heathenism. These Hindoo converts are called Sheikhs, a name which descends from father to son. They are very numerous in Lahore and also in the Jetch Doab. In their dress they resemble the Hindoos more than the Mussulmans, and their women wear the Hindoo *Luhunga* or petticoat, instead of the flowing trousers. Many of the Sheikhs are gold-beaters, which is generally considered a Hindoo trade. They address their father as '*Lala Jee*' instead of '*Bawa Jee*' like the Mussulmans, and on festive occasions they present cakes on platters of sewed leaves, after the fashion of the Hindoos. But of all the practices which have corrupted the Mahomedan religion, the most outrageous is the actual worship of the small-pox under the name of *Devee Mata*. Indeed this worship is not far removed from Fetishism ;—

"Among the lower classes, as among the Hindoos, it is customary to worship the small-pox, under the name of *Devee Mata*. When the child falls ill, no one is allowed to enter the house, especially if he have bathed, washed, or combed his hair, and if any one does come in, he is made to burn *Hurmul* at the door. Should a thunderstorm come on before the pox have fully come out, the sound is not allowed to enter the sick child's ear. Copper plates and utensils are violently beaten to drown the roar of the thunder. For six or seven days when the disease is at its height, the child is fed with raisins covered with silver leaf. When the pox are fully developed, it is believed that *Devee Mata* has come. When the disease has abated a little and the pox have become dry, a little water is thrown over the body of the child. In the Punjaub this is called '*Giving the Phoa or Drop*.' The parents then send for kettle-drummers and Merasees to make a procession to the shrine of *Devee*. The musicians march in front beating the drums, and followed by all the relatives, men, women and children, carrying the sick child dressed in saffron-coloured clothes. A man goes in advance with a bunch of green grass in his hand, from which he sprinkles a mixture of milk and water. In this way they visit some fig tree or other shrine of *Devee*, to which they tie red ribbons, and which they besmear with red-lead and paint and besprinkle with curds."

Many of the popular superstitions are very remarkable. Not only the ignorant, but the educated classes have a firm belief in the influence of evil spirits, more especially of the evil eye. Iron is believed to be the best antidote. When a woman has just been delivered of a child, she is supposed to be very susceptible to evil influences. Accordingly, during the whole period of the *Chibla* or 40 days of purification, a knife or a key

is tied to the bed, and she is never allowed to move about without having a piece of iron attached to her person. Many castes have peculiar superstitions of their own. The Dhobies and the Dirzees believe that snakes will not bite them, and they will not intentionally injure a snake. But the most widely spread superstition of all is the veneration for Peers. It is not always easy to define what is meant by a Peer. There are Peers Tureekut, and Peers Hukeekut, and Peers Movarufut. Often the word signifies only a spiritual teacher or guide, or a pious old man, but not unfrequently it is superstitiously applied to the spirits of the departed. Nearly every caste has its own Peer. The Dyers venerate Peer Alec Rungrez, the Lohars Huzrut Daood, the Mehturs Lall Peer and Baba Fukeer. In almost every Mussulman house there is a dreaded spot called the Peer's Corner, where the owner erects a little shelf and lights a lamp every Thursday night, and hangs up chaplets of flowers. Sheikh Sado is a favourite Peer with the women, especially those who wish to gain an undue ascendancy over their husbands. Whenever a woman wishes to have a private entertainment of her own, she pretends to be shadow-smitten, that is, that the shadow of some Peer, generally Sheikh Sado, has fallen upon her, and the unfortunate husband is forced to give an entertainment, called a *Baithuk*, to which neither he himself nor any man is allowed entrance, for the purpose of exorcising him. It is believed that the Peer enters the woman's head and that she becomes possessed, and in that frantic state can answer any question which is put to her. All the female neighbours accordingly assemble to have their fortunes told by the Peer, and when they are satisfied, they exorcise him by music and singing. In connection with this, we cannot refrain from quoting the following amusing story related by the sceptical Moulvie:—

“One day about three years ago, as I was riding along near Umritsur, I met a poor friend, who on seeing me burst into tears and said ‘Sir, I have no money and I stand greatly in need of a Rupee, kindly bestow one on me.’ I drew one from my pocket and gave it to him, asking what was the cause of such distress. ‘Alas Sir,’ said he, ‘my wife has been ill for two months and has been nothing bettered by all the medicines of the physicians. Twice every night and day she falls into fits and says there is a Peer in her head. She is shadow-smitten and calls herself the ‘Red Fairy.’ I asked him ‘what is your wife's name?’ He told me ‘Kureema.’ I perceived that his wife was playing him false and endeavouring to gain the ascendancy over him. So I said to him, ‘Hussein Buksh, my good friend, be comforted. I possess a charm so potent that if I only breathe on any person who is possessed, the Peer immediately takes to flight.’ On hearing this he was delighted. ‘God bless you, Sir’ said he, ‘if you will come with me to my house and breathe upon my wife, I shall esteem it a great act of charity.’ ‘I must first go home and bathe’ said I, ‘but

go you home and ask all the women whether they have any objections to my coming.' The helpless, simple-minded man went home and on asking the women, he found that they all consented except his wife. Feigning fits, she maintained that if any one came to breathe on her she would break his head. The wretched husband came to my house and told me of his ill success. I was convinced that the poor man's wife was playing him false. So I took a whip in my hand and accompanied him home. He placed a chair for me ; sitting down I looked fixedly at the woman. Her eyes were red and her brow contracted with excitement. She abused everybody, and I did not escape my share of foul language. 'The shadow of a Peer,' she said, 'has fallen upon me, who is not to be driven away by breathing. This Lahore Moulvie had better go home, for if he breathes on me, he will himself be seized with the sickness.' On hearing this I smiled and told her husband to make her sit down in front of me. He did so and I said to her 'now tell me what your name is.' In great anger she replied 'I am the Red Fairy.' I kept gently muttering for half an hour and blowing on the whip, after which I gave her a smart blow across the shoulders. She remained perfectly silent. Again I read her another such lecture, breathing all the time on the whip, and then gave her two hard blows on the back. She immediately came to her senses and exclaimed 'my dear Moulvie, for heaven's sake don't beat me any more. I am quite well now.' I said to her 'O Red Fairy, what is now your name' and she meekly replied 'my name is Kureema.' Then said I 'Twice I have breathed on you and I must do so a third time, that the shadow may never fall on you again,' and I made as if I would beat her the third time. But she swore a thousand oaths that she was now perfectly recovered and would never be visited by the sickness again, adding 'Moulvie, you are undoubtedly a very wise man.' At last I took my leave, convinced that women being shadow-smitten was all a deception, for I never had any previous practice in such cases, neither had I any charm, but applied remedy solely of my own contrivance."

The Fukeers in the Punjaub are very numerous and possess great influence over the people. Asceticism recommends itself to human nature by the feeling of deep earnestness which its tortures and macerations inspire. It finds its origin in the natural feeling that the body is the seat of evil and sin, which acts as a drag on the pure spirit. We have many senses by which to perceive the world in its countless seducing forms, while the eye with which alone we can see God is scaled over. Our spiritual vision is to be restored only by tearing off the scales of sense. The body must be 'kept under'; the pleasures of sense and the cares of the world must be shunned ; life must be spent in a constant death, a perpetual separation of soul from body. Among earnest minds this asceticism has assumed all forms from the hair shirt and scourge of the devoted monk to the trim peaked beard of the Puritan, and the drab coloured clothes and shovel hat of the Quaker. In the history of Eastern creeds we expect to hear of Jogees and Beiragees, Fukeers and Durveshes, as we expect to read of the palm and the date tree in descriptions of Eastern scenery. Every roadside well has its shady *Tukeea* giving shelter to some devotee, who piously offers refreshing

draughts to the scorched and dusty wayfarer. The Fukeers usually take up their abode near the tomb of some saint, and live on the charity of those who come to make vows and offerings at the shrine, and spend their life in worship and meditation. They are often bound together into orders or brotherhoods, which take their name from some real or supposed founder in olden times, and for admission into which there are fixed initiatory rites and sometimes even a noviciate.* Not unfrequently however the Fukeers are mere impostors and endeavour to make up for the want of purity and piety of spirit by the severity and outrageousness of their macerations. Many of them are no better than cheats and mountebanks. Of all the orders of Fukeers in the Punjaub, the largest, most singular and most esteemed is that of the *Nowshabees*. They are very numerous in Lahore. They usually assemble at the great annual religious fair held at the Jumma Musjid in the city, where they astonish the worshippers by their ecstacy and gesticulations. The Yadgar-i-Chistie thus describes their frantic behaviour:—

“At what time the minstrels commence their singing and music, some Fukeers, mostly of the Nowshabee order, become wild with excitement, tossing their heads and shouting, ‘God is great, God is great.’ Others seize them by the loins and drag them to their feet, still beating and shaking their heads. To such an excess do some of these Nowshabee Fukeers carry their enthusiasm, that they tie their feet with ropes, and allow themselves to be strung up by the heels to trees, and go through their frantic gesticulations in that position. Others on hearing the music are affected to tears. These are called by the people Sheikhs. In former times these Sheikhs were able, wise and virtuous men. But now if you look, you will find them to be a set of shoemakers and tailors, who never even pray. In my opinion this is all hypocrisy. For it is written in our sacred books, that when any Fukeer becomes perfect and has immediate communion with God, it is then he is transported with ecstasy. But in these days it is the general belief that inspiration is obtained by becoming a disciple of the Nowshabees. The custom of the Nowshabees, when any one is desirous of becoming a disciple, is to give him treacle to eat, as if that would make him perfect in virtue. On hearing this, I several times ate their treacle, but I ween that I never even once became inspired. From these circumstances, I lost all faith in the Nowshabees. But their great founder Nowsha is said to have been a good and perfect man.”

Great difference prevails among the Mussulmans in the manner of treating their women. The upper classes of course, especially the Seyuds, and even the Lohars although a low caste, keep them jealously secluded. Poverty however often prevents them from enforcing that seclusion, which the dignity of their caste would otherwise require. Modest, respectable

* In some places they have actual monasteries. There is one in the Goojrat district at the tomb of Saint Hafiz Hiyat. The brotherhood live on the produce of a small patch of land. Curiously enough they are possessed of an excellent breed of mares!

women of almost all classes cover their shoulders and head with a sheet when they walk abroad. But in some castes no effort is made to veil the face. The women of the agriculturist classes, and especially the Goojurs, whose duty it is to milk the lowing herds and gather the cow dung for fuel, walk about bare-headed and never hide their fair features except from the gaze of a European. Only on two or three occasions during their whole life, such as their marriage or their home-coming, do they wear a veil. Their usual dress is a blue petticoat and a boddlice which covers only the breasts, leaving the belly exposed. This dress is not considered at all immodest by the peasant women. The women of the Merasee caste are professional singers and of course never veil their faces. But they must not be confounded with the dancing-girls. The Merasee women sing chiefly at the assemblies of females, they never dance and are not less virtuous than the women of other castes. Without being actually unchaste, the most immodest class of women is that of the Kulalees. They are notoriously quarrelsome, and possess as choice a vocabulary of abuse as the viragoes of a well known London fish-market. Contrary to universal oriental custom, these women are supreme in the household, and if the character which our author gives of them be correct, we pity those lords of creation whose misfortune it is to be united to them in holy matrimony. Says the Moulvie :—

“When these women quarrel, they generally throw mud into each other's Zenana and thrust the soles of their shoes in each other's faces. In this country indeed, every termagant is nicknamed a Kulalee. If these women meet at any friend's house on occasions of joy or grief, their quarrels are brought up, and do what one will, it is impossible to prevent a brawl. The women wear fashionable clothes. Their men also dress fashionably but are very dishonest. In Lahore the Kulal's law is notorious. If you go there, you will see the women sitting in the street with bare heads, and without tunics, spinning or singing a snatch of a song. With us this is considered very immodest.”

There is in all countries a large class of unfortunates who live by the wages of infamy. The recent disclosures at Monghyr* reveal the revolting means by which the numbers of this class are kept up in India, even under the British rule. In the Punjab, prostitution is carried to a deplorable extent, and previous to the annexation, not only was a traffic in young girls carried on, but boys even were bought and sold for unnatural purposes. This vice is still the chief cause of the crime of child-stealing. Child-stealing however is rapidly decreasing. The statistical returns for last year show only 10 cases, being a decrease of 11 from

* See *The Friend of India* of June 3rd 1858, in an Article entitled ‘Susannah and the Elders.’

the previous year. The openness and shamelessness with which prostitution is practised in the Punjaub is perfectly revolting. Till recently, the upper flats of all the houses in the principal bazaars were rented by women of abandoned character, who shamelessly exposed their persons on the balconies. The evil became so great as to call for a remedy by law. The Commissioner of the Peshawur division accordingly ordered all these women in Peshawur to remove to more secluded streets, under pain of punishment, the extent of which was left to the discretion of the Magistrate. This measure was found to work so well in Peshawur that it was speedily introduced into all the principal towns in the Punjaub, and though perfectly inoperative for the suppression of vice, it has driven it to the dark lanes of the cities, and the eye is no longer offended by open, shameless unchastity.

We purpose now to give an account of some of the chief events and ceremonies in the life of a Mussulman. On every occasion of sorrowing and rejoicing among the people of the Punjaub, it is customary to give an entertainment to the whole of the brotherhood. When a birth is expected in a house, great care is taken of the mother during the months of pregnancy. If it is the first child, an entertainment is given in the 7th month to all the female relations. This feast is called the *Kunjee*. The woman is dressed in new clothes given by her parents for the occasion, her head is bathed, her hair braided and her hands stained with *Mehdee*. The rejoicings are kept up the whole night long, and next morning there is a grand feast of bread, flesh and rice. Towards the close of the 9th month preparations are made for another banquet. No male is allowed to enter the house, and the woman is furnished with various charms to ensure her safe delivery. During the *Chibla*, or 40 days of purification after the birth, the woman is carefully watched and never suffered to be alone, as it is supposed that during this period she is particularly susceptible to the influence of evil spirits. Every person who enters the house is obliged to burn *Hurmut* at the door, which is believed to be a great specific against the evil eye. During the *Chibla*, the woman must bathe five times, and she is fed on a kind of ceremonial food called *Punjeecee*, of which no one is allowed to partake except the very nearest relatives. On the 6th day after the birth, there is a great assembly of all the kinsmen and neighbours, male and female, to what is called the *Akeeka* feast. The Moulvie thus describes this feast:—

“The primitive and true custom in the *Akeeka* feast is as follows. A he-goat is brought into the house and killed. The blood, entrails, skin and offal are buried, and the head with the rest of the flesh, the feet, liver and stomach

are cooked together, and after prayers are given to the people to eat. The bones are all collected and buried in a hole, that they may not become offensive, nor be eaten by cats and dogs. For the near relatives, a separate banquet is prepared, in which there is not the same circumspection observed. ... Before commencing the *Akeeka* feast, notice is given the preceding day through the Chowdree to the people of the square and the kinsfolk. Accordingly next day the host causes elegant carpets to be spread and an awning and screen to be erected in a separate house, where the company meet. The beggars assemble outside as uninvited guests, but they receive nothing till the entertainment of the brotherhood is ended. As soon as the relatives and friends are assembled, a servant brings a basin and water to wash their hands, after which dinner is brought in. Dinner over, the servants, whose duty it is, remove the dishes and again present a basin and water to wash, and after smoking the Hukka, the company disperses. The fragments of the dinner are then divided among the beggars."

On the completion of the *Chibla*, the friends of the parents make presents of jewellery and dresses to the baby, and the woman and child are taken to reside for some time with the maternal relatives. Among the poorer classes, it is customary for the woman to be led in joyful procession to the shrine of some saint on the 40th day, where she makes offerings of treacle and flour.

When the child is to receive its name, the father carries it to the mosque with a present of treacle and flour for the Moolla. The priest takes the Koran and opens it at random, and the first letter at the top of the page is the letter with which the name must begin. It is necessary to choose a name which contains some reference to God or the Prophet. It is usual for the parents to bore the child's ears as a sign of their love and affection. There are usually three incisions, one in the right ear and two in the left; sometimes also one is made in the nose. The Dirzees however never bore their children's ears without the consent of the head man of the caste.

Of all events in the life of a Mussulman, the most important is the observance of the rite of circumcision. Although not required by the Koran, it is yet considered the essential condition of being a true Mahomedan. There is no fixed period for the performance of the rite. It may be observed at any time from birth till the boy is ten years of age. At the time of the operation, the boy is well drugged with *bhang* or wine, that he may not feel the pain, and pieces of iron are tied to his person as charms, which are not removed till the wound is perfectly healed. So long as the wound remains sore, the boy is never bathed, and is kept at home and never allowed to go out of the house, and no stranger is allowed to enter unless he burn *Hurmut* at the door. When he has completely recovered, he is bathed, dressed in gay attire and taken to the mosque, when the kinsmen give presents called *Tumbol*. The name of the donor and

the amount of the gift are registered, and the father of the boy is expected to return an equivalent* when the like occasion happens in the house of any of the kinsmen. From the mosque, the boy is taken to some tomb to do obeisance. The wealthier classes mount him on horseback, and make a grand procession with music and dancing to the tomb and from the tomb to the house. The expense of the ceremony is of course regulated entirely by the means of the parties. Some are so poor as to be unable to afford to pay for any festivities, and have no ceremonies beyond the mere rite of circumcision.

When the boy† is four years, four months and four days old, he is sent to school to learn the *Bismillah*. When the father goes to enter his name, he usually takes a present with him for the Moolla. After reading prayers the Moolla proceeds to teach the boy the Alphabet. When he has been made to repeat it once, a holiday is given to all the scholars in honour of the new pupil. Having mastered the Grammar, the boy is put through the *Seeparahs* or 30 sections of the Koran, and on the occasion of this advance to a new book, the Moolla receives another present, and the boys again get a holiday. For teaching the whole Koran, the Moolla gets a present of 30 rupees, besides his monthly fees and food every eighth day. The instruction in the Koran being completed, the closing ceremony, called the Amen, is performed. The parents give a grand banquet to all their relations, to which they invite the Moolla and his pupils. Dinner over, the boy gaily dressed, his brow encircled with a coronet of flowers, is made to stand with folded hands before the teachers. The Moolla then recites some complimentary doggrel couplets, to each of which the boy and his fellow pupils respond Amen. Having spent about an hour in this way, the Moolla pronounces a blessing over his pupil, and the guests depart, after offering their respects and congratulations to the parents.

The boy's education being completed, he is ready to enter life. If he have not been already betrothed in his infancy, his father looks out for a suitable family into which to marry him. The marriage is preceded by the ceremony of *Koormâee* or Betrothal. It is considered etiquette on the part of the girl's parents to refuse the alliance on the first proposal, and in some cases consent is withheld till it is asked the fourth time. Consent being obtained, the betrothal is ratified by drinking milk and sugar, and among the peasantry by the distribution of treacle.

* These gifts can be recovered by suit in our Civil Courts, if not duly returned. See Punjaub Civil Code, Section XXII, 7.

† In the Punjaub, female education exists to a small extent alike among the Hindoos, Sikhs and Mussulmans. See Punjaub Report 1849—51, pp. 143, 376.

The girl also receives presents of clothes and fruits. The parties are now considered engaged to each other, but the marriage may not take place till years afterwards, the interval depending very much on the age of the betrothed. When the wedding day is fixed, the bridegroom's relatives are invited to his house, when an entertainment is given, and the youth makes his appearance gaily attired, with a wreath of flowers on his brow and jewels in his turban. From that day till the marriage, the friends are all busily occupied in preparing the wedding dresses. In the meantime wreaths of flowers are hung on the doors of the houses of all the friends. The Bihishtee makes as many garlands of leaves as are required, and goes from house to house, fastening one to each door, for which he receives a small gratuity of grain and treacle. Musicians also are hired to play before the houses of the friends. Meanwhile, in the residences of the bride and the bridegroom, various ceremonies are performed, of which we will only mention that called *Teil*. This is observed in the house of the bride and bridegroom on alternate nights. The bridegroom (or if in the bride's house, the bride) is seated on a chair with a rupee in his hand and pice and cowrees under his feet. The women then take a red cotton sheet by the four corners and stretch it out over his head, like an awning. A large dish of *Mehdee* is brought with which the boy's hands are stained, and the *Kaleree*, or strings of cowrees and cocoa-nuts, are tied to his hand. In various ceremonies of this kind the time is spent, till the day of the marriage procession comes round. On that day the bridegroom is dressed in saffron-coloured clothes and gay slippers, a garland of flowers hangs from his neck to his feet, an arrow and a sword are put into his hand, and in this attire he is brought into the midst of the assembled company. Presents, called *Tumbol*, are then given by the friends, which are registered in the same way as on the occasion of the circumcision of a child. When everything is ready, the bridegroom is mounted on horseback, and the procession, headed by the musicians, after whom follow the bridal party and last of all the bridegroom, proceeds with torches and music to some shrine, where the bridegroom is made to worship, make offerings and invoke a blessing. From the shrine, the procession moves on to the bride's house, at a short distance from which it is met by all the bride's friends. After mutual embraces and drinking of milk, the procession is conducted to the bride's house, where it is welcomed by a display of fire-works.

The priest is then summoned by a Vakeel and two witnesses to perform the marriage ceremony, and to settle the marriage portion. The Moolla faces the bridegroom and makes him repeat the confession six times, and reads the service on the attri-

butes of God, and also the Laws and Traditions of the Prophet regarding marriage. The bridegroom is then made to acknowledge with a loud voice, that he takes the woman to be his wife, and that he endows her with such a portion. The dower fixed by Mahomed was equivalent to 26 rupees, but it is customary among all classes to agree to immense nominal sums.* After reading prayers and blessing the bride and the bridegroom, the marriage service is completed.

Next day, the bride and bridegroom are seated in state. Previous to this ceremony, they have several amusing games. A small piece of cake is put into the bride's hand, and her hand is closed by her sister and well oiled. The bridegroom's part is to force it open. Amidst universal laughter and derision he with difficulty succeeds. When at length he does open it, he takes the cake and eats it, and puts a silver ring, called the bachelor's ring, on the bride's finger. The young couple are then well pelted with peas and rice. The young wife's drawers are next brought to the husband, and he is expected to string them without using anything as a bodkin. The abortive attempts to perform this by no means easy task, especially amid the jeers and jests of the women, produce uproars of laughter among the wedding guests. With sports like these the day is beguiled. At last a large bedstead is brought and the bride and bridegroom are seated in state. Finally the bridegroom carries away his wife amid the tears and lamentations of her relatives.

Interesting though they are, it would occupy too much space were we to describe all the festivities usually accompanying the celebration of a marriage. Let the above meagre sketch suffice as a specimen of the subjects treated of in the *Yadgar-i-Chistie*.

We turn now from these innocent joys to the closing scene of all, the last sad rites performed over the departed. If the deceased is a young child, the funeral ceremonies are few and short, and there is much more grief on the death of a boy than of a girl. The body is merely washed, shrouded and carried

* The object of this is to prevent a divorce without just reason. By the Mahomedan law (which in this case is also the Civil Law of our Courts) if a man divorce his wife for any cause, except adultery, he must pay her the stipulated marriage portion. It is however discretionary with our Courts to enforce payment of the whole or part of the amount, and in general the Court is guided by what it considers reasonable on a full view of the circumstances of each particular case. Divorce is by no means infrequent, and the wife seldom thinks of claiming her rights in Court. Among the lower classes especially, the position of a married woman is in many cases far from enviable. Instead of being treated with affection, or even respect, she is too often considered as only an instrument of ministering to impure passions. Nothing is more common than for a husband to divorce his wife in favour of another man for a pecuniary consideration. We boast that we have put a stop to the actual and open sale of women, but a species of sale is countenanced by our laws and acknowledged by our Courts, which is no less degrading and dishonouring to the character and feelings of woman, and no less demoralising in its effects than the more open and scandalous traffic.

to the grave, great care being taken that the shadow of the bier does not fall on any child by the way. On the death of an adult, or any one above 12 years of age, all the friends, male and female, assemble to perform the last offices to their deceased relative. Water is warmed in two earthen vessels with which the body is washed, and a quarter of an hour after being washed the corpse is enshrouded. Then follows what is called the *Iskât*. The body is sprinkled with rose-water and laid on a couch before the door, and the chief mourner brings a copy of the Koran, and as much money as he can collect, and gives it to the priest. The priest then asks the age of the deceased. If he were, say, 42 years of age, 12 years are struck off as the period of Mahomedan legal minority, and the remaining 30 years are divided into three periods of 10 years each. The priest, with the Koran in his hand, takes his place at the head of the corpse, and all the friends stand round in silence. Holding up the money and the Koran, the priest says; 'Within the first 10 years our departed brother observed certain prayers and fasts, and certain he neglected. His day of grace is now gone, but this Koran and this money shall stand in place of his repentance.' The same ceremony is performed for every period of 10 years, and the priest prays for the soul of the departed. This is called the *Iskât*. On the conclusion of this ceremony the body is carried to the tomb, and, after burial, all the friends meet for prayer, condolence and fasting. During the 40 days of mourning, prayers are read every Thursday, and the women meet for lamentation every Tuesday and Saturday. On the 40th day, the relatives put off their mourning dresses and send the clothes of deceased as a present to the priest. At the end of six months, they again have prayers for the soul of the departed, and ever after once a year.

We must here take leave of the Moulvie. The *Yadgar-i-Chistie* draws aside the veil which has concealed the private and social life of the natives of India from our view, and gives us an insight into their daily thoughts, feelings, customs, superstitions and domestic life, which we could never have acquired by years of unaided observation. With regard to the literary merits of the book we regret that we cannot speak in terms of unqualified praise. The style is not fluent or graceful, and the book exhibits marks of great carelessness and haste in many of its chapters. The chapter on the seventy-two sects of the Mussulmans is little better than a catalogue of names. The book is by no means exhaustive, and in treating his subject, the author does not follow any fixed and regular method. He commences by considering the manners and customs of the Mahomedans according to their different castes. But as most customs are common

to all castes and only the differences worthy of notice, the author is led to repeat himself in several of the chapters. Towards the middle of the book the original method is abandoned, and we are furnished with an account of the religious sects and their different practices and rites, while at the close of the book the author enters on the description of some most interesting social customs, which would have been more appropriate in the earlier part of the work. On the whole however we consider the *Yadgar-i-Chistie* to be a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of native manners, customs and modes of thought, and we sincerely hope that Moulvie Noor Ahmud Chistie may meet with sufficient encouragement in his literary labours to induce him to complete the original plan of his work, by adding Book II. on the manners and customs of the Hindoos in the Punjaub, and Book III. on the manners and customs of the Sikhs.

- ART. III.—1. "*Curry and Rice, on Forty Plates; or the Ingredients of Social Life at 'Our Station in India,'*" by GEORGE FRANKLIN ATKINSON, Captain, Bengal Engineers. 1859.
2. *Report from the Select Committee on Colonization and Settlement (India); together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, and Index. Ordered, by the House of Commons, to be Printed, 9th August 1859.*

AFTER a century of possession, British Settlers in Bengal are to be counted by tens. Be the cause a climate inimical to the European constitution, the restrictive policy of the late East India Company, or a want of sufficient inducement to settle in a foreign land, the fact remains. In the great rebellion of 1857, the English were fairly rooted out of the land in many districts of Upper India. It was only when collected in groups in fortified places that they maintained themselves against fearful odds till succour reached them. The question of climate as opposed to European settlement, has been argued with perhaps equal force on both sides; the enervating effect of the heat of Bengal being as clearly proved, as the facts are undisputed that men who have lived the best part of their lives in its plains are proverbial for longevity when they return to England, and that those who are most exposed to the climate, taking out of door exercise freely at all seasons of the year and at all times of the day, are the most healthy of residents in Bengal. With so much to be said on both sides the climate may be left as a neutral ground. The restrictive or prohibitive policy of the East India Company has been exposed, argued on, condemned and defended ad nauseam. There is no doubt but that the policy of the great Company was restrictive, partly from selfish, partly from patriotic motives. The East India Company no longer exists, the policy is likewise of the past, and it can serve no good purpose to discuss it as a whole. The question whether want of sufficient inducement to settle in a foreign country is not in part at least the cause of the small number of Europeans in Bengal, is practical. It may reasonably be discussed, and with profit, in its bearings on the present and the future. We think want of sufficient inducement has always been one main cause of India remaining so long a *terra incognita* to British enterprise, and that the great want of inducement was the nature of landed tenures in India, and especially the prohibition of Europeans to possess land.

The prosperity of an infant community, once raised above savage life, depends primarily on the extent of property in the land on which they live and which yields them sustenance, possessed by the members of such community. The gipsy wan-

derer claims no right in the soil, and does not understand such claim on the part of others. The wild Indian's only conception of it, is a demand in behalf of his tribe to hunt and fish in certain tracts; the hill side, the cave, the shady grove being enjoyed in common, as places for temporary sojourning. But no sooner does the community settle, than right in the soil becomes the cement by which the little colony is formed. The first arrangement is to portion out the land, such partition being held sacred. It depends on the industry and agricultural skill of the individual to make his land profitable or the reverse. As the community increases, its wants, its interests increase in a corresponding ratio. Agriculture, still the foundation, is not then the sole source of prosperity. New wants arise; the practice of various arts becomes necessary for the convenience and comfort of the community, and by degrees the different phases of civilized life appear, with the thousand problems in the solution of which the brains of philosophers and philanthropists are and ever will be at work. Where this right is most recognised, there is the greatest field for the development of the energy and skill of man. In a civilized state of society the rights of many will soon merge in one, the indolent and stupid giving way to the industrious and clever; but these qualities must be allowed to raise or sink their possessor without the interference of the ruler. The absolute form of government which recognises a king's or an emperor's right in the soil, can never be so genial to the spirit of a people as that form by which right to the soil is vested in the subject, the claims of the Government being satisfied by taxation of its products.

An arbitrary interference with the rights of a people in the soil, is the unhinging of society. India has never had the good fortune to have this great law fairly recognised. Under its ancient dynasties the ruler was the landholder, and his rights were exercised through various hands, oppression accumulating on the head of the unfortunate cultivator. When the East India Company obtained the Dewany of the provinces of Bengal, the landed tenure was the question which most puzzled its administrators. They could not give up the land tax, which, as now, was the sheet anchor of the revenue. Sir John Shore and others strove in vain to solve the difficulty. The abolition of the land tax would have entailed bankruptcy and expulsion from the country, and, however a abstractedly desirable, would not have suited oriental ideas. Its optional redemption even was impossible in a country where millions of acres were waste and whole districts depopulated. Under the circumstances it can hardly be imputed as blame to the East India Company, that among the conflicting land tenures and customs of the country,

they were unable to secure the cultivator's rights. The perpetual settlement, with all its faults, endeavoured to do so in the recognition of the Khodkust tenure. The grand error was in making the settlement perpetual. The start was false. On an unsound foundation a fabric has been erected, too substantial to be knocked away as rubbish, but thoroughly unsatisfactory and unsafe as an institution. The prohibition against the holding of land by Europeans was the greatest drag on the prosperity of British India, with which any Government could have clogged its wheels. In spite of every disadvantage, had such restriction not existed, the present advancement of the country would have been attained long ago. The general principle of Government interference in the soil was carried out too in detail, in the most vexatious manner. How,—a perusal of Mr. Forbes' evidence before the Colonization Committee of the House of Commons will explain. It remains for the Queen of England, now directly Sovereign of India, to lay the sound and solid foundation of India's prosperity. This may be done, not by destroying existing interests, nor by breaking faith with the native landholders, but by some well devised plan of disposing of the right in the soil, which the sovereign now wisely or unwisely possesses, and for vesting such right in those who will purchase it, to remain the property of such and those to whom it may descend or belong by further purchase, free of all claim on the part of the state. We saw tendencies to such a policy in some of the speeches and despatches of Lord Stanley, and a positive adoption of it in his directions to the Government of India to grant waste lands in fee simple. We hope his successor will carry out his views. The sooner such a policy is acted on, and the wider the scope given to it, the sooner will the finances of India assume a buoyancy they have never yet known. It may be long ere our fellow subjects appreciate the boon, but it is for our rulers to confer it, satisfied of the benefits to the country which must result. The next Viceroy's reign may well be inaugurated by a change which would come ill from the author of the Oude Proclamation. Lord Canning's "clemency" may be excused or defended, but his confiscation of the right in the soil of a whole people but lately brought under British rule, evinced little knowledge of the just principles of Government, and merited the unpopularity the act brought on its author. Till the leaden weight of Government claims is removed from the soil no permanent prosperity can be hoped for. The land-tax, as constituted in Bengal, bears too as heavily on the Government as on the governed, the revenue being cramped by an impost which has no elasticity; the perpetual settlement limiting it to a fixed

amount altogether unconnected with the prosperity of the country. The conditions of the perpetual settlement seem even to be interpreted by Government as preventing the laying any additional taxes on the Zemindars. Europeans can now possess land in their own right, and the change we have been advocating must ere long take place. Railways are progressing; with these arteries of commerce and communication, and the influx of Europeans and with them the introduction of European arts and sciences, English life in India will soon assume an aspect very different from what it presented during the first century of our possession of the country.

A picture of English life in Bengal some twenty years ago would not be difficult to draw. The principal figures are few, and the lights and shades easily filled in. European society in Bengal, out of Calcutta, consisted of the Civil Servants of the Company and some score of planters scattered over the district. The "station" comprised Judge, Magistrate and Collector, a commercial residency, the Resident, perhaps an assistant, and the Doctor. Wherever there chanced to be a native regiment we must add its officers. "Society" comprised the Civil and Military servants of the Company; the Planters as a rule were outside the pale, and were not associated with on intimate terms even by the isolated Resident. We have heard an anecdote of one of these grandees who kept statistical information as to the European population of the district, by marking down in a book whenever a Sahib passed on the road near his dwelling which led to the station, the date on which the stranger was seen, the color of his horse, peculiarities of appearance or dress, all noted by a man posted for the purpose with a telescope.

The isolation of the Civilian threw him almost entirely on the society of the natives. Waited on by a tribe of obsequious servants, and a set of men called "Chaprassees," who were always in waiting behind doors, in passages, and at every corner where the Huzzoor was likely to pass, the Civilian soon adopted oriental ease and indolence. A cough or a sigh would bring a Chaprassee with joined hands and bended body to know the desire of his Lord. These attendants were or are, for they still exist, paid by Government; some ten or twelve being formerly allowed to each Civilian. Natives are generally fond of children, and these men are now-a-days very useful as nursery-maids, but were in old times merely the symbols of official authority, always hedging the thrones of the divinities, their masters. The Chaprassee is an institution of the country, which deserves attention in these days of financial difficulty. Look up in a Directory the number of Civilians

in Bengal and multiply by eight, then the number of uncovenanted officials, European and native, and multiply by four, then all Military men in Civil employ multiplied by four, add up the three totals and multiply by four, which is a low rate, and your grand total gives you the cost in rupees of this "institution."

The hookah and the charms of the dusky beauties of the land helped to while away our Nabob's leisure hours. The arrival of a home packet, with letters and magazines, would raise him into bi-annual fits of animation, old associations for the moment brightening while they saddened the luxurious exile, and his magazines interesting him for a while with a dreamy peep into the busy life of his native land. The Doctor's life was different. Educated for a profession, he was generally more active, he studied the phases of disease in a tropical clime, was often given to scientific pursuits, and was generally much occupied in trade. Unless the Civilian were a sportsman, and many were, the ennui of such a life as we have described must have been far more corroding to his energies, and injurious to his health, than the effects of the climate, and so it was. Our silken Civilian was a wretched, sallow, peevish individual, whose nerves could ill bear the least excitement, and whose great horror was to come in contact with the active, ruddy, rollicking planter. They seldom met; the planter regarded the Civilian with a feeling of awe mixed with contempt, the sallow aristocrat quite returning the latter sentiment. Cutcherry life was little more than a counterpart of what we have described. The great man would go forth, about one in the afternoon, in a luxurious palkee, preceded and followed by the whole band of Chaprasses. The same laziness, the same dependence on others which we have seen in private, characterized the official life of the old Company's Bengal Civilian. He sat panting under his punkah, sighing and signing. The native officers of the Court dispensed justice or something else in its stead. If there is one quality in which a native excels it is in the judicious administration of flattery. Soft words soothed his labours, and we have no doubt that the Civilian of the olden day felt when he received the obeisances of a crowded Court on his departure after two hours of martyrdom, that he had worked hard, that every signature of his initials represented the thorough investigation of a case, and that he was rather a hard-worked public servant than not. The lassitude of sheer indolence was mistaken for the fatigue of intellectual exertion. It was only when a refractory Planter was of necessity summoned to the Court, or himself came to prefer a complaint, that the official was roused into exertion and had to think or act at all for himself.

The Resident did little more than his judicial brother. Natives managed the advances; natives managed the manufacture of silk, invoiced and despatched it, and took care that a good proportion of boats should always start from the Factory in the stormy months, to be surely, according to their accounts, wrecked before reaching Calcutta. Those were golden days for Company's Gomastahs. It was only now and then that our friend, the Resident, was roused into activity by complaints coming from the Honorable Court, that the trash which reached England (the best quality of silk was generally wrecked) was unsaleable, and that unless an improvement took place the factory had better be closed. The prospect of five thousand a month dwindling to two thousand had a wonderful effect for a time; but matters soon settled into the old routine. Such were the men who administered affairs in the good old days in the districts of Lower Bengal. But there were Civilians to whom the above description will not apply—those of whom Sir Charles Metcalfe may be called the type, who were employed in the diplomacy and administration of our higher provinces. Their duties, severe and multifarious, were executed with an ability and zeal which contributed greatly to the consolidation of British power. But the plains of Bengal were not a field for such energies; though possibly the same men who wasted their time in indolence would, under different circumstances, have been the Metcalfes and Malcolms of their time.

There were few non-official European residents in Bengal in those days. They were generally of the "adventurer class," many of them with little either of education or polish, but with a large stock of Anglo-Saxon energy. They were mostly Indigo Planters, who secured a footing in the Mofussil with the joint help of native landholders and the rupees of the Calcutta Merchants, many of them indeed being merely agents of the latter. The Planters increased in number when the Company's servants, being prohibited from trading, transferred their Indigo Factories to the Interlopers. The Planter's time was occupied in warding off aggressions, in counter-aggressions, in attending to the cultivation of his lands and the manufacture of his indigo. He exercised more or less judicial control over his dependents. His was summary justice at the best, and we fear that much of such duty, with the pecuniary profit they knew so well how to reap from it, was delegated to the native servants, under whose names and by whose means the Planter was alone able to hold landed property. Much has been said of the oppression and cruelty practised by the Indigo Planter. We doubt much whether the rough unpolished Planter

of the old times deserved the character given to the class. Many of the worst of them were seafaring men who, leaving their ships, took service as factors with the Calcutta agency firms. The British seaman, though rough in manner and not over courteous sometimes in speech, is proverbial for honesty and kind-heartedness. Accustomed to board-ship discipline, he readily fell into the despotic style of living which it was necessary for an isolated Englishman to adopt among the natives. We must remember too that the Indigo Factories of the Civilians were taken over with all the defects of system inseparable from a management, in which the use of official influence and dependence on native servants were the principal features. Whatever were the faults of the old Planters, we doubt their conduct having been marked as a rule by unnecessary severity and wanton cruelty. For their social habits we fear we cannot say much. Hospitality has always been a characteristic of the class. The meetings of the Planter fathers were full of good fellowship and kindness, but it was too much the fashion in those days to test a man's worth by his capacity to drink. On the whole we fear there was little polish, nor could much be repeated where the refining influence of European female society was unknown. So much for the past.

English life in Bengal, as it now is, is very little understood as regards the relations subsisting between the English and the natives. The official class, as a rule, are isolated from the latter. The natives associated with by the Civilians are Cutcherry officials or domestic servants. Few, even now, among the Government covenanted servants, can talk the vernacular. Their experience consists mainly in the knowledge of certain traditions which they receive as articles of faith. As the Civilian rises from the Mofussil routine to the responsible posts of Calcutta official life, these articles, hitherto comparatively harmless, become injurious, tainting even the policy of the Government. The career of many officials is almost entirely passed at the Presidency. He who has lived fifteen or twenty years in Calcutta can know little practically of the Mofussil, be he official or non-official. The former may rise step by step in the Secretariat till he obtains a seat in Council; the mercantile man, entering "the house" under the favouring auspices of the senior partner, may work his way up to the rank of a merchant prince, but such men's practical knowledge of India is exceedingly small. Though, as Secretary to Government or as Member of Council, the one may unfortunately guide the counsels of Government, or as a merchant, the capital of the other may assist in developing the resources of the country, they can know little of the land in which they dwell. The language

they hear spoken is a mongrel dialect; the higher class of natives with the gloss of an Anglo-Indian education, with whom they come in contact, are not a fair sample of the native community. Intercourse with them gives them no insight into native feelings or habits; the lower classes as much resemble the peasantry in the Mofussil, as the dregs of a large manufacturing town in England resemble the agricultural population. The merchant, if he succeeds in amassing a fortune, cares little for being thought an authority on Indian matters. The Civilian must feel on his return to England, that if he is not, he is expected to be so, and of necessity takes rank as an Anglo-Indian of "experience." His influence is equally noxious in India and at home. It was felt in India in 1857. Since the Rebellion has been overcome, the traditional policy retains its ascendancy. In England the old Indian official's influence is specially felt on the religious "neutrality" question. His opinions on this point are respected by many either too timid or too deficient to judge for themselves. The public at home have been taken quite by surprise lately, to find Sir John Lawrence, the Governor of a large Province lately subjugated and peopled by men enthusiastically attached to their religion, strongly imbued with an opinion diametrically opposed to the tradition. The official class in the Province he governed know the people they are appointed to rule, but the Lawrence School differs from that in which the Bengal Civilian is trained.

In endeavouring to give an idea of English life in Bengal as it is at present, we must first describe life as it is in "a station." This life has its peculiarities which are in themselves a marked feature of Anglo-Indian life. In the book we have placed at the head of this Article "our station," though burlesqued, is not on the whole unfaithfully portrayed. These sketches aim only at depicting everyday life as it is among the English members of the station society; the effect of English influence on the native mind is not alluded to except in the sketch of "our Missionary," though we may be sure that such characters as are caricatured in "Curry and Rice" have an influence and a very considerable one for good or evil. The personal sketches begin with the Judge, in rank "a tremendous dignitary," antiquated as to the fashion of his external man, the horizon of his official responsibilities bounded by the circle of Court Omlah. The old gentleman's "judicial soul being saturated with appeals, criminal cases, decrees, circular orders and the like," he is conscientious in the discharge of his duties, but decidedly contracted in his idea of what those duties are. We must pass over the Judge's wife and the other ladies, only remarking that we think our artist might have spared the infliction of the satire of his

pen and pencil on the fair sex; his introduction behind the scenes in the Illustrations is specially ungallant.

"Our Magistrate's" weak points are represented to be, conceit of his position, a penchant for repairing station roads, and love of architecture shown in the erection of elliptic arches "spanning a tremendous watercourse, fully eighteen inches in depth, and seven feet in width," or in the capture of a pillar of the state in the person of my Lord Coriander. This sketch is unjust; the Magistrate is more open to hits at his chronic jealousy of the Judge's interference in his decisions, and his inclination now and then to find the corner of his district where pigs or leopards most abound, the corner most in want of his presence. The Magistrate, we think, is as a rule the official most given to real useful work, and least to display of silver plate and impudence. Our "swells" and "fast" youths are represented rather by the Assistant or "our Joint," as our artist has it. This sketch is about the best in the book. The conceit of the young puppy whom fortune has pitched into "the best service in the world," is well hit off. He is a bit of a dandy, curls his hair, cherishes the rudiments of a moustache, and nourishes oleagiously the sprouts of an early whisker. Being sportingly inclined he possesses a stud of horses, and cultivates dogs rakish in cut and hairy in pretension. The youth in *déshabille* hearing his "reports," is the subject of the illustration, and is good. The old Omlah is gobbling as if for dear life, the solemn Chaprassee behind, and the Burkundaz in the distance, are members of that body which, as Sir Charles Napier said, cost the state what would pay an army. The next person illustrated is "our Missionary," a good natured satire—its chief point the bad pronunciation of English on the part of "little Fruitiz" who, it is said, preached a sermon all about a winny-ya-ard. On one occasion "Hawrister of ours" so far forgot himself as to evince merriment at the worthy German's conversion of "Jewish rabbi" into "Jewish wabbi." We would not be hard on Hawrister, for we remember that it was with very great difficulty we ourselves, who are of a sedate nature, could hear with becoming composure the exhortation of a German Missionary, "Bredren let us bray," especially as it was followed by the opportune hee-haw of an irreverent ass outside the church. There is no ill-nature in this sketch, and no more than justice is done to the Missionary when our author says;—"He defies the rigour of the scorching wind, and 'at any hour of the day you may find him in the highways 'and byways holding forth to the native community on the 'subject of his mission, scattering the seeds, as he will tell you:'" and again;—"Fruitiz has established a school in the bazar which, 'I am told, is populously attended; and Mrs. Fruitiz takes under

‘her protecting wing the little orphans that Fruitiz in his labors ‘carries home to cherish and bring up.” The sketch concludes in a kind spirit ;—“and so amidst toil and travail, and disappoint- ‘ment with contracted means, exiled in a foreign land, but with ‘hopes bright and a firm faith, do this good worthy couple mi- ‘nister individually and conjointly in what is to them a labor ‘of love, working with willing hearts in the arduous duties of ‘that state of life to which they have been called, to the benefit ‘of their fellow-creatures and the cordial good wishes of the ‘society of our station.”

“Our Colonel” may be a fair specimen of the Commander of a sepoy Regiment—we cannot take upon ourselves to say. After 27 years in Civil employ our old friend may be excused if “of battalion and brigade manœuvres” he knows about as much as the Grand Lama. We fear that many of our crack sepoy Regiments were commanded by old Capsicums, good-natured old gentlemen, content to look back with complacency to their days of real or fancied usefulness when “in Civil employ,” but whose more mature intellects and riper energies were wasted in thermantidotes or other contrivances for the increase of domestic comfort. “Our Padré” is a gentleman of happy disposition who, in the execution of his clerical duties, by no means cuts himself off from the world and its pleasures. Certainly overdrawn, the sketch may still be founded on fact. “Our Doctor” is a close-fisted acquisitive Scotchman, and it is hinted his doings as director of the Kabob Bank are not altogether immaculate. We protest in toto against this sketch. As a rule the Scotchman in India loses his national characteristic, and is a liberal hospitable fellow, and certainly quite as honest as his neighbours, clannish no doubt, but his generosity is by no means confined to the mass of his native land. The Doctor has often a considerable native practice, and perhaps more than any other official has opportunities of social intercourse with the natives. Most stations have their Charity Hospitals attended gratuitously by the Doctor. We have known station Doctors, English, Scotch, Irish, but never saw one of the genus depicted by our artist. “Our coffee shop” or our “gossip shop,” as we have frequently heard the institution more truthfully called, is perhaps the best sketch in the book. For scandal, commend us to “our station” all over India. Presidency towns are bad enough, but for gossip with its attendant jealousies and bickerings, cuttings and reconciliations, our station will carry off the palm all the world over.

The “burra khanna” elucidates about the heaviest social scene Anglo-Indian life can boast of. The rest of the sketches are more or less amusing, appropriately closing with “our departure for home.” Always excepting the drawing aside of the social veil

which exposes to profane gaze the Judge's and the Magistrate's wives both in *déshabille*, the former engaged in her morning household duties and the latter undergoing an eastern toilet, (the other caricatures of female life are more harmless) we think "Curry and Rice" on the whole does credit to the artist's skill. We believe it has had a large sale. It is we know fearfully abused, which is not a bad criterion of the faithfulness of its portraiture. The artist, we can easily believe, has been pronounced "a horrid man" by many a Judge's and Magistrate's wife. Allowing for the exaggeration of caricature, it is not an untrue picture of station life among our Anglo-Indian Mofussil aristocracy!

If we wish to learn something of native customs, manners and habits, we must seek the knowledge from those who live among the natives. The Indigo and Sugar Planter or the Tea Grower have opportunities denied to other classes. They know nothing of Central Asian politics or of court intrigues, little if anything of young Bengal; but mixing with the ryots, transacting business with the higher classes, Zemindars or others, brought into contact with native officials and Court Amlah, constantly rubbing against the police, they really do acquire a practical knowledge of native character. The Planter lives among the people. In business he is connected with them. In the sports of his leisure hours, pig sticking or leopard hunting, he mixes with them. In default of a dish of "Curry and Rice" concocted from "our Mofussil," we will try to give our readers an idea of some features at least of Anglo-Indian life in Bengal.

The residence of the Manager of an Indigo Concern is commonly a commodious upper-storied house, without the luxurious fittings or furniture of the Calcutta palace, but with every thing necessary for substantial comfort. The out-houses share this appearance. The kitchen, bakery, sheep-pen, fowl-house, and last, though not least, the stable give you the idea of the appurtenances of a substantial Indian farm house. The houses for the domestic servants are in the compound, and the whole, arranged without stint of space and generally on a convenient plan, has an air of roomy comfort differing much from the cramped, walled-in accommodation of a Calcutta house. Attached is a large piece of ground, tastefully laid out, comprising flower and vegetable garden and generally a neat pond or tank, fruit trees of various kinds, the peach, mangoe and leechee the most common, being planted about, making the garden partake often of the appearance of a park. No six-foot wall encloses the whole, but a *mendie* (native myrtle) or other hedge, or a light railing, separates the factory grounds from the fields outside. Houses of this description are

dotted, now-a-days, pretty thickly at intervals of ten and twelve miles over the indigo districts of Lower Bengal. Their residents live in social harmony, differing very greatly from the stiff artificial style of Calcutta life. A planter drops in upon his neighbour in a friendly way to pass the day, with or without invitation, and except when "sowings" or "manufacturing" keep all hands at home, there are frequent social gatherings for sport. Once or twice a year there may be grand meets on an extensive scale, nearly every resident in the district and many from neighbouring ones assembling. The creature comfort arrangements of such parties are generally managed by subscription. Two or more tents, or a mangoe tope, accommodate the hunters for temporary refreshment or rest, and if, as is generally the case with such parties, the meet extends over two or three days, an out-factory dwelling house is borrowed for the general accommodation. Whatever may have been the style of entertainment in olden days, these parties at present are characterised rather by hearty and well regulated joviality than by libertine excess or bacchanalian license.

These however are not a fair type of the gatherings which form an important feature in Mofussil life. A pig-sticking meet comprises generally some ten or twelve keen sportsmen, such parties being got up sometimes by one, sometimes by another, of the sporting fraternity. We remember being present at such a party, and we must say that the impression left on our mind as regards the social good feeling among the sportsmen themselves, and the apparently cordial relation between them and the ryots, was very favorable. While on a visit to an Indigo Factory, our host one day announced that his friend A. intended to be at the Boarrum jungle on a early day, and had included us in an invitation to join the party. We could manage a horse well, and could go across country to perfection, but had never "ridden a pig." A's parties were notoriously first-rate, and the Boarrum jungle the famous cover of the district, so we anticipated great pleasure and gladly welcomed the eve of the day on which the hunt was to take place. We were to meet at A.'s house at dinner on the previous evening that we might start fair and have the day before us. An eight mile canter brought us to A.'s residence, which was a large two-storied house, a fine river flowing past it. The grounds were elegantly laid out, the flower beds bearing evidence of female taste. Most of the guests had arrived before us, and were collected in a knot near the stable, discussing the merits of two noble animals that had just arrived from Calcutta. We were received by A. and the rest with a *bonhomie* very different to the stiffness and formality of a Calcutta first reception.

Within an hour we were assembled at dinner, our host, his wife and two daughters doing the honors with a frankness and kind sociability which put every one on terms with themselves and each other, strongly contrasting with the ennui and icy reserve of a Calcutta "burra khanna." After dinner, music chess or billiards amused the company till they retired to rest.

The next morning we were roused at dawn. Our friends of the previous evening equipped in sportsmanlike attire, flannel shirted, sola toped, booted and spurred, were discussing the merits of their steeds and speculating on the chances of sport. The spears were being examined, the spare ones and the spare nags being forwarded to the scene of action. Elephants were trumpeting, horses pawing, servants hurrying to and fro. The scene in the early dawn was singular, and would have made a capital oriental subject for our Curry and Rice artist. The elephants, twenty of which had been collected, were moving off to the ground, most of the sportsmen seated on the *charjammās*, and *guddies*; the horses being led behind were neighing and fretting at the sight of the huge quadrupeds before them, the elephants on the other hand equally frightened, and hurrying on at twice their usual speed. The cover was a large tract of "benna" jungle, and a fine open maidan to the South and East gave promise of a good run. In addition to the elephants there were some five or six hundred men to act as "beaters," many of them "bonooa" coolies, but a full half, ryots from the neighbouring villages, who are always delighted to join the sport and assist in destroying the pigs which are very destructive to the crops. The sun was well up when we reached the ground. Considering the number of people and animals assembled, sportsmen, coolies, ryots, elephants, horses and dogs, for the bonooas are generally accompanied by their canine friends on these occasions, the preliminary arrangements were soon made. "Line kurro—line kurro" (form line) was shouted on every side; a non-rider among the Sahibs undertook, seated on one of the elephants, to keep those animals in line, and our host had organised a set of sirdars to perform the same office for the coolies. The twenty elephants and some five hundred men, each man with a stout lattee in his hand to force his way through the jungle, and if necessary to be used in self-defence, formed a line, a third of a mile in length.

The business of the day was now fairly commenced. The air resounded with the peculiar shout of the coolies and the shrill trumpeting of the elephants. The riders rode, apparently listlessly, down the plain, but with eye carefully scanning the line of jungle, and spear in hand. Soon a "tally ho!" was heard, and two or three pigs broke cover. The apparent listlessness now gave place to

ardent excitement ; “ tally ho ! ” again, and five or six pigs were scouring the plain, but only two of these were pursued, the others being sows which are no sport. We followed as best we could, saw the first spear taken, and witnessed a splendid charge. The rider drew blood, and passed on. The boar turned and charged down upon the next man. The creature had a pair of splendid tusches and fought well, now charging, now rushing away frantically with two or three spears sticking in his flesh. After severely cutting two horses and showing noble fight a fatal thrust at last rolled him over. The one who first drew blood had galloped after another pig, leaving a man to secure the tusches. Encounters similar to the one we have described were taking place in different places within a range of two or three miles. When the party assembled for tiffin, it proved that six fine boars were the result of the morning’s sport. The carcasses were seen in the distance, slung on bamboos, and being conveyed by the bonooas to their respective *paras*, to be hacked up and broiled for their night’s entertainment. Refreshment was now the order of the day ; beef, mutton, hams ; in fact everything that could rather satisfy than tempt the appetite was in abundance, with a plentiful supply of soda water and beer wherewith to wash the solids down. The pops of the soda water and well drawn beer corks mingled with the loud talk and discussions on the morning’s sport. “ Purls ” and “ headers ” were discussed with little sympathy for the victims. One unfortunate youth, rigged out in the very height of sporting fashion, was unmercifully joked for having drawn blood from a sow ; his excuse that she was “ very big,” and therefore, as he thought, worthy of his prowess, was received with roars of laughter, and he was recommended next time to look at the head as well as belly of the pig, and see if the animal could show a pair of tusches. The youth took it in good part and promised to profit by that day’s experience.

We sat quietly “ taking notes ” all round, and soon became interested in a discussion, which we were told was characteristic of such parties. One sportsman was vehemently laying claim to a first spear which another, he said, had taken by “ cutting in ” between him and the pig. It appears to be a fundamental rule in the sport that such “ cutting in ” is unfair, and he who does it, is not entitled to the honor of a first spear so obtained. The knotty point is to determine what the distance was between the first rider and the boar when the second rode between. If a rider is abreast of the pig, say within six feet, with his spear poised, the boar being in fact “ in hand,” it is unfair for another party to rush in. The pig by jinking may alter the relative positions, and the rider then loses

his chance which is taken up by the next man. On this occasion the discussion waxed warm, and it was eventually decided, as regards the possession of the tushes, that they should be handsomely set and presented by both parties to our hostess. While we were all refreshing ourselves, arguing, laughing, and chatting, A. had withdrawn from the party and was the centre of a group of natives who were urging something on his attention. Curious to know the subject of discussion, we drew near and were admitted within the circle. A deputation from two or three villages were begging A. to construct a "bund," or embankment, to keep out the river till August. They declared they had lost their Oous Paddy three consecutive years by inundation, that every cold weather they had determined to raise the bund, but they wanted unanimity. All agreed as to the necessity of the undertaking and that it would cost money; the difficulty arose when the time came to collect the rupees. They could not settle among themselves the proportionate shares of the expense, nor to whom the general fund should be entrusted; they wished A. to make the bund, and to collect the cost from them as he liked. We were surprised at their expressions of confidence in A.'s judgment, and at the apparent affection their language evinced. He was their ruler, their father and mother; they basked in the sunshine of his protection. The oriental vocabulary of dutiful phrases was in fact well nigh exhausted. A. received it all with smiles of contempt, which showed us that he looked on the whole as "*Vox et altogether nihil*." He told them he should like to oblige them, but he had been very severely used on a late occasion in which he had helped certain ryots in a similar strait. "Oh!" said one "you mean the ryots of Allapore—they are great rascals. Do not liken us to them. We are not false slaves to abuse our benefactor, to seek to obscure the rays of the sun that shines upon us. They, Sir, are liars, we are truth tellers and honest men." The result was, that A. agreed to their request, and they were directed to come to the factory the next day, when the necessary arrangements would be made.

When we returned to the tiffin ground, preparations were being made for an afternoon campaign. We were satisfied with our share of the morning's sport, and were pleased enough to join our host on an elephant. We had thus an opportunity of seeing the "beating," which in its way was a sight as amusing if not so exciting as the "sticking." We fell into line, and it was curious to watch the measured forward tramp of elephants and men, the jungle falling under them, and to hear the shouting and yelling of the latter. We had a good view too of the chase, when the pigs were started, and could observe the different runs, as first one, then another, boar was driven from its

shelter. We found time for conversation, and we were greatly interested in our host's views of men and manners in the Mofussil. We had heard a good deal about Indigo planting, mostly what was to be said against the Planters, and were glad to see "the other side" of the picture. We asked A. what he alluded to in his conversation with the ryots, as to his having been badly treated in a matter similar to that about which they asked his help. His story is worth repeating. It showed us how careful people should be to ascertain beyond doubt the truth of their facts, before making deductions from them. The Rev. Mr. ———, said A., was last year on a Missionary tour in this neighbourhood; he passed a day with me and very glad was I to have the company of so intelligent and agreeable a man. We discussed Mofussil politics in a friendly way, and in the afternoon he started for the Allapore *haat* to preach to the natives. It was the month of October. Near the *haat*, was a *khal*, through which a *bheel* drained into the river. The current had lately turned, as the muddy deposit showed. On it a man was scattering Indigo seed. Mr. ——— commenced scattering his seed, as the good Fruitiz would have said, by endeavouring to draw the people into conversation, but was unable to command attention; the warning and the hortatory styles were equally unavailing, Mr. ——— was about to give the poor heathen up in despair, when his knowledge of human nature suggested that if he could work on their every day feelings, he might at least establish himself in their good opinion, which would be a step gained. He called himself their friend, one who desired to better their condition in life, one who was travelling about with the express view of learning their grievances and striving for their redress. Were they happy? Was their Zemindar just? Was the neighbouring Planter fair in his dealings? Were the Zillak officials a terror to the evil doer and a protection to them that do well? Mr. ——— had found the key to their tongues at least, if not to their sympathies. To judge by the flood of rustic eloquence which was poured forth, there never were ryots so steeped in misery, so fearfully oppressed. The Zemindar and Planter were in this case one, our friend A.; as to rent they paid fourfold what was paid by their forefathers, and the incidental exactions of the Sahib's servants again almost equalled the amount of rent; their best lands were all forcibly taken for the cultivation of Indigo. "This season, to crown our misfortunes" cried the spokesman, a garrulous Mussulman with a fukir's beads round his neck, "our paddy was all destroyed by inundation." "Very sad," said Mr. ——— "but how did that happen?" "The Sahib cut this *khal* and let the water in. It overwhelmed all the paddy in six hours." "Shocking—shocking,"

said my reverend friend, "but when this was done, did you not go to the magistrate? Did you not seek help from those whom a paternal government has placed over you to protect you from oppression?" This speech created great excitement. There was no *tusbeej* they said; the omlah ruled the magistrate, and the Sahib paid the omlah; the officials were one and all unapproachable, except through the omlah. When the magistrate came to the Mofussil, Mr. — asked, could they not explain their grievances? God forbid, they cried, that the magistrate should visit their village; the vicinity of officials was the signal for untold oppressions and extortions by their blood-sucking chaprasees. If a ryot did chance to get into the presence, they declared it was of no avail, as the magistrate could neither understand them nor make himself understood; he spoke an unintelligible jargon, not Hindustanee they were sure, for many of themselves understood that language; but it was supposed to be a dialect spoken in a far off eastern district among the Mhugs. "Well, well" said Mr. ——"but about the khal, surely the object in cutting it, was not to injure your paddy." "The Sahib did not think much about our paddy probably," they replied, "you can see his object however plainly enough," pointing to the man scattering the Indigo seed, "It was to get deposit over these lands, make them unfit for paddy, and to sow Indigo on them which, you may see with your own eyes, is being done." "Dreadful, dreadful" said Mr. ——— to himself. "How this confirms my opinions and those of my brethren regarding the ungodly system pursued in the cultivation of Indigo. How sad that nominal Christians should so disgrace the Christian profession. I cannot return to the board of the oppressor. Fitter is it that I should in this place shake off the dust from my feet as a testimony against him!"

The whole matter seemed plain. The ryots' complaint was clear, the circumstantial evidence as to its truth was undeniable. There was a sheet of water without so much as a blade of paddy visible. There was the khal, the cutting of which had cut so deeply into the welfare of the poor people, and there too was the very instrument of the oppressor sowing the seed which was to bear fruit as the ungodly gain of the tyrant. The worthy Missionary did not of course appear again that day, A. said, and the next he heard of him was the above story from a neighbour. The reverend gentleman felt it to be a sacred duty to report the circumstance, 'a sad Mofussil experience' he termed it, to the secretary of his Society. The real circumstances were as follows. The sheet of water was a large bheel, which was never dry throughout the year. The ryots had begged A. to cut the khal to drain it. This had been done two years before, and already

some two or three hundred beegahs of fine loam had been redeemed. A. had not yet received one-half of the money he had paid for cutting the khal, and it appeared the redeemed land did not belong to his villages, but to those of a neighbouring Zemindar. It was held under a *piekusta* tenure by his ryots, so that he had no interest in the rent of the redeemed land, which had been duly sown with Oous paddy and reaped in July.

We had much interesting conversation with A. on the relations between Planter and ryot. We asked him how he accounted for the feeling which could prompt the ryots so grossly to misstate and invent. He thought it might partly result from antagonism of race, but was more the effect of the traditional feeling that oppression was their birthright. They could not realise any other condition. Under the old native dynasties they had been ground to the dust. Many of the worst features of those cruel despotisms were grafted on the Zemindary system. Though nominally under the British Government, the ryot was the slave of the Zemindar. When he came under the control of the European he could not readily realise the change, and even under the most favorable circumstances the native servants of the European Zemindar practised, unknown to their masters, much injustice on the ryots. The Government system of collecting the land tax confirmed, if it did not increase, the Zemindar's power. The quarterly instalment of rent must be paid in by sunset of a certain day or the estate was sold, while punctuality was so ruthlessly exacted from the Zemindar it was necessary to give him power of immediate realization from the ryot. The law was strong, and the illegal power exercised under its shelter was ten-fold more so.

In such conversation the time passed and we were soon at home. It appeared that we had lost the most animated scene in the day's sport. While trying to turn out a pig which had taken shelter in a village, a leopard was roused. A somewhat corpulent gentleman, but none the less keen a sportsman, had exchanged the saddle for the charjamma. The only gun which chanced to have been brought was with the mahout, but unfortunately there were no bullets. A few charges of snipe shot was the only ammunition. These were soon lodged in the animal, and the last shot slightly lamed him. Roused by fright and pain, he flew at the elephant;—the last shot was gone, and our corpulent friend had only his spear; he wounded the brute on the shoulder and then, to the amazement of those who had by this time come up to see what was going on, coolly dropped off the back of the elephant, and had what we can only describe as a hand to hand encounter with the leopard, and at last succeeded in literally pinning the infuriated

animal with his spear to the ground. All agreed that no similar instance of physical strength and pluck existed in the sporting annals of the district, and the victor's health was drunk with honors. Thus closed one of the most agreeable days we ever spent, and we appeared, so much had we seen and heard of Mofussil life, to have spent months in that one day.

The above sketch of a day spent in the Mofussil by one to whom all he saw was novel, contains many hints regarding the mode of life of the Mofussil resident, and his relation to the ryot. The Planter is ever ready to assist those around him; his medicine chest is at the command of the poor; his name is sure to be found on subscription lists for Charity Hospitals or Schools, from which the natives solely derive benefit. The Indigo Planter may be a despot, but his rule is a mild despotism; his system of business, in itself not unfair, does no doubt in its working often become oppressive. This is owing as a rule to the nature of his instruments and the character of those he has to deal with. There is nothing more unfair than the line adopted by the anti-Planter. He takes for his text an act of severity, say, as an extreme case, the imprisonment of a ryot; he argues on it from an English point of view, denounces the illegality, commiserates the victim, and cries shame on the oppressor. His arguments, pity and wrath would be all reasonable if the scene were in England; but are thrown away when Bengallee ryots, a "Company's" Court, and a "Company's" Magistrate compose the tableau vivant.

On the question of the relations between the Indigo Planter and ryot, we would quote the evidence of Mr. E. Underhill before the Colonization and Settlement Committee of the House of Commons in April 1859. This gentleman is one of the Secretaries of the Baptist Missionary Society, and his testimony may be received as impartial. If he had a bias, it might be presumed to be rather against than for the Planter.

Question. 4755. Is the system of Indigo planting detrimental to the best interests of the native population? It ought not to be, on account of the expenditure of money which always takes place in an Indigo factory, nor do I think it ever would be, were the state of the law favorable to fair and equitable dealings between the Indigo planters and the persons they employ. But owing partly to the state of the courts, and partly to the claims of the occupying tenants to manage the land as they please, and not subject to the will of the Zemindar, or the Indigo planter, if he be the Zemindar, there are perpetual conflicts as regards the cultivation of Indigo upon their lands, and hence there has arisen a large number of cases of great illegality and great oppression upon the part of the Indigo planters, and on the other hand undoubtedly, on the part of the ryots themselves, acts of resistance to the just rights and claims of the Indigo planter to the produce of the soil, for which probably he has already advanced money or deed. *Question. 4770.* You do not mean to say that the planter has any interest in oppressing the ryot? No, the planter's

interest is on the other side ; nor do I think that those acts of oppression are committed from a mere wanton desire to oppress, I think they, generally speaking, arise out of the difficulties in which the Indigo planter is himself placed by the circumstances of the country, and also partly from the character of the people. The people are not usually truthful and not usually ready to fulfil the obligations into which they enter. The system of advances, which is everywhere prevalent, in all trades, and in all matters in which common people are employed, is a system fraught with mischief, employers are very frequently wronged, and their advances often made in vain. *Question 4771.* Has there not been much controversy between the Indigo planters and the Missionaries, arising out of these circumstances ? There was a great deal just previously to my leaving for England, arising from the statement of a German Missionary in Kishnaghur, that the Indigo planting system was a system of great oppression and extortion on the ryot ; but the conclusion to which I came, after a great deal of thought and conversation with parties interested in the matter, was what I have already stated, that almost universally these oppressions and extortions originate in the state of the country, in the state of the administration of the law, in the character of the police, and in difficulties which the Indigo planter might well plead in bar of any condemnation that might be brought upon conduct that otherwise we must very strongly condemn."

Besides the official and the commercial, there is a daily increasing class of Europeans, those employed on the Indian railways, many of them rough, uneducated men. For the most part they are ignorant of the vernacular, and many of them arrived in the country during or immediately after the Rebellion. The ill-feeling that has arisen between the natives and European workmen on the railways, is generally caused by inability to understand one another, and much of it has been engendered from the knowledge of and disgust at the atrocities that were committed in Upper India during the Rebellion. An English mechanic is naturally impatient at the apathy of the natives ; they again are frightened at his energy, displayed in hearty exhortations to them to work, which are mistaken for abuse. After a time it is found that the bark of the *gora* is worse than his bite, and the natives learn to fall into his ways, trying to put a little life into their work, and laughing at his noise. There is one other class against which the great promoter of antagonism of race in the Calcutta Press, *The Indian Field*, backed by a few Civilians, rails so much. We believe this class to be in the main the creation of their own brains, so far as it can apply to Anglo-Indians who associate with natives.

Englishmen in the Presidency towns, we have before said, have really few opportunities of mixing with them. Our experience lies more in the Mofussil, and we cannot say that we have met the class so much complained of. Here and there one sees a silly conceited youth, whose pretensions to 'gentility' lie in a lisp, a collar of the newest cut, a smart ring and studs,

who swaggers about "thwose niggerth brutes that thould be kepth well down, thir," but this is a *rara avis*. Respectable natives of course shun such an one, and his knowledge of native character is derived only from intimacy with menials and the lowest dregs of the native population. Such a creature soon sinks into a used up, dilapidated 'swell,' than which there can be no more contemptible character in India or elsewhere.

In a paper on English life in Bengal we must not omit, so far at least as their object in visiting India is concerned, the most important class of all—the Missionaries. We do not mean to enter on the statistics of the various Missionary Societies; it is better to consider them as one body, especially as we believe the evidence of Mr. Underhill to be correct, that "the most perfect harmony and cordiality subsist between all the Missionaries, English as well as American." The evidence before the Colonization Committee from all parties is unanimous, that the Missionaries in India, as a body, are zealous and conscientious;—that the natives have not exhibited a jealousy of their operations, that on the contrary they are greatly respected, and in the localities where they are settled, beloved;—that in the Presidency towns their schools are crowded, the Bible being willingly read as a class book;—that they are thoroughly acquainted with the native languages;—that they conciliate the natives by the interest they take in their material improvement, especially as regards the American Missionaries, by the practice of medicine;—that they have been more or less successful, especially so in Southern India;—that during the Rebellion not one single case of infidelity to the British Government, on the part of a native Christian, was heard of;—that Missionary teaching is taking effect as a rule from below;—that the conduct of native converts is generally good;—that conversion to Christianity does not entail the reproach with which apostasy was formerly visited among the natives. These facts, testified to by the representatives of every class who were examined, speak for themselves. The question we have to do with is, not the percentage of converts that the Missionaries have made, but the effect of their presence on native society.

English Missionary life in India for the past seventy years has wrought immense good, inasmuch as the experience of all intelligent observers declares that their pure motives and their inoffensive lives have disarmed bigotry and caused them, while openly striving to convert the heathen to Christianity, to be respected throughout the land. If the Missionaries who have worked in India since 1790 had not made one single convert, their labors would not have been

in vain. Their living among the people as professed proselytizers in peace and respect, showing as it does that "Christian things done in a Christian way will never alienate the heathen," proves that the people of India are able to appreciate the practice of Christianity, and are willing to have its doctrines explained to them and offered for their acceptance. This opinion is borne out by the respect and affection evinced to Sir Henry Lawrence and his co-operators in the Punjaub. Their profession of Christianity and constantly expressed desire that those around them should be both almost and altogether such as they were in this respect, did not alienate from them the affections of the people. When Colonel Nicholson left his district "the people came crowding round him, poured out their sorrows and their tears, and declared that the Government had removed from their midst the father to whom they all looked up as their best friend." The Punjaub, the land ruled by *Christian* men, who gloried in declaring their religion and their desire to see those around them embrace it, was the source of our strength when the Empire was in danger.

We do not say that Missionary operations have been altogether faultless. Now and then we have discerned an inclination to use weapons not to be found in the Christian armoury. The controversy with the Indigo Planters, for instance, we think was waged in "an unchristian way;" no good resulted from the discussion; and when we see a gentleman like Mr. Underhill, whose sympathies must be with the Missionary body, and who had every opportunity of viewing the subject from their point of view, declaring as his deliberate opinion before the Committee of the House of Commons, that the conclusion to which he came on the subject, "after a great deal of thought and conversation with parties interested in the matter was, that 'almost universally those oppressions and extortions originate in the state of the country, in the state of the administration of the law, in the character of the police, and in difficulties which the Indigo Planter might well plead in bar of any condemnation that might be brought upon conduct that otherwise we must very strongly condemn;" we cannot but feel that the discussion was entered on hastily, and carried on intemperately. It utterly failed in its object.

The Missionaries have not erred at least in not daring to denounce the idolatry and superstitions of the East. We think rather that now-a-days they are too ready perhaps to dwell on the ignorance and depravity below, and to overlook the intelligence and enlightened opinions which are gaining ground in the higher grades of native society. We shall have more to say on this point, ere we conclude this Article. The effect

of Missionary efforts is visible at both ends of society. Converts to Christianity are, it may be, more numerous among the lower classes; but the secular education given by Missionary Schools in which the Bible is taught, is telling on the higher. The Institutions connected with the Presbyterian missions have especially been exceedingly useful. We think on the whole, that there is abundant reason for those in Great Britain who support Missionary Societies to congratulate themselves on the effect that this phase of English life in India has had on native society, and on the prospects held out for the attainment of a still more beneficial effect.

The antagonism of race so much complained of, we believe to be much less in the Mofussil than in the Presidency towns. In the Mofussil European superiority is quietly acknowledged, received as a simple fact. The landholder of good family and position is glad to be on terms of intimacy with the Sahib. He is received kindly, on a footing of equality. The one gains information from the other. An interview between a Talookdar and an Indigo Planter is very different from one between a Mofussil Civilian and a native gentleman. The innate politeness of the latter is too often put to a severe test in his agonising endeavours to comprehend the language addressed to him. We lately heard of such an interview. In spite of the attempts of an Omlah who was admitted with the visitor, to catch and interpret the meaning of the Civilian, and the native gentleman's own earnest desire to understand the huzoor's remarks, it was quite impossible, and the interview was at last abruptly terminated by the bowing out of the native, who was distressed at not being able to understand what was said, while the Civilian no doubt declared 'these natives to be great idiots, not able even to understand their own language!' Such intercourse is of no benefit to either party. In Calcutta it is not so bad, because the majority of respectable natives speak English fluently; which is a pity perhaps, for, of late years especially, this antagonism of race has been greatly increased through the facility of communication between Calcutta officials and natives. The seeds of a jealousy which exists between the European official and non-official classes have been sown by the former between the latter and the natives, and are unfortunately bringing forth much fruit.

Our space will not permit us to do more than allude to the relations between the English and natives as regards the Courts; nor, so far as their state is concerned, is it necessary, for the subject has been often discussed in the pages of this *Review*. It is a fact not sufficiently remembered by our native friends that, were it not for the English residents

in the Mofussil, the abuses connected with the Courts, those of the system, of the procedure, and those connected with the personal incapacity of the officers presiding over them, would be comparatively unknown where alone they can be remedied. Now that these abuses have become household words, the natives add the weight of their own complaints, but would they have ventured to *initiate* a movement for their reform?

Taxation will create a new political life for India, and as the influence of English opinions and experience on this question will be exercised largely on native society, a few remarks on this all absorbing topic at the present moment will hardly be out of place. There are certain principles which actuate human nature; the first and strongest is self-interest. A very large proportion of this principle resides in what we English call the breeches pocket. We consider that we have a special right to apply the contents of our purse according to our own will; and to rob a man of his purse is to commit an act which at once makes the injured party the centre of sympathies of no ordinary nature. As an individual claims special property in his private purse, so does the community of individuals claim an interest in the public purse, which consists of money subscribed by all for the good of all. Here in a few words, and with the help of a simple analogy, we have the theory of "taxation," and the theory of a right to a knowledge of, and a certain control over, the expenditure of taxes.

Hitherto India has been held as a fief by the East India Company. That Honorable Corporation acquired a sovereign right of some kind over the soil; the exact nature of the right is a *quæstio vexata*, but under it, the Company bestowed on certain parties, for a certain sum, certain highly profitable privileges connected with the soil, and with the money so acquired, it fulfilled after a certain fashion its duties as ruler. This money, ordinarily called "the land tax", was the main source of income. So long as the Company paid its expenses as it were with this its own money, the mouths of grumblers were shut, or at least there is something to be said in favor of the argument that they should have been shut. In due course of time, after it had attained the age of one hundred years, this Corporation collapsed. Some would have it that it died a natural death, full of years and honours; others that the collapse was in some way occasioned by the enormous size to which it had swollen, owing to the gratification of an appetite which caused it to swallow more than it could digest; others again declare that the Corporation was punctured by certain sharp instruments, the bayonets of its own servants, and so collapsed.

However this may be, it is a historical fact that the old Corporation died. Its affairs were put into the highest Court in England, and a proper time having been allowed to settle accounts and to make arrangements for carrying on the business, and reckoning the expenses incurred in carrying out these arrangements, and in clearing up the confusion that arose in the affairs at the time of the Corporation's death, it appeared, on publication of the schedule, that a deficit of twenty millions of pounds sterling had to be made good ere the estate could be pronounced solvent. This of course weighed on the spirits of the new proprietor, who has fallen into a bad state of health. The physician is unfortunately the same who watched over the last moments of the Corporation. Some think that that death scene was too overpowering; that his nerves then received a shock which they will never recover; and it seems generally allowed that he is totally incapable of bringing his present patient through the crisis. The patient evidently has no faith in his skill; his remedies are all useless; whatever efficacy they might have on other constitutions, the medicines he administers in this case will not remain on the stomach. Should one chance to 'keep down,' its irritating influence neutralises any sedative effect it might have been intended to have; witness the effect of the powder called the 'Tariff Bill.' At present the patient is writhing under the effects of nausea caused by the very odour of a box of pills labelled "the Trades and Professions License Pills." These pills were hurriedly attempted to be introduced into the mouth by the physician's favourite nurse, a respectable old lady, who had always borne a good character, but who has quite lost herself in this case. The mouth declined to receive the pills. So great was the irritation that it was evident, were they forced down, that they would be immediately rejected. The doctor was therefore compelled to alter his prescription, but assafoetida still prevailed in the new composition. The nurse by coaxing and threats at last succeeded in getting the medicine into the throat, but the inflammation that resulted was fearful, and the patient has since got worse and remains, while we write, in convulsions most trying to behold. An express has summoned from England another nurse, a tidy sensible person who has had great experience; but then, as people say, she always worked under physicians of the first eminence, and it is feared that even she will be of no use under Dr. Canning, for so our present medical man is called. As it is known however that she has practised as a doctor as well as nurse, it is supposed she will bring out a diploma to act as consulting physician. In this case she may induce Dr. Canning to change his treatment. We

may then expect to see the pills withdrawn from the throat, and medicines more in keeping with the present practice of the profession administered, though it will be long before the irritation occasioned by the introduction into the thorax of the Canning pills will be removed.

This however is no joking matter. We are in the midst of a financial crisis. It is a serious fact that twenty millions sterling are required. The sheet anchor of Indian income is inadequate. Ways and means must be found. Warren Hastings would have made the Rebellion pay its own expenses and reveal mines of untold riches for future wants. With such a hand at the helm, the Rebellion would have enriched instead of impoverished the exchequer; hoards of wealth would have been discovered. Revolution from below would have inspired revolutionary acts from above, and the most would have been made of a grand opportunity. We must now look to the slower but perhaps surer effects of Railways and Telegraphs to do what the '*sic jubeo sic volo*' of a Warren Hastings would have brought about.

The late efforts of the Indian Government to be consistent in its policy and yet to raise funds, have been ludicrous. To meet millions a Tariff Bill to raise thousands was introduced, and as it mainly affected Europeans was carried promptly through Council. As the Provincial cash balances became exhausted, and his native friends remained inexorable in their determination not to lend him money, it became absolutely necessary for Lord Canning to have recourse to some other plan. He determined on a Tax on Trades and Professions. Ignoring an Income Tax, he was able to exempt the fundholders, on the ground we presume that a tax would depreciate still further the public securities; forgetting that whatever improved the financial condition of the Government would raise and not depress these securities, and that the gain in this way would more than counterbalance the amount of a moderate tax. It was the knowledge that Government required and must have money which kept Government paper so low, because the natives could see no means of obtaining money, but by a loan, and they consequently felt that by declining to subscribe to one at $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., they would soon have the opportunity of obtaining 6 or perhaps 7 per cent. for their money. Government employés were not to be considered members of Trades or Professions. The gross partiality of this was so heartily exposed, that Government soon announced that it proposed to tax the incomes of its servants 3 per cent.; but this was no part of the original bill, and at the best can be called only another piece of Lord Canning's financial patchwork. The bill

did not touch Zemindars. Thus it was proposed at a moment of pressing necessity, when twenty millions sterling were required, to tax the community, leaving out the two wealthiest portions of it, and those who, from the nature and security of their incomes, could bear the burden with the greatest ease. The Zemindars were not to be taxed because Lord Cornwallis had been pleased to make over certain advantages to their ancestors, in consideration of the payment of a certain fixed annual sum! Mr. Harington, who introduced the Bill in Council, was instructed to declare farther that it would be "impolitic," to tax the Zemindars, thus giving the weight of the opinion of Government to a most untenable fallacy. When the independent Members of Council had one after the other animadverted on his opinion, and the Press had criticised it, Mr. Harington was instructed to deny having made the statement. Obedient as a poodle to its mistress, or Punch and Judy to the wire of the showman, he rose in Council and ate his words!

The perpetual settlement fixed the amount, the payment of which should give a right to the income derivable from certain land. This was not a compromise with parties who disputed the East India Company's right to make a settlement. The old Ameens and Tussildars had no more claim to the Zemindary right than a steward or agent, managing a nobleman's, or Crown, or any Corporation lands in England, has to the estate he manages. What Lord Cornwallis did, and what the British Government is bound to respect and to abide by, appears to us to be this. He made a liberal settlement by which he waived all claim then or hereafter on the part of Government, to raise the amount of land rent on a settled estate. It was well known at the time that large tracts of land were waste. It was mainly to encourage the cultivation of this land that the settlement was made. It was not intended that generations later, when the whole country might be thickly populated and every acre of land yielding its increase, its wealth owing to connection with Great Britain increased a hundredfold, the responsibilities and expenses of Government being likewise greater, the descendants of these favored tax collectors should not bear their share of the expenses of the State. The Zemindars' incomes have improved through causes which have arisen of late years, altogether distinct and irrespective of any element of wealth which existed in 1793. There are many products, sugar cane, jute and oilseeds for instance, the demand for which is European, and which are so valuable as to enable the Zemindar to charge, and fairly so, double or treble the former rent for the land on which they are grown. Is it not just that this increased income should be taxed? It is not meant that Government has a claim to a share of its

subjects' profits as such, but its subjects of to-day are bound to provide for the expenditure of the Government of to-day.

The principle of taxation (the land tax is not a *bonâ fide* tax, it is the return paid in consideration of a very valuable and profitable privilege) indeed has never hitherto been disputed. The Zemindars have never dreamt of claiming exemption from customs duties, and have no more reason to dispute the right of Government to tax them directly than indirectly. In proposing an income tax we are but giving India the benefit of the lessons in political economy which England has been taught by long experience.

The Bill introduced in the Legislative Council by Mr. Harington, has justly aroused the indignation of the community, and it is not likely to pass into law in its present shape. Mr. Wilson will have sufficient influence to introduce a well and fairly digested scheme of taxation, which, looking our difficulties honestly in the face, will attempt to provide for the deficiency in an impartial, straightforward manner, and which, while ensuring the early realization of the amount required, will arrange for its collection in a manner as palatable as possible, and not after the fashion of the Trades and Professions Bill, which provides the most unpopular machinery conceivable for the purpose. The two classes exempted, Zemindars and fundholders, could be got at more easily and with less risk of unjust assessment or abuse of the powers of the collection of an income tax than any other classes. The fundholders are registered. The Zemindars are all entered in the rent roll of the Collector of every district, with the amount of Government revenue payable by them. The Revenue survey gives the area of every estate in detail and with the owner's name. An assessment at the Pergunnah *nerecks* would give an approximate value of the Mofussil *jumma*; deduct the sudder rent with, say, ten or fifteen per cent. from the Mofussil *jumma* for the Zemindars' expenses of collection and other charges, and the remainder would be the net income.

We are not sure that we ought not to welcome taxation as a special boon to India. With taxation will come the privilege which an Englishman so prizes—the right to a voice in the expenditure of the taxes. From the exercise of this political right will arise a healthy public opinion. The intelligent native will join hand in hand with his British fellow subject, and glory rather in learning from him his constitutional rights as a free subject, than in servilely following the lead of the Government employé, to possess whose smile and paltry patronage is now too often his acme of temporal felicity. We fear that this knot of men to whom we allude, few in number, but at present powerful

from position, numbering as they do among them many of the highest in the governing class, are working a deal of mischief—they have lighted a fire, which is burning into the best interests of their dupes. They are positively, not meaning we suppose to be so, a disloyal faction. It is the fashion for the official to cry down the non-official European, and to represent him as the great enemy of the natives of India. This is a cry equally foolish as cowardly, for its only end can be to curry favor at any cost with the natives; elevated into a policy it has brought upon us the contempt of nine-tenths of intelligent natives all over India. The active working of it has alienated Europeans as a body from the Government and has lost us a British army, and its passive working in favor of natives, keeps the Indian Treasury bankrupt, and is encouraging disaffection among the native soldiery, who, at a critical moment, were with a handful of English soldiers the prop of our Indian empire.

English life in Bengal has without doubt been of advantage to the masses. Before parties concerned in commerce settled in the interior, rent was paid in kind, the ryots were half starved and half clothed. With an increased number of European settlers in the interior and capitalists in Calcutta, the circulation of money has increased, the cultivation of the land has improved, waste lands have been tilled and new products have been introduced. To the Mofussil resident is to be ascribed the exposure of the abuses which are the topics of the day. The state of the Courts, the practice of torture, the want of roads are a few of the subjects that have been thus ventilated. It is a fact beyond question, that the districts where most Englishmen are settled are the most prosperous. If they have abused their influence the result is at least not discernible by the ordinary signs of such excesses. It is not shown on the face of the country itself, by the decrease of population, or by the destitution of the people. The indigo districts especially are a garden; they teem with population; the people are well fed, well clothed; they have two or three meals a day where they used to have but one; they have luxuries that fifty years ago were unknown to them. Their houses are better built, themselves better dressed, few of their women are without ornaments of some sort; their eating and bathing utensils are of brass instead of earth. All this positive good is to be ascribed to the introduction of British settlers with their influence and their capital. Mr. Underhill says in his evidence before the Colonization Committee.

“There can be no doubt whatever that the residence of Europeans in the interior is highly beneficial in a material sense by the introduction of new products and new modes of producing articles of Commerce; a great improvement is already seen in the rise of wages through almost the whole of

those parts of Bengal where Europeans reside. Then you may see the influence of Europeans always when you come within a few miles of the places where they dwell ; the country is better cultivated ; the roads are in better order, and the aspect of the land itself bears the impress of European skill and European capital having been expended upon it, so that you can very readily tell whether you are approaching any settlement, or factory, or farm inhabited by Europeans. Then, in a social sense, I think also the presence of Europeans is highly beneficial. In former days many Europeans lived very improper lives in India ; that day has gone by ; I am very glad to say that that has almost entirely ceased, and that the Europeans now living in the Mofussil are not addicted to the immoral habits which were very common 30 or 40 or 50 years ago. Then, I think also that the influence of Europeans is exceedingly beneficial from the diffusion of the ideas of truth and justice which they invariably maintain ; whatever a European may be in other respects, his word is always taken by natives, and, with very rare exceptions, they always confide in a European's judgment, and upon his general equity they constantly rely ; they seem to think that a European will always do them justice if he can, if his own special and peculiar interests do not clash with what the natives may seem to think just."

We would recommend the whole of this gentleman's evidence to the notice of our readers. Secretary to the Baptist Missionary Society, he came to India principally for purposes connected with the Society. He was in India three years. He evidently brought with him a determination to observe carefully and honestly and with strict impartiality. A clear head enabled him to observe correctly and to make just deductions from his observations, and a kind heart led him to make his enquiries and observations principally on subjects connected with the best interests of the natives of India.

When we see an East India Company's traditionist like Mr. R. D. Mangles declaring before the Colonization Committee that he is greatly in favor of British settlement in India, and really apparently believing, so absurd does a contrary idea now appear to him, that he always was so, must we not feel that the persistent opposition of the East India Company to the influx of British residents was a fatal mistake ? And when we see the results that have been brought about in spite of this policy of the Government, carried out as it was *con amore* by the Company's servants, we may well wonder what would have been the state of India to-day, had this incubus not brooded over it for a century. But our object is not to complain of the past but to exert ourselves for the future well-being of the country. The above remarks are made not so much by way of complaint, as by way of argument against the now mooted opinions of the old traditionists. We show that English life in Bengal in its influence on the natives has been beneficial. We say that the reforms for which Anglo-Indians are agitating must be advantageous to the natives ; we contend therefore that the policy of hampering British settlers and checking

British settlement by "Imperial" legislation is unwise; that the idea of its being necessary, while professing to encourage British colonization, to legislate specially "for the protection of native rights and interests" against British settlers, is mischievous. To say of those who are striving after judicial reforms, and are in the van in every agitation for improvement;—these are the men who will crush the natives, who will "improve them off the face of the land," is most unjust. Mr. Mangles and other traditionists may defend the late East India Company, its restrictive policy, its resumptions, and so forth, and they will be listened to, with curiosity if not interest, by those to whom it belongs rather to study the past than to work for the future; but legislative or any other interference, however plausible, with the free ingress of British subjects into India, will be but the mangling of an enlightened policy.

We do not wish to be querulous, but as whatever tends to make the British public exaggerate the difficulties to be overcome in India is injurious, we must notice another part of Mr. Mangles' evidence, his remarks on the Nuddea rivers. What he says would apply justly to the Ganges, the Burrumpooter or the Jubboona, but certainly not to the Bhagaruttee, Jellinghee, or Matabangah. At their mouths there might be some slight engineering difficulties to overcome, but throughout their course they are narrow, manageable rivers which, we are inclined to think, Mr. Mangles never saw. Our engineering experience has been very limited, but we believe from our own observation and from the opinion of others more capable of giving one, that one or two steam dredges worked for two months on each river, as it is falling, would keep them all well open throughout the year, for boats accustomed to navigate them when they are full. The dredging could be assisted by operations to widen the mouths of the rivers and to throw in a larger supply of water. The tolls annually collected on those rivers would more than pay the cost of what we suggest. However, the justness or otherwise of our opinion will soon be tested. The Eastern Bengal Railway will run for a great distance near the Matabangah river, and the Engineer of the Company anticipates very little difficulty in making the river navigable for large boats or a small steamer, so far as it will be necessary to transport materials to the line adjacent to the Matabangah river.

We have shown how English life in Bengal has told on the material improvement of the natives. Has it beneficially affected them morally? Have Eastern superstition and ignorance been shaken by the introduction of Christianity? We must lament that Christianity in India, as in all other countries, is too little illustrated in the lives of its professors, but our presence *has*

worked good. Natives of intelligence can and do distinguish between Christianity and its professing followers, between the Bible and its professed believers. The *Hindoo Patriot* for instance says, speaking of the Bible. "The educated native knows it to be the first of books, but what he objects to is to be compelled to read it to the exclusion of other books." In the same issue of his paper he says in an article on Religious Policy. "As regards the single question of granting aid to missionary schools, we have always felt it our duty to point out to our countrymen that so long as the system of making Grants-in-Aid to private institutions exists, the withholding them from missionary schools would be a gross violation of that very principle of religious neutrality for which they are so earnestly and so justly contending"* When an intelligent mind that claims to be the index, if not to direct the opinions, of the most influential of his countrymen, receives and owns such impressions, we may hope that time will ere long work the religious emancipation of India.

The great question which agitates the public mind at home and here, at present, regarding India, is its evangelization. "Neutrality" is a cry which, apparently plausible, is perhaps doing more mischief than any other political watchword. There is a party, that which has always been opposed to British settlement in India, who are rabid on this point. The fanaticism of Exeter Hall is denounced in the bitterest terms; the sword of Mahomet, it would appear by their account, was a toy to the rage for the forcible propagation of Christianity in India; the spirit of the old crusaders, gentleness to the feelings which animate these would-be evangelizers of India by command. The natives of India are roused by an imaginary danger; their passions are excited, they are taught to see religious persecutions and intolerance where none exist; they are encouraged to combat a spirit of religious bigotry when really there is no such spirit abroad to contend against. They are fighting a shadow, a phantom hand put forth by a faction to support a failing cause. It is not in the nineteenth century that England will attempt the forcible conversion of its millions of Indian subjects. Such a project is totally opposed to the spirit of the times. No one asks for Government interference on behalf of Christianity. What is asked is the abstinence of such interference against it—as regards the introduction of the Bible, "the best of books" as enlightened natives call it, into our schools. We say, let it not be a proscribed book. We consider Sir John Lawrence's opinion on this matter the correct one. In the words of his Secretary. "In

* *Hindoo Patriot*, 27th August, 1859.

‘ respect to the teaching of the Bible in Government schools
 ‘ and colleges, I am to state, that in the Chief Commissioner’s
 ‘ judgment such teaching ought to be offered to all those who
 ‘ may be willing to receive it. The Bible ought not only to be
 ‘ placed among the college libraries and the school books, for
 ‘ the perusal of those who might choose to consult it; but also it
 ‘ should be taught in class wherever we have teachers fit to
 ‘ teach it, and pupils willing to hear; the learning should be
 ‘ optional of course.” “ Depend upon it,” again quoting Sir John
 Lawrence “ all those measures which are really and truly Chris-
 ‘ tian, can be carried out in India, not only without danger to
 ‘ the British rule, but on the contrary, with every advantage
 ‘ to its stability. Christian things done in a Christian way will
 ‘ never alienate the heathen—about such things there are quali-
 ‘ ties which do not provoke or excite distrust, nor harden to re-
 ‘ sistance. It is when un-Christian things are done in the
 ‘ name of Christianity, or when Christian things are done in
 ‘ an un-Christian way, that mischief and danger are occa-
 ‘ sional.”

The controversy which is raging on this subject is doing incalculable mischief, because it encourages in the native mind the idea that the English nation wish to introduce Christianity by force. Christianity cannot be introduced by force; a religion so introduced could not be Christianity. Ours is a *faith* which must be received, *believed*. One moral result of our presence in India is that it has aroused a spirit of enquiry, wherever the Christian and Hindu have met. The monotheism of primitive Hinduism is taking the place of the polytheism and the superstitions of a corrupted degenerated Hinduism. The successive creations of Brahma owing to his periodical siestas, the schemes of cosmogony which declare the earth to be of the shape of a water lily, and the oceans connected with it to consist of ghee, curds, sugar-cane juice, &c. the whole encircled by a hoop of gold; which say that among the heavenly bodies the sun is the nearest to us, next in distance the moon, then the fixed stars, and farthest off the planets of our system; all this nonsense is ridiculed as much by the English-educated Brahmins of to-day as by the Christian philosopher himself. We cannot expect our faith to be received in a moment, but we must be careful not to irritate the prejudices or the feelings of the Hindus by exaggerating their faults or by attributing to them sentiments they do not entertain.

We disapprove of a missionary from India declaring from the platform of Exeter that “ there is not throughout India one correct idea of the nature of God,” and holding up the religious belief of the Hindus as a system utterly corrupt,

depraved and idolatrous, without one single aspiration after holiness or truth. Hinduism, with every other form of religious belief which has been received by man, has so far the germ of truth in it, that it originated in man's instinctive longing to know God. We find in it gleams even of some of the great truths of revealed religion—we see a recognition of the Unity and Trinity of the Godhead, however crude, in the belief that the one God consists of Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver and Seeb the destroyer; we see a God-man recognised in Krishna the Deliverer. Whatever inconsistencies, whatever incongruities, may exist, there is at least some slight foundation for us to claim a common starting point. We need not sacrifice truth to expediency, neither need we insist on a tabula rasa on which to work. We are more likely to obtain a hearing at least by acknowledging the existence of truth however hidden and overwhelmed with falsehood, than by declaring at once that the intellect of the millions of the East is totally devoid of a rational conception of the Deity. But religion to be of practical service to man we know must comprise something that will guide and rule him in the affairs of life. The mere instinctive acknowledgment of a first cause, of a God, never has sufficed and never will suffice for this. To satisfy this want human systems have been built upon the one great light of natural religion, but it is only a divine revelation that can supply it. The superstitions and idolatry of Hindu and Bhuddist priestcraft, the sensualities of Mahomedanism, or the obscene orgies of still lower systems, cannot fill the void. We say that Christianity is the revelation which God has given to make religion of practical utility to man. There is a fact which all acknowledge—the existence of sin. A religion that will purify from sin and bestow holiness is what all seek. Christianity, we say, secures this; every human failing, every weakness, every want is provided for. It is a revelation from God which suits our necessities.

This is what we must teach our Indian fellow subjects. They acknowledge the purity of the Christian code of morality. They admire the Book which we revere as containing the revelation of God's will; we must convince them that Christianity as a religious system dovetails, as it were, into the wants of humanity, so exactly as to prove it to be the revelation God has made for the purpose. We must convince them that Christianity is like the key to an elaborate piece of mechanism, a lock for instance containing intricate wards which can be opened easily by this key and by no other. This belief will suffice; the key to apparent anomalies and difficulties will be gladly accepted, though there may be mysteries connected with the

mechanism which the maker can alone understand. We must show them that the practice of Christianity raises instead of depresses man. The fact is before them that the Christian quarter of the globe ranks first in civilization; they see the man who really carries out the tenets of Christianity practically in daily life, is a better man than his neighbour who does not do so. Thus its effects on nations and on individuals are plain. If these Christian facts are put before them in a Christian way, Christianity will triumph.

As another instance of what we complain of, we will quote the words of, we have no doubt, an earnest, devoted Missionary in a speech this year at Exeter Hall. "Go into the Court and ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are supported by perfidy, not by the vile and despicable, but by the most respectable. If it were notorious that the most respectable man in or out of Calcutta supported his case by perjury, it would not endanger his reputation; but if a friend were to ask him to go to court to swear to a falsehood, he would suffer if he did not do so, because he would not oblige a friend by doing an action which cost him so little trouble. There may be men who would not do this; but the best Hindu that I ever knew was a Brahmin, and I asked him the simple question. 'Would you go to Court to swear a falsehood?' 'Of course I would' he said, 'I would go and swear anything to oblige a friend. Do you think I am a cruel man, that I have no benevolence about me? of course I would go and swear for a friend. I would not injure a man; but I would get a man away from the hand of the Magistrate if I could.'" These words convey a very mistaken idea of the actual state of things. In fact they are a gross libel on the higher class of natives. We know that perjury stalks through the length and breadth of the land, that as a rule every case in Court is supported by perjured evidence; but we have no hesitation in declaring that respectable men of the higher castes loathe the Courts; that they will not give evidence in them, and that the reason of their objection is that the Court atmosphere is one of lies—a deposition and a lie are considered synonymous. One of the subjects which command the attention of the Government and reformers at the present moment is—how to overcome the prejudice and dislike of respectable natives to enter a Court. It is untrue to say that to the Hindus, perjury to assist a fellow creature in an ordinary strait is praiseworthy, in fact a virtue. The educated Hindus declare that the Vedas and the Institutes of Menu do not authorise perjury but strongly condemn it. If that is their own interpretation of their sacred writings and their

most valued code of laws and morals, let us be content with it. They own only that by the Institutes of Menu a man is permitted to perjure himself to save the life of a fellow creature. The theory of this permission is, not that perjury is the less a sin, but that the virtue of saving human life exceeds the sin and cancels it. Perjury otherwise is condemned in the strongest terms. Such accusations as these "provoke and excite distrust" and "harden to resistance." Surely our end would be better served, not by putting the worst construction on what we see and viewing only the darkest shades of the picture, but by looking at the brighter tints, and dwelling rather on the good than the evil elements in the native character.

These harsh speeches do excite distrust and rouse suspicion against us. They put the natives on the qui vive to resent insult and, assisted by their mistaken English friends here, cause them often to see enemies where they should discern friends. For instance, Sir Mordaunt Wells has been abused with acrimony by the natives, backed by the organ of their pseudo-English friends, for his outspoken denunciation of perjury. He stated nothing but fact; he did not accuse the higher classes of natives of committing it, but besought their influence towards checking and overcoming it.

We will give one more instance of the mischievous readiness to hold up the natives of India to the detestation of Christians at home. In the same speech from which we have already quoted, the Missionary says, "a Hindu, it is very probable, would not take away the life of a Cobra; but he would burn his mother if he could get away from the Government to-morrow; a Hindu would not tread upon an insect, but he would kill his daughter, or throw her to the crocodiles." Now the Missionary may say he was speaking of the Hindu system, not of Hindus. This would be a quibble, for he states what a Hindu would and would not do, at the present moment, if he could, not what was done a century ago. We say that this gentleman's end, the enlisting of the sympathies of his hearers in the missionary cause, would have been more easily attained, and attained in a more Christian manner, by telling them that there is a large and increasing number of educated Hindus who are as much disgusted at such practices and condemn them as heartily as he himself. He might with truth have gone further and said that pure Hinduism, the original Veds, the Shastras of the Hindus, do not teach or authorise these practices, that they grew up among the abuses of an idolatrous and debased priestcraft. Whatever vestiges of superstitious vice, under the name of religion, may remain among the ignorant in some parts of In-

dia, he might have told them that the intelligent Hindus of the present day acknowledge no such rites as suttee or infanticide. They deny that their Veds ever commanded or sanctioned them, and lament that such diabolical practices should ever have existed. He should have besought his audience to take heart and to see in such opinions grounds of congratulation as to what Christian influence had already done, and have bid them take advantage of a soil, cleared of the rank vegetation of superstition and the miasma of cruelty, and so far prepared to receive "the grain of mustard seed," which in God's own time shall become a tree, and overshadow the land.

We should be sorry to think that the speech from which we have made extracts is a type of the speeches made before large English audiences on missionary subjects. It is not so. We were pleased to find, in looking through the proceedings of the great May Meetings at Exeter Hall this year, acknowledgments of the state of feeling among the natives which we have mentioned. The effect of missionary efforts is felt at both ends of native society—at the lowest we may suppose that now and then traces of the old superstitions and cruelties may be discernible, and that the Missionary from whose speech we quoted labored principally among this class, that he was, as our native friends might term it, the Charal's *padré*; the other gentlemen, we may suppose, associated more with the higher grades of society, and had therefore more opportunities of observing and appreciating the enlightenment which exists among them. However this may be, we think it much wiser, more conducive to the success of missionary enterprise in India, to cease groping among and stirring up the sediment and filth of false systems of religion, and to hail rather with joy the fact that the natives of India are as capable as ourselves of condemning the worn out superstitions and loathing the inhuman practices of an idolatrous worship. As regards the much contested question of Government education, we really believe that the good of India would be most consulted by the entire withdrawal of direct Government interference, or assistance in any way with education, except by Grants-in-Aid. The natives are themselves alive to its value. There is ample wealth among them for the endowment of charity schools where required. The British public are only too anxious to pour men and money into the country to educate the people. The success of missionary schools is a proof that schools in which religious and secular education are combined will be filled. Heartburning and unprofitable discussion on one point at least would be at an end.

Education in England would of course effect more than an

other conceivable plan to break down Eastern prejudices. Living in England would do on a large scale what the Railway carriage is now doing as regards caste. In a few years, we dare say, the natives of India will visit England in large numbers. The "Great Eastern" and such like vessels may yet find their most profitable employment in bringing British colonists to India and returning with Indian visitors.

What will be the state of India fifty years hence who can say? We believe the most sanguine picture would fall short of the reality, if for the next fifty years a tide of unrestricted emigration flows into the country from England. To-day India with its two hundred millions of inhabitants, among whom destitution is unknown, is weighed down by a deficit of twenty millions sterling. The income of Bengal, the richest province, is mainly the land tax, and is in amount about the same to day as it was fifty years ago. A narrow-minded Government cannot or dare not find means of making the landed interest, who have reaped the progressive advantages of our presence, contribute their quota to the pressing wants of the state. Ere fifty years more have elapsed we may hope that the land tax as a principal source of revenue will be unknown, and that the then developed wealth of India will bear, with greater ease and elasticity than England now does, the burden of public taxation. The wealth of India is at present, comparatively speaking, latent. As Mr. Mangles confesses, "sufficient was not done in former years in the matter of roads and bridges and canals for the improvement of the internal communications of the country." The statistics of the Calcutta Inland Steam Companies since their formation, and of the East India Railway Company for the short distance it is completed, would show how increased means of transit and increased demand for transit go hand in hand. When India is interlaced with railways; when every river is alive with its steamboats; when canals, roads and bridges complete the chains of communication throughout the country; every line of railway, every river, canal, road and bridge will have to support the wear and tear of an imperial traffic. The fields of lower India will pour forth their cereals, fibres, oilseeds; the mines of upper India, their minerals. The Himalaya Mountains will yield their tea, coffee and the produce of their farms and perhaps vineyards, which will ere long grow up on their slopes and in their villages. The timber of the vast forests, the produce of the virgin soil, and the metallic and mineral deposits of the wastes of Central India, will be elements in our commerce. England will be fed with corn and wine from the East, and the steam power of the British empire will not suffice to convert the raw materials, the fibres, the cotton and the wools

of India, into manufactured goods for the use of the teeming millions of our Indian empire, and of Asia.

The ideas of wealth and greatness which these few words open out to our imagination, may fall short of the reality. Such may be the destiny of Great Britain. Our island home, a speck in the ocean among the nations, will be as it were the apex of the world's wealth, the pinnacle of the commerce of the globe. This may be the result of the opening out of the British Indian Empire. Half a century hence what will be thought of the fears of statesmen of our time? the forebodings of ruin to England through her connection with India? the idea of lopping off some of the branches of the empire and allowing Provinces to drift back into the sea of barbarism, to be crushed under the licentious and brutalising rule of Asiatic despotism? The foundation of the greatness and wealth we have suggested exists. With the seaboard of Hindustan and the sovereignty thence to the Himalayas, and our position in Europe, we have the destiny of this splendid country in our hands. We have only to work it out. Great Britain stands first among the nations of the civilized world. We have not to search for the means to attain this greatness. We have its seeds. We have but to sow them in a rich soil, under the influence of a genial clime.

Mock philanthropists need not fear that the indigenous races will be "improved off the face of the land." There is no analogy between the wild Kaffirs, the aborigines of Australia, the South Sea Island cannibals, the American Red Indians, and the natives of the East. The children of a civilization which flourished when Great Britain was in the depths of barbarism; the descendants of sages who read the heavens when Britons were clothed in skins and worshipped in druidical temples, a race who to this day have retained the germs of intellectual greatness, will not vanish from off the earth. Nor are other points analogous. No one supposes that the plains of India can be populated from Europe. The climate is against it. The race would degenerate and disappear in six generations. Till civilization permeates through the land there will be nuclei, whence its rays will be diffused. European colonies in the mountainous and other localities suitable to the European constitution, will be formed; but the races of India will ever be the people of India. They cannot all go to Europe to read by the full blaze of civilization, but will be gladly lighted by the torches we can bring among them. We can enlighten them best by the free, unrestricted, and heartily encouraged introduction of British settlers. The hill ranges of our Indian empire are sufficiently extensive to receive our surplus population. Every class may send forth its re-

presentatives—the clergyman, the lawyer, the doctor, the merchant, the engineer, the farmer, the tradesman, the mechanic and, to a certain extent, the laborer. All are required. The “Great Eastern” may be freighted full and perform six voyages annually, and that for fifty years, and not exhaust the demand for European colonists. Though unsuited for the residence of Europeans, the plains will be but hours, not weeks, in distance from the hills. They, as well as the culturable tracts on the mountain ranges, will be available for the application of British science and capital.

Colonists or settlers, whatever they may be called, should come to India with the intention of carrying into practice the recommendation contained in the Report of the Colonization Committee. “While, therefore, your committee have ‘felt anxious to embody in their report such general and ‘practical information as relates to European settlement in ‘India, they desire to express their hopes that individual ‘co-operation may not be wanting to promote it. Every ‘Englishman should go to India with a deep sense of his responsibility, not only to those among whom he is about to reside, but to his own country; whose character for firmness, ‘justice and forbearance he is bound constantly, zealously, and ‘by personal example, to maintain.” While proud of belonging to the nation of whose Crown India is so splendid an appanage, and thoroughly imbued with the feeling so well expressed by Lord Ellenborough in his reply to the Calcutta address, that they who won, can and will hold, the country, we should also adopt the policy of that statesman, to rule justly, and to live kindly among our native fellow subjects; to maintain by our personal example the English character not only for firmness, but for justice and forbearance. Though for the moment a class feeling more or less bitter exists, this will pass away. The English settlers unconnected with Government must try to bear with, to *pity* rather than resent, the hostility of a class who feel their position sinking and their influence decreasing. We may look without excitement on the dying embers which, though burning brightly, are burning out.

ART. IV.—1. *Les Codes Français*. Paris. 1857.

2. *Elements d'Organisation Judiciaire*, PAR EDWARD BONNIER. Paris. 1853.

3. *Manuel de Juge de Paix*. Paris. 1854.

4. *Compte General de l'Administration de la Justice Criminelle en France, pendant l'année, 1855*.

5. *Compte General de l'Administration de la Justice Civile et Commerciale, pendant l'année, 1855*.

WHENEVER we hear the shortcoming of our administration denounced, and with a sigh we are obliged to admit it, the thought passes through our minds;—"How do they manage these things elsewhere"? Given a great people to be governed, and the best intentions on the part of the Rulers, what is the best combination of men and material, of theory and practice, to effect the purpose? Looking inwards for assistance and example, we find nothing but the bitterest prejudices and most selfish class interests on one side, and the most apathetic indifference or virulent opposition on the other. The great mother country, disfigured by insular eccentricities, vaunting absurd customs which nothing but the lapse of centuries would render tolerable, incapable of organic reforms, and intolerant of alien races and religions, is no more an example for administrations than is London in an architectural point of view for cities elsewhere. Looking outwards, our attention is attracted by the institutions of Turkey, the most degraded but the most orientalized of European monarchies, and those of France, the most recently and most highly organized. With these thoughts in our mind, in 1852 we visited Turkey, and in Number XXXVIII. of the *Calcutta Review* we gave our reason for believing that British India was *not* the most misgoverned country in Asia; and in 1856 and 1857, we visited France, sat in her Courts of Justice, considered her systems, and now throw together a sketch of her Judicial organization.

Everything in France dates from the Revolution. All her ancient institutions were swept away in that deluge, but she rose invigorated and with new life from her bloody baptism, and set about reforming her laws on the most approved models. Chaos had preceded that Deluge. There had been originally three Courts, the Royal, the Feudal, and the Ecclesiastical. The power of the great nobles had rendered the authority of the sovereign a mere byword, till one by one, through the process of marriage, of conquest, or of treaty, they were absorbed. The subinfeudation of feuds had on the other hand reduced justice to so lamentable a state, that it was relief to the people to have re-

course to a central, though arbitrary, Royal Power, by those who could afford to pay Judges of some kind. The description given by early French writers of the results of the cutting up of fiefs into such small shares, that each gentleman, who possessed a village, a portion, or even a home, had the rights of a sovereign, corresponds wonderfully with the state of the protected Sikh States, as it existed only a few years ago. The British Government for a long time forgot its duties, and the principle that all justice emanates from the Sovereign, was abandoned in favour of the barbarous notion that the right of dispensing justice was private property. Weak-minded politicals still weep over the injustice inflicted upon petty chief-lings, in being deprived of the power of tyrannizing over others, and in being themselves subjected to Imperial Laws.

The Ecclesiastical Courts of the middle ages were more regular, more dignified and more learned, but more unjust and not sufficiently plastic to adapt themselves to the ever shifting wants of a people. They gave way at first voluntarily, and afterwards under constraint, to the ever-increasing power of the Sovereign: still the fortuitous concurrence of such incongruous atoms as made up the old kingdom of France, left no room for the growth of a regular judicial system. The provincial Capitals and Parliaments were jealous of Paris: two different codes of law prevailed in different portions of the kingdom: privileges, and exemptions, and local customs had grown up like thistles which nothing but a revolution could eradicate. Those who have had the task of administering a newly annexed kingdom in India, know well that the waters of a deluge must pass over the soil, destroying much perhaps that is valuable, with a great deal more than is worthless, before the foundation, broad and deep, of new institutions, can be planted. Attempts were made under the vigorous despotism of Louis XIV. by the deputation of Judges on circuit, to do something in the way of reform without previous destruction, and the narrative of the "*Grands Jours d'Auvergne*" gives a living picture of the proceedings of such Courts. A deputation of Indian Judges on circuit in the provinces of an independent Indian Chief would have the same results, which just amount to nothing.

The Revolution passed over the country, sweeping away all feudal traces, all institutions good or bad, welding together in one mass all the heterogeneous elements: the old provinces and landmarks vanished from the map, and new France came out, divided into departments, *arrondissements*, and cantons, according to local and practical requirements. So have we seen more than once in the last decade the old landmarks of a native kingdom, old names, old associations, vanish away, and

a new province come forth with its divisions, districts, and pergunnahs on the universal type of Anglo-Indian Government.

Eminently practical was the French Assembly, which, newly created by the free election of the people, discussed the question of their new institutions. The subjects were not unfamiliar ones to an Indian statesman.

I. Shall we establish Juries?

II. In Civil, as well as Criminal, matters?

III. Shall the Courts be sedentary or migratory?

IV. Shall there be grades of Courts of Justice, and a power of appeal?

V. Shall the Judges be for life, or elected for a period?

VI. Shall they be chosen by the people, or the Sovereign?

VII. Shall the Ministry of Justice be appointed by the people, or the Sovereign?

VIII. Shall there be a central Court of Cassation fixed at the Metropolis, or migratory Judges of appeal?

IX. Shall the same Courts adjudicate on all matters, or shall there be separate tribunals for commerce, administration, revenue and police?

In all these questions do we not catch the echo of discussions which still vibrate among us? Who can at once decide on any of these points, when so much is to be said on both sides? The French assembly did decide, and gave very good reasons for their decision; and on the second point most convincing, for a more unsatisfactory tribunal for settling a civil action than a jury, made up of chance members, cannot be imagined, when so much turns upon the value of proofs, and nature of evidence. The French Assembly laid the foundation of a judicial hierarchy which flourishes to this day; and under Imperial France came into existence that Code, which has crowned with a more enduring laurel than that of bloody victories, the temples of the First Napoleon.

What a comfort it is to a Frenchman, or a stranger sojourning in France, if, driven into the Courts, he wishes to satisfy himself as to the laws of the country, that he can purchase for a few francs a goodly volume containing the following Codes:

I. Code Civil.

II. Code de Procédure Civile.

III. Code de Commerce.

IV. Code d'Instruction Criminelle.

V. Code Pénal.

VI. Code Forestier.

He would moreover find the matter so arranged as to be readily accessible, and so worded as to be intelligible to or-

dinary intellects. The unhappy Englishman, or stranger sojourning in England, would be referred to countless volumes of statutes often conflicting, countless cases of Judge-made law, and numerous text books of greater or less estimation. The still more unhappy native of India, or stranger sojourning in India, would, in the Regulation Provinces, be referred to Note Books, Circulars, Regulations, Acts and Constructions; and in the Non-Regulation Provinces the inquirer would receive the significant information, that a great deal depended on the blessed will of the Hakim. Still it has been truly remarked centuries ago, that no tyranny is so intolerable as that where the law is vague and uncertain.

We have commenced to doubt as to the excellence of our institutions in India. We know that our Judges are very untrained, and generally very ignorant. There are now two great parties in the State, one upholding a rigid system, where the Judge is but part of a machine, and often the tool of the litigant; the other asserting the merits of a rough and ready system, where form is nothing, but where justice is often missed more from the want of skill than the want of will of the Judge. We find ourselves hopelessly dissociated from the Courts of the home country, and the Royal Courts of the Presidencies. Let us consider then the complete and elaborate organization of the French Courts, which not only unites the whole mother country in one judicial net, but through the agency of affiliated Courts extends to Algiers and the colonies, where tribunals, fewer in number yet co-ordinate in grade, act in harmony, and without conflict of jurisdiction or uncertainty of practice. At the head of all presides the Keeper of the Seals, one of the Ministry, and responsible for the administration of justice. We admit that France by such a centralized organization has sacrificed her constitutional liberty, but that does not render her institutions less an example for India, where, say what you will, no constitutional liberty does or can be allowed to exist either for Asiatic or European.

The highest Court is the Court of Cassation, which is fixed at Paris. It possesses supreme appellate and disciplinary powers over all the lower tribunals. It is divided into three Chambers. The first is employed in receiving petitions of appeal, and deciding whether there is any legal point to submit to the second Chamber, which decides on the construction of law only. The third Chamber decides on criminal appeals. The number of Judges is very numerous, no less than forty-seven, and every judgment must be given by eleven members or a majority of votes. In settling legal points it is their duty to look to the spirit, and not the dead letter of the law.

Next in rank come the Courts, which change their names on each change of Government, and have been designated Royal, National, and now finally Imperial during the last ten years. They have both Criminal and Civil powers, and are located in the twenty-seven most notable cities of the Empire, including Paris. In that city the number of Judges is no less than sixty-six divided into five Chambers, three for the despatch of Civil appeals, two for Criminal cases. The smallest Court of this rank has two Chambers, and twenty Judges, for seven are required for the disposal of every Civil, and five for every Criminal trial. A deputation of this body also forms periodically Courts of Assize, to try serious offences with the aid of a Jury at the head-quarters of each department. Within the jurisdiction of each Imperial Court is included one or more departments, and there is no unit of the administrative system which corresponds precisely with these limits. As each grade of Courts has a certain limit of final jurisdiction, it follows that a large class of cases allow of no appeal, and the litigants are always at liberty by mutual consent to bind themselves to agree to the decision of the lower Courts. There is a certain limited class of cases, in which the Imperial Courts have primary jurisdiction.

Next in rank come the Courts of first instance which are located in each *arrondissement*, exercising jurisdiction over the same extent of country as the *Sous-Prefet* or Deputy Commissioner. The department, presided over by the *Prefet* or Commissioner, as stated above, has no separate legal tribunal. The *tribunals of the arrondissement* have both Civil and Criminal power, and are divided into Chambers, according to the extent of business. At Paris there are eight, of which six dispose of Civil, and two of Criminal cases. Three Judges compose a Court. There are three hundred and sixty-three of these Courts, and by them the great mass of the legal work of the whole country is disposed of.

But it is at this point of the French institutions that we discover that the men who planted the foundation of the legal system, were not lawyers who looked on Courts as preserves for their sport and profit, but citizens and statesmen. The great curse of all Courts is the delays, the expenses and the distance to be travelled by litigants and witnesses. So much also depends upon local inspection, and special knowledge: so much may be done to stay a suit "in initio" by a few words of conciliation, by a correct expounding of the law, or a mild reasoning with wrong-headed persons. Parties, once committed to a struggle, forget the origin of the affair in the excitement of the struggle. The pugnacious feelings of a man are excited, and he unblushingly exposes the secrets of his family, he makes disingenuous suppres-

sions of the truth, or hazards through a hireling spokesman downright falsehood. Cases of an entangled nature arise, which none but those whose daily life is spent on them can satisfactorily decide. The Assembly recognized these wants, and instituted

- I. The Juges des Paix.
- II. Conseil des Prud'hommes.
- III. Tribunal de Commerce.
- IV. Conseil de Famille.

It is to these that the attention of the Indian Legislature requires more particularly to be drawn, for in all attempts at "conciliation," in all effective use of "experts," "municipal institutions," or "family organizations," we are sadly deficient. It may be replied that the Sudder Courts, the Courts of Civil and Sessions Judges, and the Moonsiff's Court fairly represent the Court of Cassation, the Imperial Court, and the Tribunal of first instance, but what have we to represent the four characteristics on the examination of which we now proceed to enter? Yet if Law be made for every degree, if the interests of the poor, of the villagers who happily live remote from the local Courts, are to be considered, we have still before us in the greater part of India the task of constituting popular Courts, or of working those in existence in an efficient manner.

The "Juge de Paix" is located in every canton, and they amount to 2,849 in number. A canton is the smallest unit in the system of aggregation of villages for administrative purposes. It corresponds to the Pergunnah of India, and the powers vested in the Juge de Paix correspond very much to those entrusted by the Punjaub Government to the Tuhseeldars. The object is to bring home justice within a reasonable distance of the doors of every subject. They occupy the lowest grade of the judicial hierarchy, and are not necessarily trained lawyers, but are required to possess some legal knowledge, as the tendency of modern French Legislation is to widen the jurisdiction of these popular Courts. On the Criminal side they are Courts of simple Police, and dispose summarily of petty cases, adjudging a sentence of imprisonment of from one to five days, and a fine not exceeding fifteen francs. They assist also the higher Courts in conducting local inquiries, and in supplying links of evidence. On the Civil side they play a most important game: their vocation is triple.

I. To conciliate litigants, if possible: they are forbidden to issue a citation, until they have sent a private notice, and tried to arrange matters.

II. To decide finally in cases below 100 francs, and liable to appeal above 100 francs.

III. Certain extra-judicial functions, such as attending at

opening of wills, presiding at family councils, giving validity to certain legal acts, such as adoption, majority, &c.

Certain other special matters are entrusted to this important local officer for the convenience of the parties.

I. All quarrels of travellers with inn-keepers, and letters of horses and other means of conveyance.

II. All questions as to the amount of indemnity to be paid by landlord or tenant.

III. Suits for rents, repairs, hire of servants and labourers, injury to property by man and beast, defamation by word of mouth, personal quarrels: in all these cases a final decision can be given up to 100 francs, and subject to appeal indefinitely.

IV. Suits with regard to possession, or rights of vicinage, where the possession is not contested; claims for maintenance on the part of relatives: such matters require local knowledge, and often local inspection, but the decisions are open to appeal.

Moreover, if the litigants agree to waive the appeal, and abide by the decision of the local Judge, they are at liberty to do so by signing a previous declaration to that effect. This is an old maxim of Roman law. "*Judex, qui ad certam summam judicare jussus est, etiam de re majori judicare potest, si inter litigatores conveniat.*" Men are not so bad as we paint them: they are often desirous of arriving at a peaceful solution of a struggle, though not inclined to surrender, until a competent Judge has explained the law, ascertained the facts, and declared his view. It is a mercy therefore to attempt to conciliate before expenses are incurred, to give a power of final decision up to a certain extent, and to allow the parties in cases naturally open to appeal, to bind themselves to abide by the decision of the Court. France is indebted to England for the name of the "*Juge de Paix*," for in the first dawn of their Revolution they looked to their free neighbour for example; but the office is expanded far beyond the attributes of that singularly inefficient, and unqualified functionary, called "*Justice of the Peace*" in England, and we should do well in British India to adopt as much of the French models as suit our other institutions. On this line the Punjaub Government is marching: in the Pergunnah Court, though confessedly crude and faulty, we still see the germ of a tribunal which will supply cheap and ready advice, protection and justice to the circle of villages which lie around it. And until we effect this, we have done nothing.

To give some idea of the extent to which conciliation will work, we may state that in one year more than three million notices *without charge* were issued, calling upon the parties to attend to hear reason: more than one million cases were disposed of in this amiable way: in half a million

the attempts failed; of the remainder no tidings were received, as no notice was taken of the friendly summons. In all these cases the preliminary of conciliation was optional, but in a large class of cases the attempt *must* precede a formal citation. In 44,000 cases, where parties were summoned and appeared in person, about 20,000 were arranged by the Juge de Paix without having occasion to proceed to law. There is a large class of cases which come before Indian Courts, which would be disposed of in this way, especially the quarrels about marriage and betrothal contracts. But when once money has been spent in law expenses, and the parties have been committed to the struggle, the question is, who can lie the most cleverly and dissemble most cunningly.

We come now to the "Conseil des Prud' hommes," the Court of Industrial Judges, which is established in every commercial town to settle quarrels betwixt workmen and their masters. Through this institution also that vein of sound wisdom develops itself, which teaches that a difference composed by advice is better than a strife decided by a judgment. These Courts occupy precisely in commercial matters the same position that the Juge de Paix occupies in Civil. The Council is elective and composed of masters and workmen, and is divided into two chambers. The former assembles in private for the purpose of conciliation, the latter in public to adjudicate in those cases where the friendly attempts of the first chamber have failed. Five is the number of the public, and two of the private Court; their jurisdiction is final up to the value of 200 francs, and, subject to appeal to the Tribunal of Commerce, unlimited. Of the value of these Courts an idea may be formed from the fact, that 28,000 disputes were brought before them, and no less than 26,800 decided without litigation by the Conciliation Chamber. In many of the remaining cases the terms, fixed by that Chamber, but refused at first, were eventually accepted. No wonder that the veteran legal reformer, Lord Brougham, has persistently urged this measure, and more especially during the last Session, in consequence of the great Strike of workmen. As long as the sword is the only arbiter of external, and Strikes of internal quarrels, we doubt whether the European world is really advancing in the path of actual civilization. The year 1859 has effectually shown that Europe and England are little advanced beyond the state of savages still.

In great commercial towns the necessity is soon experienced for Judges with special qualifications, a knowledge of trade customs and trade names, a grasp for accounts, and a particular turn of mind, to dispose of the numerous cases which hourly arise in the ordinary current of business. This necessity has given

birth in France to the existence of "Tribunals of Commerce." They do not exist in a separate individuality in every arrondissement, and in some more than one exists: where no separate Court has been formed, the Civil tribunal disposes of such few cases as may arise, but with a summary procedure. Where they are separately constituted, they consist of not less than two, and not more than fourteen Judges. A list of notables is prepared by the Prefect according to the number of the population who elect the members of the Court: the qualification is, that they have conducted their commercial business with honour and distinction, of which fact the electors are moral judges. The appointment lasts two years, and is unremunerated; the parties may be once re-elected, and after an interval for a third time: they are immoveable, and are at liberty to continue their particular trade, but, should they have relations in a great number, that is an objection. Those Judges form a Court, and their forms are simple and procedure rapid. Extra-judicially they have complete jurisdiction in all cases of bankruptcy, in affairs relating to notes of exchange lost or protested, and other mercantile contingencies. Judicially they adjudicate in every case which is legally defined to be an "Act of Commerce," by whomsoever performed. The consequences are more than merely formal, for a sentence of a fine of 200 Rs. carries with it always personal imprisonment. Neither the producing nor the consuming classes are liable to this Court, but only those who by way of speculation make a profit of the difference betwixt the price charged by the producer and that paid by the consumer. Real property also is not affected. We may define the jurisdiction as mixed, affecting certain relations of certain men, with a finality within the value of 1500 francs, and liable to appeal to the Imperial Court indefinitely. Although these Courts have an absolute incompetence further than special cases and special parties, yet when a quarrel arises regarding a cheque signed by a non-commercial party, it may by consent of parties be made over to the Commercial Tribunal.

Numerous are the cases of discord in a family, which should never see the light, but which under the unfeeling policy of the Anglo-Indian Courts are brought at once into the broad glare of the Court amidst the shame of the litigants, and the derision of the bystanders. Numerous are the cases of doubt and difficulty, especially in the family of the widow, the minor, and the issue of double or ill-assorted marriages, where the voice of legitimate authority is required to compose the strife, and arrange for the future. The sudden death of the head of the house, sets rival wives, the mothers of rival families, by the ears. Step-son

is rancorous against step-mother. Each demands more and gets less than his own right. The village, or quarter of the town, is scandalized at the curtain being thus raised that screened the privacy of a respectable citizen, whose body, if a Mahomedan, is still feasting the jackalls in the adjoining cemetery, or whose ashes, if a Hindoo, are still tied up in a napkin preparatory to their transport to the Ganges. Respectable men with tears in their eyes have sought our advice in such hard cases. Is there no alternative betwixt dragging into Court the wife of their father, and submitting to being deprived of the jewels and paraphernalia of their own deceased mother? Must the accounts of the firm be laid open in full Court before half-brothers can relax the gripe on each other's throat, which commenced on the death of their parent? Must the minor be plundered for want of some system in his household? Is not dowry to be given to the orphan girl? For the settlement of such like difficulties the admirable institution of the "Conseil de Famille" presents a ready remedy. Composed of the agnates and cognates of the parties, they are legally convened by the Juge de Paix: all attempt to deceive them will fall through: ordinarily they will have the credit of the family at heart, and even supposing that they could not get the litigants to agree to their award, still their recorded opinion of what is right, and their discovery of the value of the property, will furnish the regular Courts with materials for a safe decree.

We have thus passed under review the different Courts of Justice, and for the sake of clearly defining their particular Civil and Criminal powers we recapitulate them. On the Civil side there is the Court of Cassation for all France, the 27 Imperial Courts, the 363 Civil Tribunals of arrondissements, the Commercial Tribunals, sometimes identical with but generally separate from the Civil Tribunals, the 2849 Juges de Paix in each canton, the Conseil des Prud'hommes, and the Conseil de Famille, which last partakes more of the character of a domestic institution than an actual Court, and by the nature of things has no fixed "personel." On the Criminal side we have the same Judges employed, with the exception of the Commercial Tribunal, and Conseil des Prud'hommes, but in a different way. In the Court of Cassation there is no change: but from the Courts Imperial a deputation is formed to hold a quarterly assize at the chief town of each one of the departments within their jurisdiction, and an extraordinary Session occasionally. This Court disposes, with the help of a Jury, of all crimes as defined in the Penal Code: in the case of the absence of the offender the Court pass sentence "par contumace" without a Jury. The Court is composed of one President, chosen by the Go-

vernment, and ten assessors delegated from the Court Imperial, or the Civil Tribunal of the arrondissement: but before a case can be committed to this Court of assize, it has to pass before the "Chambre d' Accusation," which is composed of five members of the Imperial Court.

To each Civil Tribunal, located in each arrondissement, is attached a Correctional Chamber, which composed of three members disposes, without a Jury, of all cases which come under the head of "delits" in the Penal Code, and the punishment of which amounts to fine or imprisonment only. But one Judge is specially told off, as Judge d' Instruction, to conduct investigations and preliminary inquiry, so as to bring the matter to a focus, before it is sent to the competent court for final disposal. The Procureur General may, if he like, make up his own case by help of the Juge de Paix, or otherwise, and send it before the proper Court; but, where a party is arrested, the case must go before the Juge d' Instruction.

The mention of the awful name of the Procureur General opens out a new feature of the French system, known as the "Ministère Public," and technically the "Parquet." It is too often forgotten, that in every Criminal trial and in the majority of Civil trials, society has an interest, a deep interest, that the laws should not be misinterpreted, that criminals should not escape, that public morality should not be scandalized, that nuisances shall be put down. To expect that the Judge should attend to such things, as in India, often diminishes from his independent and impartial bearing: to leave it to the individual prosecutor, or the neighbourhood, or some busybody, is to let matters take their chance. It has therefore been the practice of the French Courts for three centuries, that there should be a paid Agent of the Executive Government, attached to the Court of Cassation and to each of the twenty-seven Imperial Courts, and three hundred and sixty-three Civil Tribunals, to represent the Government and protect the interests of society. The whole of this vast body is under the orders of the Keeper of the Seals, and they are possessed of great powers, and exercise an enormous influence on the actions of the Courts. Destructive as such a system no doubt is to constitutional independence, on the other hand, a wonderful uniformity and energy is secured to the administrative machine. The measure has often been agitated in England, but with little success, and the idea of a public prosecutor in each Court, and a Minister of Justice at the head of the whole judicial hierarchy, but himself a member of the Executive Government, has been repeatedly ventilated. It is one of those questions, on which a great deal can be said on both sides, and in India the

great expense which it would entail, and the indifferent machinery which offers itself, render the scheme hopeless.

This leads us on to the consideration of one of the radical differences betwixt the English and French Judicial systems. Criminal law has two views.

I. The inquisitorial, where a public investigation is held with the object of ascertaining the truth, and inflicting a punishment.

II. The litigious, where a private litigation is being conducted betwixt two persons, one of whom tries to persuade the Judge that the other falls within a class, against whom the law has denounced certain punishments.

Both these views have been pushed to an extravagant length, and in France the prisoner is brow-beaten, questioned, entangled in traps, the object being to discover the truth. In English law a false leniency is shown to the accused, for, if innocent, the more ample his disclosures, and the greater assistance which he renders the Judge, the more certain and honourable his acquittal: while, if guilty, society is injured, and the Judge condemned by his acquittal. In the Anglo-Indian Courts a just medium is sought for, and while threats or promises are forbidden, the accused is questioned fully, and, although the wicked folly of forced confessions has long since been admitted, sources of more trustworthy evidence are often indicated by the statements of the prisoner on close examination.

As may be gathered from the above narrative, the number of Judges in France is very great, the salaries are very small: the appointments are for life, and this privilege appears to be abused, as the present Emperor of the French is most unjustly charged with the *shameful* tyranny of declaring that at the age of seventy-five, Judges of the Court of Cassation, and at the age of seventy, Judges of the lower Court, are to be superannuated on a pension. To give an idea of the number of Judges we add the following statement:—

				Judges.
1 Court of Cassation,	24
27 Imperial Courts,	900
363 Civil Tribunals,	1,576
<hr/>				
391				2,500
Juges de Paix,	3,000
<hr/>				
Grand Total	5,500

The total charge to the State is about £600,000 per annum. The pay of a Juge de Paix is only £40 per annum with some fees, and the pay of the higher Judges is ridiculously small, but

in France the aspiration of all is to be in Government employ. In England one and sixty Judges absorb £300,000 annually. In India we should be afraid to say how much was spent, though we know with how little result. One consequence of the vast number of Judges, in spite of their death grasp on office, is that the Bar cannot supply sufficient candidates, even if the slender salaries would tempt a man of ability to resign his private practice. Certain qualifications with regard to age, morals, education tests, relationships, are required to precede nomination, which is vested in the Executive Government, and Judges are liable to removal by the Court of Cassation for bad conduct, but the number of conflicting oaths which they have to take to Kings, Republics, Presidents, and Emperors, on each turn of the political hour-glass, must be trying to the feelings of even a septuagenarian Judge. In the arrangements for supplying vacancies in case of illness by supplementary Judges, for partitioning the work into tribunals, securing the tour of service, keeping up urgent work during vacation, preventing partiality and indifference,—in all these matters the arrangements of the Legislature are above praise.

The organization of departments, and the centralization of the judicial and executive functions, which France wrought for herself at the Revolution, have hopelessly destroyed her fitness for constitutional liberty. When to this is added the cloud of petty placemen, the 500,000 Military, the 600,000 Civil employés, who depend for their bread on a fiat from Paris, what wonder if the new Prefect who arrives by rail, and the new order which is conveyed by telegraph, should be quietly obeyed? There are no ramparts of Provincial customs, local magnates, or antiquated formalities, to stay the stream. Anglo-India thoroughly resembles France in these particulars. There is an infinity of small places revocable at pleasure, and the general feeling among the better classes is, that, to be thoroughly a gentleman, a post under Government must be obtained. The division of the power of the State into three elements, Executive, Legislative, and Judicial, in theory may be true, but under a strong and despotic Government all merges in the Executive. If the Judges are not liable to removal except for misconduct, they have always the temptation of promotion before them, and the same hands are now by popular consent entrusted with judicial and executive powers. *In the best administered Provinces the rule is the most despotic: the best check in abuse is the firm hand of the Governor: posts are neither hereditary, nor freeholds, nor, as in France, to be bought and sold by private arrangement, which is a more fatal abuse than*

patronage and nepotism. Such for many a year, if we continue to hold the country, must be the constitution of India.

We have ourselves sat in the French Courts, both in Paris and the Provinces, listened to eloquent pleadings, and watched with interest the details of trials both civil and criminal, with India always in our thoughts; for we have sate and may sit again many a weary hour in the Cutcherries of Anglo-India. We may say with safety, that we have visited every variety of Court in England from the Queen's Bench to the country Magistrates' weekly meeting, and therefore in forming an opinion we have brought knowledge of other Courts to bear on the subject. All the French Courts are well located, generally in handsome new buildings, for a rage for architectural extravagance has lately seized the country. Paris is however the model of the rest. The famous "Chambre des Pas Perdus" looks small when Westminster Hall is thought of, over which many a weary foot treads, waiting till the abundant nonsense of each counsel has exhausted itself. The same kind of people hang about the purlieus of all Courts, whether in Europe or Asia—the half-witted old woman, the emaciated hatchet-faced man, always waiting for somebody, the bristling attorney, the puckered-forehead Barrister, the petition-writer with his inkhorn, the touter with his keen scent for an unsatisfied wrong. The interiors of the French Courts have a speciality of their own: the bust of the Emperor is now seen upon the bracket over the door which lately held the bust of France, and before that the bust of Louis Philippe, and before that, of Charles X. What becomes of the banished plaster-casts, when their original is smashed, is not known. Opposite to the bust is a picture of the crucifixion: in France religions do not change, so this instance of a most unjust sentence stands as a warning to all Judges. Both these ornaments appear to us to be objectionable and uncalled for. The row of Judges in black gowns and little square hats is imposing: the bar, and the Government officers occupy their proper place, and the public are provided with convenient seats, and take a keen interest in what is going on. One old woman in our hearing spoke out, but was mildly repressed by the Court officer. The presence of the everlasting gens d'arme is odious, but it seems to be the fatality of France. The plaintiff and defendant had separate seats assigned to them, and each counsel was armed with a portfolio, containing the papers of his case written in an ordinary manner, and not in the English technically *brief* style, or in as tedious and lengthy a way as possible. The witnesses were not sworn in the English or Anglo-Indian fashion. They had not to gabble unutterable nonsense after the sheriff's officer, or to have a wordy skirmish with the Nazir before they could be prevailed upon to make

their affirmation, but, having been asked their name, age, parentage, and place of residence, they were directed to hold up their hands, and charged or administered to speak the truth. This appears to be a very sensible practice.* In each Court were notices and proclamations tabled on screens for public reference: over the door of each Court was set up in large letters the name of the Court, and for the convenience of the public directions were printed on the walls. At the close of each assizes a list of parties sentenced for disgraceful offences, was stuck up, and a separate placard for absconders, who were sentenced "en contumace" to a term of years, and deprived of property and citizenship. Cases of punishment for cheating, such as watering milk, were published in the *Gazette*, and a placard by order of Court affixed to the door of offender, all at the expense of the culprit, who was fined and imprisoned also, but he had the singular privilege of paying his fine, and taking his term in prison, whenever he liked, during the course of the year.

In their proper place at the close of the statistics of France Proper comes the notice of French Algeria, subject to the same laws, which are administered by members of the same hierarchy. The settler, in moving from one part of the French dominions to the other, finds no conflict of jurisdictions, no diversity of Codes. Where the French flags fly, there is the Code Napoleon in force: the same Court of Cassation, and the same Minister of Justice, at Paris, see that the laws are properly administered, and that the affiliated Courts in the colony obey the law of the mother country. For the wild and unsettled tribes the "Bureau Arabe," presided over by a gallant officer, occupies somewhat of the position of a Political Officer's Court in India.

And nowhere in the French institutions do we find the black spot which disgraces our own, the distinction betwixt man and man, the enactment of one law for one class of British subjects, and a second for one less favoured. The French have introduced the best systems in their power, and enforce it alike on all, circumcised or uncircumcised, whether a citizen or a stranger. It is taking the very lowest view of our position in India to have

* In India in the matter of oaths we appear to be working round in a circle, and to come back to the point where we originally started. We hardly believe our eyes, when we find the re-introduction proposed, of the Koran, and Gungajul, the Pundit, and the Moola again. Do those, who advocate such measures, recollect, that, when they appeal to a man's religious feelings, they invoke considerations, which, if outraged, it rests with a higher power to vindicate. Jupiter reserves to himself the discharge of his own thunderbolts. If a Hindu believes that there is a sanctity in the Ganges, which he outrages by perjury, the Ganges must vindicate the insult: if there is a value in the Koran, it is not for us to support it. What the earthly Judge should do, is to warn the witness to speak the truth, and perjury should be punished as a gross contempt of Court, and conspiracy to injure an individual, or thwart the ends of justice.

such a care for the Anglo-Saxon only amidst the great family of nations. Let the free American citizen, the French, the German settler, take his chance, let the Yorkshireman and Irishman be protected. It is a low view to care only for the white faces, (including some very yellow ones, by courtesy European-British subjects,) and not to remember, that this country was given to us, that we might deal justly with the vast indigenous population, and give them the very best, cheapest, and simplest forms of justice, that science can suggest or energy work out.

We have thus seen how the French Courts, constructed on a harmonious system, are capable of expansion. Let us to look to India, and consider how different a position the Courts founded by Royal Charter in the Presidency have occupied, and still continue to occupy. Have they contributed any thing towards improving the Courts of the Mofussil by example or precept? Have they not done their worst to degrade them? Highly paid are the Judges, though by no means of the second or third rank in their profession at home: highly paid are the Council, and the attorney, and the official hive: the question is, whether justice is worth buying at such a price, and whether any country could support such a charge. In France so numerous are the Judges that the Bar cannot supply the ranks, and in India so highly paid are the Royal Judges, that no country could support a multiplication of such cormorants. And how unedifying is the position of the Judge in his own Court, where he cannot understand one word uttered by a witness, nor can the Bar help him; yet it is generally supposed that there is much in the tone and expression, and the rapidity with which the cross-questioner follows up the hint, and drives an equivocator into a corner. All this is lost, when the evidence has to be daily doled out by the only interpreter. No one can witness a trial in the Supreme Court without a certain degree of shame for the institutions of Anglo-India.

As we stated above, we need not look to the English Courts for examples: there are as many varieties, but all of a hopelessly inflexible Anglo-Saxon stamp. What a sad sight is the assembly in the Sessions Court! What! all that ermine and puckered-forehead on the Bench, all those bold brazen foreheads in horse hair wigs at the Bar, all those hungry attornies crouching beneath, those pikes, javelin men, Sheriffs, Jailers, great Jury, little Jury, ladies in the gallery, and women with babies crushed in the passages—is all that machinery brought periodically into action to try that shock-headed poacher, that downcast child-murderess? In truth, what with the smell, the irregularity of their meals, the novelty of the scene, the threats

of the Council, and the awfully wise look of the Judge, the petty farmer, who has left his homestead knowing that his hay is out and that there is a chance of rain, is in anything but a judicial frame of mind; but he is called upon to give minute evidence as a witness, or to agree with eleven other gentlemen on a verdict. No wonder that there are contradictions in evidence, and compromises in the verdicts of juries.

Still more unsatisfactory was the sight which we had of the Quarter Sessions. A motley party of country Magistrates drop in, country squires, clergy, private individuals, under the guidance of a knowing individual, perhaps a Barrister, as Chairman. In one case on the civil side relating to a poor-rate on a railroad nearly the whole Court was disqualified, as shareholders, and the decision of a most difficult question had to be entrusted to a most inferior Court, selected because they had no shares. On the criminal side the depositions were not forthcoming, and the Clerk of the Court pleaded as an excuse that he could not get quarters at the Hotel owing to the County Ball, and threw back the blame on the Magistrate's clerk. Nor was the mode of conducting the trial, or the mode in which the Committals had been prepared by the unpaid agency of the country Magistrate, in any way edifying. But the climax of all is the weekly gathering of the country Magistrates in their own jurisdiction, the summary fining of rows of citizens for allowing their chimneys to smoke, the discussion of the merits of the case, while bread and cheese is being handed round, the only suggestion of the clerk who is generally an attorney, and who possesses the legal conscience of the Court, the sapient resolution of the Bench. These things baffle all description, but it is the glory of England, and the constitutional safeguard, that all should be done by the country through its own agency, ill paid or unpaid, and as regards England, who would wish to change it, and accept the evils which must accompany centralization?

One word on the Bar and the officials of the French Courts. The "Avocats" correspond to our Barristers, and have the monopoly of the ear of the Courts with some trifling exceptions. It would be idle to say ought in praise of that illustrious body. Beneath them, and in some respects jostling with them, come the class of "Avoués," who do not but in exceptional cases open their mouth in Court, but have the monopoly of the formalities and the procedure of the Courts. Suitors must go to one of them, they are considered a part of the Ministerial officers of the Court, and their offices, we regret to say, are bought and sold. The history of this custom is traced back to the Roman law, by which the defendant was hauled into Court "*oborto collo*." Gradually procurators were allowed. In France a license was first required

to admit a representative, but this rigour was relaxed, and for 300 years the practice has prevailed, though at the Revolution the name of Procureur, which like the name of Vakeel stunk in the nostrils of mankind, was abolished, and the new class of "Avoués" formed, who have the privilege of making appearances, and drawing pleadings for suitors, while the Avocats have the privilege of the argument. This is the old story of two people being employed to do one man's work, and the lawyers are too strong to be put down. The question of appearing by person, or representative, is one of those which are under discussion at this moment in India. If we could presume that all cases were simple and capable of decision on the spot, personal presence would be desirable, but in no phase of society, least of all in India, is that possible. Time is an element in the Judicial system. It is clear that the rule for personal attendance cannot be made absolute, as in the case of women, children, invalids, soldiers on service, absentees, and parties of high rank, it would amount to a denial of justice. Moreover in many commercial, and agricultural matters the principal is not so well informed as his manager. It is desirable that the principals should, if possible, attend, and a full discovery be made from their examinations; but it often happens that the unskilled litigant knows not his own strong points, has no power of drawing out the facts from witnesses, he remains impassive in the hands of the Judge, and the suit falls though from sheer stupidity, or reticence: or wearied by necessary delays he goes home, and abandons his case. On the other hand the professional Vakeel is the curse of the Court, as he delights in prolonging the case, in suggesting falsehood, and suppressing truth. Will then this middle way, adopted in the French Courts, answer in India, according to which there is a certain body of men under the orders of the Judge, whose duty it is to assist the litigants in the disposal of their suits without unduly encouraging or procrastinating litigation?

An annual report on the conduct of Civil and Criminal justice is submitted by the Keeper of the Seals to the Emperor: it is accompanied by statements statistical, and tabulated figures, far more elaborate and numerous than any thing known in England or India. We unjustly suppose that Anglo-India is the only country overwhelmed with returns, forms and officials. France, the most advanced and refined administration in Europe, is ten times more oppressed by over-government, appeals, formalities, and returns. *Let us not imitate these blemishes.* We are bound to do our best to shake off the yoke of the Regulations, and the bondage of red-tape, having neither time nor taste for the infatuated crave for "Nukshahs" which, like a blight, has settled on even the most advanced and enlightened Governments. Let

the mass be analyzed : they must be either statistical or administrative ; there is room for extensive pruning ; and let those, which are absolutely necessary, be brief, few, expressive, and exact. If the Head of the Government does not know the detail of every village, he is spared a great deal of unpleasant knowledge. We remark that the Keeper of the Seals complains of the insufficient number of Judges, the deplorable arrears, the increase of miscellaneous work, and the delay arising from the multiplicity of formality : these are evidently a common affliction over all the world. Most laudable also are his endeavours to reduce the number of arrests previous to trial, and to prevent, as well as punish, crime. In late English statistics also we find that the evil disposed classes are accurately enumerated, for London and Paris, like the Punjab and Oudh, have their predatory and vagrant tribes, who live like Arabs with their hands against all the world, and who must be coerced by preventive measures. It is only lately that we have discovered in India that punishment of crime is not sufficient, and in dealing with predatory tribes *we must anticipate by prevention.*

There was a time when we could afford to be virtuously indignant at the Special Commissions which have been convened in France, outside the ordinary Courts, to punish political offenders. They are no more a part of the French, than of the Anglo-Indian system. We must no longer judge harshly the Russian, the Austrian, the French, or Italian Governments, for they have all gone through the fiery baptism of revolution, massacre, plunder and insult. In France few have not had relations killed either by the people, or the sovereign : in the ups and downs of politics many classes have tasted power, and hope to taste it again, have had to run for their lives, have seen their houses smoking, have heard their females shrieking, and fear the same thing again. We Englishmen in the calm still water of a settled constitution have never known this, and we wonder why sovereigns imprison, execute, banish and confiscate. We wonder why peoples writhe, revolt, massacre, and plunder. *The iron has now entered into our own souls.* The Austrian Haynau and Radetsky do but represent Nicolson and Havelock. Metternich is but another Dalhousie, and Goorchakoff on the Caucasus did but act as John Lawrence in the Punjab. We inconsistently sympathise with Schamyl, Kossuth, and Abdool Kadir, while we execrate the Emperor of Delhi, Tantia Topee, and Deewan Moolraj, forgetting that private crime always accompanies public excitement, for the passions of men become then uncontrolled.

We can never in India criticize Special Commissions again.

In the moment of triumph after an internecine struggle, in the hour of revenge, God forgive the word, the Anglo-Indian and the Creole forgot the moderation of the Christian, and the cry was for judicial massacre. It was hard for those who arrived in each ship from England with feelings less keenly strong, to restrain the evil passions which invoked the name of justice, and blended the name of Christianity with the most wholesale destruction. For these who fell by the sword, in the siege, on the battle-field or in the skirmish, we have not one word to say; for those mutinous soldiers, who, foiled in their mutiny, were brought to that stake on which they wished to impale their officers and the European population, we have nothing to urge: they had ceased to be men, and became wild beasts, and were drowned in rivers, hunted across the country, hung in tens and twenties, disposed of by scores at evening shooting parties, and got rid of: for every one that perished a hundred lives of the peaceful community were saved, for with arms in their hands murder and rapine had become their only business. But sad is the story of the dreary Reign of Terror, while the Special Commissions lasted, the imperfect investigation, the prejudiced Court, the indecent haste, no confronting of the accused with the witnesses, no time for exculpation, for the gallows are opposite the window. We were indeed struggling not only for power but for life, and atrocious crimes were being committed, and many came under condemnation justly. But for the simple herd, the ferrymen who plied their boat at the wrong time, the peasants who had newly coined copper coins on their person, the dishonest chaprassees who appropriated the Government cash, the unhappy "suspected" whose witnesses were afraid to come to clear him—for these, and many like them, when the great Book of Judgment is unrolled, it will only *then* be known why they were sentenced, and for what crime they died.

ART. V.—1. *The "Indian Annals of Medical Science." Articles on the Means of Preserving the Health of European Soldiers in India.* By NORMAN CHEEVERS, M. D. Calcutta; R. C. Lepage & Co. January, 1859.

2. *A Digest of the Vital Statistics of the European and Native Armies in India; Interspersed with Suggestions for the Eradication and Mitigation of the preventive and avoidable causes of Sickness and Mortality amongst imported and indigenous Troops.* By JOSEPH EWART, M. D. Bengal Medical Service. London: Smith Elder & Co. 1859.

"HEALTH" says Montaigne "is one of the most precious of gifts; without this, life itself is scarcely tolerable; pleasure, wisdom and learning, destitute of this, lose all their attractions." The artist must have health, or to paint will become a hopeless drudgery rather than a pleasure. The author must have health, or sink under an occupation which requires not only patience and skill but undivided attention and concentration of all the powers of the mind. The physician must have a certain amount of health, or his patients will be unwilling to confide in him, and conjure up doubts respecting his skill if, while treating their disorders, he is incompetent to cure his own. Of far more importance is health to the soldier, who has not only to brave the dangers of battle but to undergo cheerfully, when required, innumerable hardships with forced marches and indifferent food in all climates, some of which must necessarily be injurious to the European constitution. No one will deny that the possession of full bodily vigour is demanded in a higher degree of the soldier than of those who are determined by accident, or from any better motive, to make choice of another profession. The duties of the soldier are somewhat similar to those of the Police and Fireman, for he is compelled to be abroad at all seasons and to endure the extremes both of heat and cold. But night duties alone will not account for the high rate of mortality among men who are carefully examined on enlistment by the inspecting Surgeon, and are proved to be fitted in every way either for home or foreign service. The truth is, as a medical writer remarks, "in all European armies, 'more men are sacrificed by disease than by the sword, and the 'laurel is at least as often withered on the hero's brow by the 'pestilential blast of contagion, as torn from it by the nervous 'arm of strength.'" And the same idea is more graphically expressed by Johnson. "The life of a modern soldier is ill-represented by heroic fiction. War has means of destruction more formidable than the cannon and the sword. Of the thousands and ten thousands that perished in our late contests with

‘France and Spain, a very small part ever felt the stroke of an enemy ; the rest languished in tents and ships, amidst damps and putrefaction ; pale, torpid, spiritless and helpless ; gasping and groaning, unpitied among men, made obdurate by long continuance of hopeless misery ; and were at last whelmed in pits or heaved into the ocean, without notice or remembrance. By ‘incommodious encampments and unwholesome stations, where ‘courage is useless and enterprize impracticable, fleets are ‘silently dispeopled and armies sluggishly melted away.”

The health of our army in India is a subject of the first importance, and we cannot do otherwise than suggest that as the British Government is wont to take greater care of her criminals than to prevent crime, so it is likely enough that greater care is taken to cure the British soldier when a victim of disease in hospital, than to adopt precautionary measures in order to protect him from its ravages. That prevention is better than cure is a truth that it would be absurd to attempt to gainsay, and if by any remarks which we may throw out in dealing with the subject of the health of European soldiers in India we should lighten in any measure the labours of the Army Surgeon, our object will be more than accomplished.

To assert that India possesses a hot climate, is perfectly correct, because heat is the property of every tropical region, but strictly speaking it possesses very many different climates, more or less congenial for the European race. The causes of climate are, according to Malte-Brun, nine in number :—

- 1st. The action of the sun upon the atmosphere.
- 2nd. The interior temperature of the globe.
- 3rd. Elevation of the earth above the level of the ocean.
- 4th. The general inclination of the surface and its local exposure.
- 6th. The neighbourhood of great seas and their relative situation.
- 7th. Geological nature of the soil.
- 8th. Degree of cultivation and of population at which a country has arrived.
- 9th. The prevailing winds.

An undulating country, not devoid of trees which tend to reduce temperature, one may naturally expect to offer a more healthy climate than the low lying marshy district, like the site of Calcutta ; and when varying in India from two to six thousand feet above the sea it is undoubtedly agreeable as well, and admirably adapted, provided it is fertile, to the requirements of the European settler. “The climate of the Neilgherries,” says Captain Ochterlony, “is most magnificent ; in fact you have half

'a dozen climates there. There are four distinct English settlements there, every one of which has a different climate. If a man comes up with a particular disease he is sent to a climate which is suitable to him, if a man comes there with a liver complaint he is able to get just that sort of climate which suits him, and which produces an action on the skin. It is the greatest blessing to us that we have this district of the Neilgherries—it has never been half appreciated"* The hill district, if not too elevated when it is apt to induce bowel complaints, affords a refuge not only from fevers, but from Asiatic cholera which rarely visits the mountain station, but rages sporadically and endemically in the plains. The inter-tropical hill stations, it is generally acknowledged, are much more healthy than the Himalayan sanatoria. But the hill station is hurtful not only in inflammatory disorders whether acute or chronic, in fevers continued and remittent, and in all organic visceral diseases, but in cases of gout and rheumatism, dysentery, diarrhoea, and of cerebral affection. It must be borne in mind that the hill climates are of little avail in cases of chronic disease, which might be prevented if troops were permitted to pass a few seasons at the hills at the commencement of their Indian career, instead of being exposed at various unhealthy stations "to all the destructive effects of unrestrained and reckless debauchery in the Bazars." The intense heat of the plains for a short period is not unhealthy, but it is the constant exposure to heat in tropical climates which adds to the wear and tear of life, so that there are few Anglo-Indians who pass the barrier of threescore years and ten. The winter in the hills is severe, and even in May when persons are suffering from the heat at Calcutta, those at Darjeeling, where the mean annual temperature is 55° 65° , are seeking warmth in wood fires. The dangers therefore of marching troops suddenly from the cool atmosphere of the hills into the scorching sun and hot winds of the plains, must not be overlooked.

"It has been said," the Duke of Wellington remarks in one of his Indian despatches, "that the climate of the West Indies is so unwholesome that a residence in it is fatal to most of those who go there. Without disputing that fact I may safely assert that it is not more unwholesome or unfavourable to European constitutions than the climate of Bengal." We must remember that, when this was written, England may be said to have been further removed from us than it is at the present day. The voyage by the Cape was usually performed in a year's time, and was seldom if ever accomplished in less than six months, which was the average length of voyages to the West

* Evidence before the Colonization Committee.

Indies. 'The outward bound' remained occasionally for a few months at the Brazils, and the voyage was protracted and tedious. The European on his arrival in India was often wretchedly lodged, and possessed few of those devices by which the heat of the climate is now rendered more tolerable. Neither a Patent Law for India, nor a self-acting punkah were ever dreamed of by the early Anglo-Indian adventurer, whose object it was to amass in a few years, either by fair or foul means, a fortune, and quit the country. Many of the officers of the Trading Company took bribes from the natives, and lived a wild life drinking beer all day; and then, contracting debts, intermarried either with the native or the Eurasian, and settled down in the country, unfitted and unanxious alike to mingle again in the choice society of Europe.

But with all the various improvements of the age India still possesses a climate uncongenial for European soldiers, arising as much from its humidity as the high rate of temperature. The mortality of our troops in Bengal has been incontestably proved to be double the highest rate of mortality in England. Fever during the hot season in the plains, and bowel complaints when the weather grows comparatively cold and wet, the exposure to heat for a lengthened period and to intense heat during destructive forced marches, added to intemperate habits, injure at length the constitution of men who are not cut off by death with that awful rapidity of which many of our English readers can form but a very faint idea. The European soldier is now fairly "worn out," and the victim in all probability of chronic rheumatism, or what may be termed a *Cachexia Loci*, obtains his discharge as 'unfit for military service.

Dr. Chevers' review in the "Indian Annals of Medical Science" of the means of preserving the health of European soldiers in India, is a very able one, but unlikely to prove attractive to the general reader. We regret that such an interesting subject should have been involved in a mass of statistics, which few will wade through, and buried in a class journal intended to circulate among the members of the Medical Profession only. A synopsis of what Dr. Chevers has put forward would be invaluable in many ways.

In many stations for certain years, and even at some Presidencies for a year or longer, the rate of mortality among European troops in India has not been largely in excess of the larger Home ratios. In Bombay, taking a period of twenty years, the annual rates of deaths in the hospitals at Kolapore and Sholapore averaged respectively 20.54 and 23.90 per 1000, while that of the Foot Guards at Home was 20.40. In the former station there was a small, at the latter a large, body of

troops. Sind appears to be the most unhealthy division in the Bombay Presidency, but the general mortality has undergone, of late, a great decrease. The Madras Presidency is more unhealthy than that of Bombay. During the period which elapsed between the years 1829 and 1838 there were no stations in which the mortality was lower than at Bangalore, where it was 28·03, and Bellary where it was 31·59 per 1000. During the forty-five years previous to the year 1838, there is plain proof that the stations in Madras were generally unhealthy, and the mortality rate approached in none the English standard, as the lowest death rate (taking always 1000 for the average) was 32 in 1830 and the following year. This was the general death rate of the Presidency for ten years from 1842 to 1851. The Force in Bengal is seldom free from the vicissitudes of war, the climate is generally enervating, and previous to the Mutiny it possessed a large number of very unhealthy stations. The general yearly mortality rate in the hospitals of Bengal has never fallen below 39 in the 1000, which is nearly double the highest English rate.

During the years 1846-47, 1855-56 inclusive, Hoshiarpore was the only station at which the average rate of mortality was below 25. There are few corps in which for a long period the condition of health may be said to approach the lowest English standard. Among the most favourable examples are H. M.'s Light Dragoons and the 9th Lancers. The former quartered for three years at Sealkote and Wuzeerabad had an average mortality of 20·9 per 1000 (the worst English rate being 20·4,) and the latter at Wuzeerabad and Umballa lost only, on an average, 23·3 annually for five years. Dugshai and Rawul Pindee are considered healthy stations; at the former the 22nd Regiment during two years suffered only at the rate of 19·5 annually.

In judging of the fitness of established stations for military occupation by European troops, Dr. Chevers has been led to consider the degree of unhealthiness as determined by statistical data running over a sufficiently lengthened period, and by concurrent Medical testimony. Instead of classifying Indian stations as those which have never been, or are rarely, visited by any destructive sickness, those which in ordinary years are healthy but which have been found to be liable to frequently recurring years of insalubrity, and those which are never healthy, he divides the degrees of salubrity into four classes which comprehend all stations in which the average rate of mortality is not above 25, 35 or 45 per thousand, the remaining class composing those in which it is above 45. Some of the chief military stations in Bengal, including Umballa, Agra, Benares,

Wuzeerabad, the hill stations of Kussowlie, Dugshai and Subathoo, come under the third class, and yet they were never deemed notoriously unhealthy. "Below these, in the fourth and last class, we have numerous stations, many of them among the largest and most important posts for European troops in the country, which are not only proved by statistics to have been generally unhealthy, but are for the most part known by common report to be among the most unfavourable for European lives in the country. Of this class we have in Bengal, Loodiana (now abandoned as a station for European troops) in which during the last six years of its maintenance the mortality was 50 per 1000. Peshawur, which during the first seven years of its occupation had an average death rate of 53.311. Dinapore (55.064);—and then at a widely lower range Cawnpore (67.115;) Chinsurah (68.404;) Berhampore, (abandoned in 1835, and recently re-occupied) which, between 1823 and 1834 had a mortality rate of 68.80; Fort William (Garrison) 68.960. Lastly Dum-Dum (72.765.) The mortality of this station should, however, practically be rated much lower—at about 52 in the thousand. At the now abandoned station of Lahore, Anurkullie and the Citadel, the mortality during six years averaged 84.615. Few Bengal stations can come under the first class, but there is one, Sealkote, which promises well; and at Jullundur, although there are many disadvantages in its internal arrangements, the mortality rate is most evenly maintained at a comparatively low standard. The death rate here between the years 1846-47 and 1855-56 ranged only from 13.505 up to 41.096, the average ratios of the ten years being 29.032 per thousand." What a very unhealthy station would our friends at home deem Jullundur, when placing it in comparison with any English garrison town! The drainage at this station must be as imperfect as it is in most Indian towns, owing to its position in a perfectly level plain, which though extremely fertile is far removed from that "river influence" which Sir Charles Napier so greatly dreaded. The soil is sandy, and must as a good absorbent atone for any neglect on the part of the sanitary authorities. The Barracks, eleven in number, provide to each man 72 superficial and 1584 cubic feet of space. Rheumatism and intermittent fever are the chief disorders.

Nusserabad is another station as healthy as it is hot, but it possesses also peculiar disadvantages. The water is brackish, and owing to the saline nature of the soil vegetables are scarce; and scurvy of a most intractable form which yields only, apparently, to change of air, is the very natural consequence. Among the natives this disorder is always rife, and must be vigilantly guarded against by the Surgeon. Of what value the

comparative rates of mortality are we may learn best from Dr. Chevers.

"These modes of arranging stations according to their salubrity as evidenced by statistics, although useful to a certain restricted extent, of course go very little way in showing the causes upon which their comparative healthiness depends. It is true that when the death rate is found to have an uniformly low range, the climate, situation and accommodation of the station cannot be radically bad; but the converse of this by no means invariably occurs. Badly constructed or ill placed barracks may be for years the cause of a high rate of mortality in stations which are in themselves naturally healthy. Of this, we have many instances especially at Secunderabad, Umballa and Subathoo. And it would evidently be as irrational to judge of the salubrity of the proverbially healthy stations of Cuddalore in Madras, and Buxar in Bengal, by the high rate of mortality among the broken down and generally intemperate pensioners located there, as it would be to set down Torquay and Ventnor as pestilential, on the evidence of like data. Again, if Fort William, Dum-Dum and Chinsurah were the healthiest sites in India, which they can never become, and were provided with barrack accommodation second to none in the world,—which is nearly the case at present, the returns of their hospitals can never exhibit a low death rate, so long as they are garrisoned by raw recruits, (many of whom are immature lads) and regiments recently arrived in the country, exposed to all the destructive effects of unrestrained and reckless debauchery in the Bazars."

The sanitary reformer, who advocates the necessity of housing all our troops at high stations, is met at the outset by various difficulties. The transport of our troops even by the most rapid forced marches, which generally bring sickness in their train, is so slow that it would be folly to garrison all the "islands of the plains" before the principal hill stations are connected by a railroad. So long as we rule India by the sword our forces must act as sentinels and a vigilant police. It is their duty to guard the Bank, the Mint and the Treasury, and to aid by their immediate presence the progress of commerce and rapid advance of civilization. The cities of most importance are situated in the plains, upon the largest rivers, and those stations are invariably the most unhealthy. "All therefore," says Dr. Chevers, "that the most humane and enlightened Government can do under these circumstances, is to select upon every frontier and near every city, the best available situation, bad as it may be, at any cost whatever, free from every removeable source of unhealthiness, at the same time allowing their troops a temporary sojourn

* at the hill sanatoria, in their turn, and as the necessities of the State, and the number of the available force will admit of their being placed in the position of a reserve."

In many river sites there is a choice, while in others the medical authorities and Government have merely to select a spot which is bad at the best. The rivers of India are constantly changing not only their tides but their course. The Ganges bears down from the hills silt in great abundance, and this promotes change. Major Colebrook plainly proves that this river is continually seeking some new levels; owing to the alluvial deposits the river banks are often higher than the surrounding country, and the lower ground is consequently marshy, so that the station possesses an insular position, as at Hooghly, Dinapore, Berhampore, Calcutta and other places. Land formed of newly deposited alluvium is obviously unfit to form the site of military cantonments, while the shallow river which swells during the rains and is nearly dried up during the summer, is exceedingly malarious. Berhampore was one of the most unhealthy of the river stations of Bengal. The barracks are built on an extensive scale, and cost the State for the first twenty-seven years of their existence no less a sum than sixteen millions, eight hundred and ninety-one thousand, two hundred and six pounds sterling. Mr. Martin's tables show that the average annual mortality in the European force, which averaged 463 in strength between the years 1788 and 1810, was at the rate of 90.69 per 1000, while some twenty years after, when the force was nearly trebled, the mortality rate was 68.80. For thirteen years however the rate was 106 per thousand, and the place was abandoned in 1826 as a station for European troops. The cause of the malaria was doubtless occasioned by the overflowing of the river during the rains, the exhalations emitted from the ground in the process of drying, the presence of tanks in the neighbourhood of barracks which were used as common sewers, the unhealthiness of the densely populated Bazar, and the defective nature of the drainage. When the tanks were not full they were most unwholesome, although the drainage was only then complete; when full the drains were unable to discharge their contents and inundation was the very natural result. Berhampore is again occupied by European troops; the barracks are improved and are gradually becoming more healthy. Delhi has always been the hotbed of pestilence, and this is attributed to the canal which empties itself into the Jumna. Dr. Balfour considers Delhi to have been by far the most unhealthy cantonment in the N. W. Provinces;—as in the best years the sick of a native regiment used to be from 250 to 300, and in the year 1854 somewhere above 500 men per

Regiment were in hospital, not including those who were sick at the hills or at their homes. As at Jullunder, the water in the cantonment wells is brackish and promotes Diarrhœa. Fever of an intermittent kind is prevalent and yields only to quinine and change of air.

Passing in review the most healthy stations in Bengal, some of which are not free from the scourge of cholera, we find that the following sixteen stations are more or less healthy, viz. Rawul Pindee, Abbotabad, Sealkote, Jullunder, Umballa (subject to cholera outbreaks) Kussowlie, Subathoo, Dugshai, Simla, Meerut, Agra, Benares, Hazareebaugh, Buxar, Dorundah and Nynee Tal. To these must be added the hill sanitarium, Murree, Chumba, Dhurumsala, Landour and Mussoorie.

Calcutta lacks a sanitarium. Mr. Martin recommended many years ago Point Negrais, while Dr. Chevers points to the Maunbhoom hills as a healthy spot to which convalescents might be readily conveyed by railroad. The Meghassani range behind Balasore has been recommended, and is easily accessible. The high table land of Moulmein can be speedily reached, and seems to combine all the requisites of a sanitarium on a large scale. Parisnath, some 50 miles beyond Raneegunge, on the Grand Trunk Road, is about to be cleared. Its temperature is 10° lower than that of Calcutta, but its steep sides afford little space for building, and it can never be more than an agreeable retreat for the residents of the metropolis. When, 18 months hence, the Railway has been opened to Rajmahal, Darjeeling will be more easily reached than now.

In the Presidency of Madras there are two very healthy stations, St. Thomas' Mount, and Bangalore, while Jackatalla and other stations in the Neilgherries will be available when the railway is extended to the foot of the hills.

Bombay possesses these thoroughly healthy stations, Poona, Sholapore, and Belgaum, with Mahableswar, Ghizree, Poorundhur, and Mount Aboo in Rajpootana.

Thus throughout British India there are numerous stations which have the double advantage of being healthy, while the troops located there would be always available for service. That we must find other stations like them is very evident, or we shall be unable to maintain a large European force in the country. England constantly drained of men, in recruiting for her great Indian Army, will be unequal to a task not only costly, but beyond her strength. Our resources exhausted in the endeavour to maintain a force of from sixty to eighty thousand men, the minimum with which it is calculated we can expect to retain our hold on India, we shall be simply

compelled to place reliance again on the faithfulness of a native army.

The question of European colonization is intimately connected with the condition of the soldier serving in this country. It has been proposed to form military settlements in which the wife and children should live, and to which the soldier should retire as a colonist on the expiration of his term of service. This plan can only be regarded as a great experiment which is likely to terminate in failure. We have no evidence to show that a healthy and vigorous-minded European stock can be propagated and maintained, or that the third generation of pure European descent exists in India. "The soldiers," says Mr. Jeffreys, "have no descendants of unmixed blood. Of the half million of soldiers who have gone out of India, where are all their legitimate descendants of pure English blood, who, by this time, would have multiplied into a numerous population if born in New Zealand, Canada, or Oregon, reciprocating industrial advantages with the mother country of their parents; how much more secure and durable than the military tenure of India can ever yield? Let myriads of feeble voices from little graves, scattered throughout her arid plains, supply the melancholy answer—*here.*" Dr. Chevers, although opposed to the plan of the military self-supporting colony on medical grounds, would undoubtedly advocate the scheme projected by the Bishop of Calcutta, of founding good schools for the children of a European and mixed race in the Hills. He observes;—"Our soldiers' children should be sent to the Hills at an early age. This would undoubtedly be the saving of a multitude of these now almost desperately precarious lives. How far the lives thus saved would, hereafter, become valuable to themselves and to the State—is a question which, at present, as little concerns us as the after fortunes of men, clinging to a wreck, concern those whose single thought is to strain every nerve to rescue them."

It would be well if the fair climate of a good station, and roomy barracks sufficed in themselves to ensure the health and life of the European soldier in India, but such, alas, is not the case, and many of our barracks are moreover most imperfect. Colonel Tulloch informed Mr. Martin "that between 1815 and 1855 there died of European soldiers belonging to Her Majesty's and the East India Company's army in India very nearly 100,000 men, the greater portion of whose lives might have been saved had better localities been selected for military occupation in that country." "Troops," said the Duke of Wellington, "can be kept healthy in camp by cleanliness, shifting the ground occasionally &c., but nothing

can keep them so if their barracks are unwholesome." This is the high testimony borne to the value of sanitary science in days when mortality in the army and civil classes was seldom laid at the door of overcrowding and a lack of ventilation. "We must build barracks or lose Sind," was what Sir Charles Napier (whose barracks in the Punjaub should act as models for every other barrack built in India) reiterated perpetually, and when the military buildings were commenced, their progress was so slow that he confessed that the Engineer's department fairly wore him out. His description of sundry barracks which he visited in 1849 is a melancholy one. Talking of the barracks at Subathoo he says, "in rooms badly ventilated they put one hundred and forty-two men!" The principle of the Military Board is that of the Black Hole of Calcutta: only ninety-four men should have been in those barracks at the most, while at Kussowlie, he remarks "the barracks are infamous. Calculated for five hundred men the Military Board, 'that curse of India, has put 1300 into them! Numbers have 'perished killed in that way by that Board.'" The barracks at Dugshai get a somewhat better character, but the Military Board is again accused of jamming more men into them than there ought to be. "Each man should have a thousand 'cubic feet of air; short of that sickness and death result, 'as sure as night follows day.'"

We cannot regret that many of the cantonments in the Bengal Presidency have been swept away during the late Rebellion, planted as they were (cut off by mud walls and shady trees from every current of pure air) in the most pestiferous localities where, owing to the faultiness of internal arrangements, each barrack created "its own envenomed morass." Was not the utter indifference to the terrible mortality of the European soldier in India a proof of the narrow-mindedness of the East India Company, a part of that traditional policy by which the Government of this great country has been so long administered? Avarice, with a view to economy, prompted the erection of ill-ventilated barracks, which entailed a fearful mortality thoroughly defeating the object held in view. How do we manage things in the present day? Let our readers visit the General Hospital at Calcutta and imagine what must be the destructive effects of a plan by which the airy ward has been lately cut up into numberless small cells now roofed in for the purpose of completely obstructing the ventilation. We shall then be spared the task of replying at length to the question, and of proving that the Government still ap-

* Life of Sir C. Napier, vol. IV. p.199.

pear to consider a proper system of ventilation not only costly, but of no value whatever to human life.

In considering the way in which we may best preserve the health of the British Army in India, we are naturally led to enquire what effect the clothing of the soldier has either for good or evil. Of late years a great improvement has been made in the soldier's dress. We regret to say that there are still some Commanding Officers who show no consideration whatever for the health and comfort of their men. During the hot season they condemn their regiments to parade at an early hour in the afternoon in a stiff stock, the use of which is supposed to be abandoned in India, and in a tightly buttoned up red cloth tunic in an Indian sun, and to go through drills tedious and severe. Such mischievous deeds which knock up men and officers with heat, apoplexy and fever, must come sooner or later to the knowledge of the Commander-in-Chief, and call forth a remedy. The shako, which induces headache even in England, is supplanted by a turban-covered, wicker-work, ventilated helmet, which is a decided improvement upon the old head dress but still far too heavy. May we not ask why the men of H. M.'s 67th Regiment were not provided with the helmet until six months after the arrival of the regiment in India? Mr. Jeffreys, who is a Surgeon of Indian experience, and whose inventions are generally as ingenious as they are eccentric, terms the new cloth-covered helmets 'sun-traps,' and proposes a shining helmet which will reflect the rays of the sun. In a hand to hand encounter the enemy might be judiciously dazzled by the helmet of his antagonist, as the thief by the light thrown forth from the bull's eye lantern of Policeman X. This is a capital idea, and although it does not seem to have suggested itself to the fertile mind of Mr. Jeffreys, we think it worthy of consideration! The Drab, or Khakee, suit may be one unsuited to the climate as a good conductor of heat, but it is the best dress which has been given to our troops in India, and we must rest contented with the garment until we can invent a more perfect one. Mr. Jeffreys proposes a refracting dress in the shape of a gorgeous suit of fancy armour, which might induce Mr. Nathan and other celebrated theatrical dealers to turn contractors for Army clothing. However scientific this contrivance may be, and admirable in the eyes of the *Quarterly Reviewer*,* it is simply absurd. The heat reflected from one soldier would inevitably roast the hands and faces of the rank and file around him. The officer would be afraid to look at his men when attired on a sunny day in this dazzling suit, or would reap in weak eyes the reward of his temerity. A perfectly sun-proof dress is as unobtainable as perpet-

* See *Quarterly Review*, January 1859, p. 170.

ual motion or the philosopher's stone. Woollen clothes we think preferable to those manufactured of cotton, unbleached linen, or any other material in a tropical climate. It is requisite that they should be of sufficient thickness to act as a defence against the sun by day and damp chilly dews by night. As regards colour the Drab suit, when new, is well suited to the marksman, for the soldier who wears it is, at the distance of three hundred yards, hardly distinguishable from the surrounding soil. After the dress has been washed a few times it becomes almost white, and is then nearly as conspicuous as the staring red cloth shell jacket or tunic. Every soldier is provided with two flannel belts, but none can be compelled to wear them except when going on duty. A few cut them up and convert them into waistcoats, forgetting that they are not intended to cover the chest but the abdomen and to counteract the effects of the sun which, striking on the nerves, is apt to bring on dysentery and cholera, as well as cold which often opens the door to rheumatism and various other complaints. We believe that a great improvement might be made in the boot, which is so clumsy and heavy that it must blister the foot, and impede the progress of our troops upon the line of march. At present the Indian kit consists of bed and bedding, two chaco covers, two forage cap covers, one haversack, and one soda water bottle covered with leather, paid for by the Government of India; two Khakee trousers, two white shirts, three flannel waistcoats, two pairs worsted socks, one pair braces, two pairs boots, (English) one hair brush, and straps for carrying great-coat, costing together about thirty rupees for which the soldier pays. All these things are adapted to the climate.

Idleness is the great bane of the army in India, and the soldier in the ranks looks forward to service in this tropical region with great delight. In England he is accustomed to live, when not lounging in the low public house among his female admirers, in an atmosphere of pipe clay. When drill is over he is not compelled to loll all day about verandahs and stare vacantly over the railings; for there is plenty to do if he is desirous of obtaining employment. If quartered in camp he will steal away with his comrades during harvest time, engage his services to a farmer to work by the piece, doff his coat and cut down the corn with an activity which is rarely displayed by the steady labourer. If gifted with a good voice and quartered at some town station, he may appear at night on the boards of the singing saloon in the character of 'Sam Hall' 'Billy Barlow,' the 'Italian Image Seller' or the 'London Cadger,' and vary the entertainment by dancing a Sailor's Hornpipe, or by indulging in a bit of ventriloquism. In India the soldier may be said to

be his own master and a gentleman. An hour after he has entered for the first time some capacious barrack room, he may be found lolling upon a cot, attended by a crowd of little imps whom he has enlisted in his service for merely nominal wages. One young imp is probably polishing his boots, another may be tempting him with cheroots manufactured from odds and ends in the Bazar, and a third may be bearing him a light, half absorbed perhaps in meditation on the best mode of relieving him of a medal which is hanging upon the breast of his tunic. The soldier's day in summer commences at gun fire, and when the sun rises, if he is not on duty, his work is over and he has nothing to do but eat the unripe Bazar fruit, drink bad liquor, and sleep until the sun goes down, rendering his frame thereby more liable to fever. With the intense heat comes excessive thirst, and if he has acquired intemperate habits from having served five years or so in the West Indies where men drink from morning to night, or the Australian Colonies where there are many drinkers, he will take with the greatest ease (incredible as it may appear) his bottle of spirits a day in addition to the large allowance of Commissariat malt liquor (three quarts per diem) which he obtains during certain hours at the Canteen. Nothing can be more injurious than this excessive indulgence in stimulants. The ration of bread and meat is in some stations in England of indifferent quality, while the quantity allowed is only one pound of the former and three quarters of a pound of the latter. Abroad the soldier receives one pound of meat with an equal quantity of bread, while in India there is an exceptional ration consisting of one pound of vegetables and an allowance of rice, tea and sugar. A large amount of nitrogenous and carboniferous food is apt to produce disease in warm climates, and therefore a good supply of vegetable food is absolutely requisite, while the cultivation of the kitchen garden at the Hill station will afford the soldier some healthy, amusing and very useful occupation. The soldier in India is well fed and well paid, but in times of peace he has nothing to do, and owing to the terrible heat he can do nothing. He now loses his appetite, smokes and drinks immoderately, and as a natural result goes down in remittent fever, when he is generally dosed by medical men with oceans of quinine which "they pitch in," says Sir Charles Napier, "at full and new moon." What preventive measure must we take in order to reduce these evils? The question is most important, and it will be our endeavour to attempt to find an answer, by showing what has been done of late years to promote the moral and intellectual welfare of the soldier.

To the Rev. Carus Wilson, who has always taken a great interest in the welfare of the soldier, the credit is due of originat-

ing, in the densely populated garrison town of Portsmouth, a Soldier's Institute on the plan of that famous Institution founded by Dr. Birbeck, Lord Brougham and other philanthropists, for the mechanic, but offering likewise, to suit the tastes of the soldier, many of the advantages which are afforded by the modern club house. Mr. Carus Wilson observed the excessive dislike which the soldier entertains towards the cheerless barrack room which is so unlike the public house with its comfortable settle and attractive red curtain, and the impossibility of robbing him by any persuasive methods of his walk down town. There is not a large English seaport which may not unhappily be termed 'a sink of iniquity,' and in the very worst locality of Portsmouth, among narrow dingy streets of public houses and dens of every description, he opened, (as far as we remember, some fifteen years ago) a Soldier's Institute. This Institution contains a room in which lectures on popular subjects are frequently delivered by officers of the united services, and other gentlemen who have greater facilities for indulging in scientific pursuits, a news room containing globes and maps, with a large library of well selected volumes, class, and smoking rooms. A Bible class is held once a week which is voluntarily frequented on an average by seventy soldiers. Those who wish have an opportunity of taking the temperance pledge, which we know has prolonged for many years the lives of those who, returning in many instances to former bad habits, have died at last the victims of intemperance. About ten thousand soldiers have subscribed to this Institution since its formation, but as the subscription is very low it covers but a small part of the expense of maintaining such a large establishment. Over and above the men's subscription, £120 is annually required, and this is supplied by the subscriptions and donations of Mr. Carus Wilson and his friends. It is greatly to be regretted that an Institute like this, calculated as it is to benefit so greatly the troops stationed at Portsmouth irrespective of the regiment to which they belong, cannot be made self-supporting, while the Government is unable to aid it by any grant of public money because it is not within barrack walls.

During the war in the Crimea the large dépôts of H. M.s' 1st Royals, 3rd Buffs, 7th Royal Fusiliers, 23d Welsh Fusiliers, 46th and 88th Regiments, were stationed at Winchester. The Rev. Dr. Sirr, at that period Chaplain of the Garrison, was pained by the reckless conduct of the soldiers under his charge. Men from all parts of England, the dregs of Militia regiments, and scum of the back alleys of London and other cities, were brought in to supply the constant demand in the Crimea; men who seemed born to receive punishment, to be dis-

charged as unfit for military service, or to die in hospital. To open an attractive Reading Room seemed the only way to benefit the recruit who was desirous of escaping from contamination, and to give the idle and dissolute the opportunity of employing usefully their leisure hours and becoming useful members of society. Until a suitable room could be procured, the Garrison Chapel School was opened nightly, furnished with books, journals, pens, letter paper, and games of every description, including "towers," "chess," "draughts," "dominoes," "German Tactics and" "Bagatelle." This Reading Room or Café as it was generally termed, was started at a cost of about fifteen pounds, under the management of a Committee composed chiefly of officers, into which the *civil* element however was very wisely introduced, and this materially helped the undertaking. As in the Soldier's Institute at Portsmouth, lectures were occasionally delivered, and proved extremely popular, Colonel Norcote of the Rifle Brigade and Commandant of the Battalion ranking himself among the lecturers. We regret that the public do not generally take an interest in work like this, and the expense and labour of carrying out such a scheme for ameliorating the condition of the soldier falls more often upon officers and Chaplains, who are not usually burdened with worldly goods, than upon the shoulders of the Government. We do not say that all hold back from helping forward the good work, for private letters are lying before us, which incontestably prove that there are persons holding the highest and most influential positions in England, and in no way connected with the army, who regard the Soldier's Institute or Reading Room as the most successful plan for benefitting the soldier, and one which they are ever ready to help forward with money and good wishes.

In June 1857 a Reading Room, separated only by a passage from the Garrison Library, was opened in the barracks at Cork. The city is of course a large and important one, the military establishment is considerable, and the barracks are situated in the very worst locality. As Major General Mansell was about to resign Command of the Division, he was unwilling to give his sanction at the last moment to any experiment of which he did not know that his successor would approve; there was therefore some delay in opening the room which Colonel Le Froz, the inspector General of Military Schools, had previously inspected, and thought, in spite of its being capable of holding little more than forty men, most suitable for the Reading Room. Major General Eden, on assuming Command, declined sanctioning what he considered a startling modern innovation, until he had clearly ascertained that Government was interested in and aided

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the movement. In the meantime the room was opened by an officer who supplied it for six weeks with magazines and newspapers, and collected some fifteen pounds to defray unlooked for expenses. The Government, on a requisition of estimated expenses being forwarded by the Barrack Master to the War Office, and on the recommendation of Colonel Le Froz, gave a grant from a small sum of money placed at the disposal of Lord Panmure who was then War Minister, and with this money the room was furnished, the tables being covered with green baize, the windows with blinds, and the floor with cocoanut matting. The Government undertook moreover to supply the gas-lights at night, and the fires during the winter season. In a few weeks' time the new Reading Room, which was open from an early hour in the morning until Tattoo, boasted of forty readers, we do not say members because the admission was free. It was not intended however that any should avail themselves of the advantages offered by this Reading Room who did not subscribe to the adjoining Garrison Library.

We cannot agree with a writer in the *Quarterly Review* in thinking that Regimental and Garrison Libraries are a failure, because the majority of books in these collections are not those which the recruit from the agricultural districts would select. Brought up among the labourers and farmers of Hampshire who rejoice in farms of peat, limestone, clay and more often chalk, running over thousands of acres of wild breezy downs on those hills which rise in and stretch away through Sussex, our readers will perhaps give us credit for knowing something about the matter. The peasant seldom enlists who is worth his salt as a labourer, and if he does the wealthy farmer is always ready to advance the money with which he may purchase his discharge. The *quondam* recruit is often found paying off the debt which he has incurred, by toiling wagesless upon some farm. Not one in ten of the agricultural classes can read a book, and few who can will open one, proud as they may be of their distinguished literary attainments. Few labourers' children remain at the village school beyond the age of seven, when they must aid in supporting themselves by keeping pigs, driving the team of cart horses, and making themselves otherwise handy in the field. The boy who reads perfectly at seven years of age usually forgets the art of reading before he is the man of thirty. We know a lad who frequented a village Reading Room, with which the night school for adults was combined, and after watching him for a fortnight poring nightly over his volume, which happened to be Robinson Crusoe, we questioned him as to what he had read. He had just concluded the *Table of Contents*. We could hardly refrain from laughing at

his diligence, worthy of a better cause, in wading for a fortnight, with a charming novel in his hand, through such uncommonly dry and perfectly useless reading. In proportion as you travel northwards the lower orders become more intelligent, and while appreciating scientific works in the manufacturing districts of the North, and philosophical works beyond the border, those in the Southern countries of England seldom read, and if they do, are quite contented with their provincial paper, and a novel. A very large proportion of our recruits are men from our populous cities, who are sharp as a needle, however wanting as regards their educational attainments.

Excepting the books which form the Garrison Library at Calcutta, which are wonderfully antiquated and must be dry and unreadable in the eyes of the soldier, there are few libraries not prized by our troops. It is not a matter for argument; the truth of our remark may be tested in the simplest manner possible. Pay the military librarian, some not very awful looking Corporal or Sergeant, a visit, and ask how many volumes are out. You will notice the name of an officer perhaps who has borrowed some half dozen books, for which he will subscribe no very terrible sum, amounting in the course of the year to one day's pay. Observe what class of literature is most in vogue, and then you can form in your own mind some idea as to the tastes and character of the men in the regiment, or battalion. Are they studious readers, or literary butterflies who read a book as they would smoke a pipe? Or do they read little, in order that they may think the more? Which is the popular book? "The favorite book of every age," says the elder Disraeli, "is a certain picture of the people." Life after all is the best book, and it is well to remember that "it matters very little what you say or what you do, but it does matter a great deal what you *are*." Perhaps too you will come to the same conclusion that we have arrived at,—that there must be some intrinsic merit in the old standard novels when they are still in such request, and that as the works of Captain Mayne Reid, James, Bulwer Lytton and Charles Dickens are so popular, they must be first rate writers, who are not at a loss to know what we shall read and welcome. There are few standard historical works in Regimental Libraries, for the soldier, unless a Scotchman, usually prefers a lighter class of literature. But all readers are not alike, and the saying of Sir Charles Napier is true;—"our Regimental Schools and Libraries have raised and do daily increase a host of very clever, well read, private soldiers with powerful minds." Some soldiers happily read to some purpose. There are two Reading Rooms at the Curragh Camp which are open so long as sixty men subscribe to them, there are Soldiers' Institutes

at Dublin, Woolwich and Jersey, while one has been started lately in Westminster; there are Regimental Reading Rooms at Aldershot, indeed hardly a military station can be found in the United Kingdom which does not offer to the recruit, literary advantages combined with harmless amusement, which the old soldier never possessed.

H. M.'s 99th Regiment quartered at Fort William possesses a good Regimental Reading Room, which is supplied with note paper, ink, journals and games, and is combined with the Regimental Library. A young native opens nightly his refreshment stall without, for the sale of coffee and other articles. The subscriptions to the room amount on an average to Rs. 50 a month, and it is self-supporting. The Managing Committee is composed of a Corporal who is the librarian, a Private, and a Commissioned Officer who acts as Treasurer. The accounts are kept as regularly as those of the soldier, and audited at the commencement of the month. At Poonah, we learn from the *Friend of India*, the Rev. Mr. Gell has succeeded in making a Soldiers' Institute work well. Both in Fort William, Calcutta,—and at Poonah, the plan is carried out in precisely the same way, but we are not aware that the Roman Catholic soldier is excluded by the prohibition of the Priest from the benefits of the Reading Room at the former station, as he appears to be at the latter. Fortunately all do not possess like contracted notions, and there are some Roman Catholic Chaplains who are men of progress and ready to advance every scheme for the benefit of the soldier, whatever may be the persuasion to which he may happen to belong. Why should not every station in India possess a Reading Room as well as a Library?

Indoor amusements in India, good Reading Rooms and Libraries, are means by which the health of the soldier may be preserved. While, owing to the heat and the *vis inertiae* which attends it, the body is more or less inactive throughout the day, and muscular action is impossible, it is of the utmost importance that the mind should be employed. To do anything if it is only to make a model, to sketch however roughly the various articles in the barrack-room and the barracks, paddy fields, trees, tanks and chapels, to weigh arms and accoutrements with the view of testing the correctness of their weight as registered in the 'Squad' book, to invent a new knapsack combining lightness with simplicity, cheapness, durability and comfort in wear, and then to pen imaginary letters about the invention in every style but that dictated by the 'Polite Letter Writer;' are ways in which the Private might pass not altogether unprofitably the hottest hours of

the day, in a manner far preferable at all events to that of chafing or recklessly drinking himself to death.

It is impossible to take up a 'Squad' book without being struck by the number and variety of trades followed by men previous to their enlistment. We have got bricklayers, labourers, sailors, basket-makers, joiners, glass-makers, flax-dressers, weavers, bakers, butchers, gardeners and painters, who never handle a trowel, hoe a turnip field, construct even the model of a boat, make a basket or a wheel-barrow, or blow an ornament in glass, dress flax, weave, bake, kill, garden or paint, from the hour that they enter the army. Nearly every thing for the future is to be done for them, and they are to be saved as far as possible from the least exertion. Contractors follow our Forces from England to India, and our Soldiers who might be profitably engaged by the Government to work at the various trades which they have followed at home, either for the benefit of the service, or their comrades, or both together, are given next to nothing to do (leaving out of the question monotonous parades and drills) and deprived frequently of the means of taking manual or real intellectual exercise, are permitted to become the most helpless men alive. The consequence is this, that our Soldiers are never thoroughly trained for the hardships of the campaign, when they are entirely dependant on the mercy of others, and must lack in the field in the absence of butcher, baker, Commissariat and Engineer Departments, the commonest necessities of life. We can say with truth, after the experience which we gained in the Crimea, that in this respect at least they manage things far more cleverly in the French Army. Pride ourselves as we may on a defective military system, no one can deny that we are generally beaten at the commencement of all our wars not by the enemy, but by the terrible disasters of mismanagement and blunders, for which with divided military departments nobody can be held responsible. Every military man knows that our present contract system is a failure, and that we are indebted to it for bad barracks, bad food, and bad clothing, but the country is wedded to it in spite of the inducement which it offers to fraud, and the serious expense which it imposes upon the nation.

Dr. Martin's work on the Influence of Tropical Climates is invaluable, and the first one hundred and thirty pages ought to be read attentively by every Anglo-Indian whether a member of the Medical profession or not. The two most important chapters are those entitled "General Observations" and "the Prevention of Disease." They abound with salutary precautions which Europeans on their first arrival in India are often too apt to despise, placing too great reliance on their pliancy

and strength of constitution. Talking of drinks Dr. Martin says—"In persons who have been for some time in the climate, 'and whose digestive organs are enfeebled, some weak wine and 'water may not be objectionable; but such indulgence is by no 'means necessary in the young and vigorous, and it should be 'reserved for ulterior residence and more advanced periods of 'life. I may here mention that, during the first Burmese war, 'while serving as Surgeon to the Governor General's Body-Guard of Cavalry, I found warm tea, after the most severe 'marches in the sun, by far the most refreshing beverage." "Observation and personal feeling," he further remarks, "have taught 'that in hot climates, perhaps during hot weather in all climates, 'an hour's cool repose before dinner is highly salutary; and if on 'commencing our repast, we find we cannot eat without *drinking*, we may be assured that it is Nature's caveat to beware of eating at all." This will be deemed hard doctrine by some, and visionary by others; but it is neither the one nor the other, and those who neglect or despise it may feel the bad consequences when it is too late to repair the error. "It is often indeed difficult to moderate one's appetites in the tropics, but those who wish to avoid ill-health and the influence of climate, must be "temperate in all things." Dr. Martin's remarks on Military Hygiene are as true as they are cutting. The military medical officer nearly always labours under a disadvantage, and many a regimental Surgeon can hardly be said to be on speaking terms with his commanding officer. If he suggests any plan to preserve the health of the soldier he is too often assailed with an oath, or requested to keep his medical opinions to himself until they are called for by the Military authorities, and who they are it is a difficult matter to decide. Temperance and coolness, a flannel or, perhaps still better, a cotton dress, a flannel waistband worn next the skin, an adherence to plain rather than made up dishes, and vegetable food, making "tiffin" if possible the principal meal, a limited indulgence in fruit, bathing and exercise, early hours, and participation in the refined pleasures of good society and the choicest literature, are the excellent special rules laid down by Dr. Johnson and by Dr. Martin, to be ever kept in view by the European who is desirous of preserving his health in the sultry climate of India.

As regards more particularly the soldier, Dr. Hennen remarks that the true preventives of disease are shelter from the heat of the day, and from the dews and cold of night, avoiding the neighbourhood of marshes, and other unhealthy spots in military exercises, mounting guards at such an hour that the least possible number of fatigue parties may be employed in conveying dinners, &c., timing duties in such a way that the men may

enjoy their natural sleep, regulating the messes so that the soldier shall always have a due proportion of vegetables, and especially comfortable breakfast before going on morning duties; furnishing every man with flannel waistcoats, or cotton shirts, enforcing personal cleanliness by frequent bathing, and by daily washing the feet, &c.; but, above all, regulating the Canteen, so that access can be had to liquor only in the evening, and then taking every precaution that the bad spirits and sour wine of the country be rigidly withheld. We may refine as much as we choose, and we may modify our plans according to circumstances with critical precision, but these are the bases on which health is founded, so far as the soldier is individually concerned. Circumstances are now somewhat altered. The native cook takes the place of the fatigue party. There are many weekly guards furnished by a detachment, and the soldiers for duty are invariably marched off either at sunrise or sunset. The Canteen is open at certain hours by day as well as by night, and if it was not, recourse would certainly be had to the deleterious liquor of the Bazar, which, in the case of young soldiers, generally produces great excitement of the nervous system amounting to maniacal fury. "Though *delirium tremens*," says Dr. Martin referring to the navy, "is found to result from excessive debauches in harbour, 'disease is neither of such frequent occurrence, nor so 'fatal in its results by many degrees as in the army, and 'especially amongst soldiers who are paid daily; for with these 'last, in place of the periodical drunken bout following upon 'receipts of the month's pay after the olden custom, there is now 'prevalent a far more injurious course of excitement in the daily 'tippling of ardent spirits."

Beer, if of good quality, would be preferable to the Commissariat rum and porter. Beer can be manufactured in the Neilgherries. Captain Ochterlony established an experimental brewery in the hills about twelve years ago, and the beer was liked by the men of the 51st and 94th Regiments; it was not one-fourth the price of imported bottled beer. It may not be long before these hills become the resort of a large body of European settlers, and then who can say but that the Neilgherry pale ale will be accepted as equal if not superior to that of Allsop or Bass. It would not be very difficult to brew beer superior to that imported sour liquor which is sold at the Calcutta auctions and might be labelled 'poison.' A good brewery must become an institution of great importance to the European settler, and, as a commercial speculation, it would doubtless on the completion of a railway to the hills, bring in a large

return to the proprietor. A Brewery succeeded for a time at Simla.

The organisation, we might almost say the formation, of an Indian Army now occupies the serious attention of Government. One thing is now certain, a large European force must be maintained for the future in India, and all are unanimous in suggesting that the Artillery should be mainly, if not purely, a European arm. The Military Commissioners who, appointed by Lord Derby's Government, issued a valuable if not in all respects a perfectly satisfactory report, recommend that a force should be maintained of about 80,000 in the aggregate, of which 50,000 must be maintained in Bengal, and the remainder equally divided between the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay. In proportion to the rapidity with which we introduce good roads and Railways in India, greater facilities will be afforded us for the movement of troops, and it will then be time enough to consider whether it would not be possible to enlarge and increase the number of our hill cantonments, and to maintain a smaller permanent force than that recommended as at present absolutely requisite for the defence of India.

The Duke of Wellington noticed the striking difference that prevailed between the Armies of Bengal and Madras. The Madras Army he considered in high order, while he declared that there was no army laying claim to the title of *disciplined* which was in such a bad state as that of Bengal. The fact was that the one army was officered by regimental officers, while the Commanders of the other were always absent from their regiments on Staff employ, or posted to corps from which they knew that they could be removed at any moment, and which, however highly disciplined, would not reflect any credit upon themselves. The Duke went so far even as to say that, if it was necessary, the Madras Army would go to Bengal for the purpose of quelling a mutiny for the redress of grievances in the success of which they were more interested than the mutinous army. For our part we do not see why every native regiment should be strictly speaking a mere local force, raised for the purpose of fighting in one particular district, and of refusing perchance to serve in any other, in the hour of danger, while we are greatly opposed to the old plan of reserving either company or regiment solely for men of one particular caste. "In the future re-organisation of the army," says a modern writer, "great care should be taken that no regiment of natives be allowed to remain in their own country." The Sepoys raised in Oude and the Sowars in Rohilcund should be made to keep far North of the Sutlej. The Oude province might be garrisoned by the hill tribes from beyond Peshawur. The police in

Rohileund should be principally Sikh". We would advocate more changing than even this. Madras troops have little in common with the races of the Ganges and Jumna. They might with great policy hold the North Western Provinces, whilst Bombay troops might well supply their place. In this fashion would we dispose our native army. By judicious arrangement, every province and territory throughout India may be held by antagonistic races. And this is a fair illustration of General Jacob's theory that India must be governed by "brains not muscles." The native soldier has but a very faint idea of the extent of our Indian Empire, and of the number of British bayonets by which it is maintained. To open his narrow mind to new ideas, and to prevent him from fraternizing with the populace in another rebellion, let him be moved from station to station as the soldier in the United Kingdom, and be located among tribes with whom he has little in common. We do not see what dependence can be placed upon the native called to do duty only in his own country, who is as well acquainted with the ford of every river and jungle as the jackal; and, accustomed to hill fighting, can contend with us desperately in the mountain defile, and retire to regions to which it would not be worth our while to follow him.

Without guns the native has shown himself unable to withstand us. He has great belief in a battle fought simply by Artillery, and does not like hand to hand conflicts. On the first round of our Artillery the hill men betake themselves to their mountains. The native cavalry regiments have proved that, when doing duty out of their own country, and led by skilful and brave officers as they generally are, they are irresistible; and so long as we possess such splendid Cavalry Corps as the celebrated Sind Horse, we do not think a large force of British Cavalry desirable. The howitzer in the hands of the Naval Brigade was most serviceable during the Mutiny, as also Sharp's American breech-loading carbine (improved by Maynard) which does not require 'capping' and is effective at a range of six hundred yards. The sword with which the 7th Hussars and 2nd Dragoon Guards are furnished, is a most ingenious weapon. It is beautifully balanced, and as the hilt is chiefly composed of gutta percha, it is as light as a feather and can be wielded with the greatest ease. The Military Police Battalions are regarded by the Commissioners as a body fraught with the elements of danger, and they are not desirous that the Military Policeman should receive a very strict Military training, stricter at least than that required for the maintenance of discipline. As the Military Police are simply supplied with a musket some few inches shorter than the old one, which cannot be compared with the

Enfield or the breech-loading rifle, and is calculated to make more noise than mischief, we do not think that this new force will ever prove, if well officered, a source of embarrassment to the Government. All these weapons may be seen at the Arsenal at Calcutta, as well as guns taken at Lucknow, two of which are interesting as having been cast by the Frenchman, General Claude Martin, (then a Major) whose name they both bear.

The Commissioners propose that there shall be always one European regiment for every two native corps in Bengal, and that in the other Presidencies the proportion shall be three to one. We do not intend to enter into the subject of the discontent of our European troops, or to depict that disgraceful and disastrous affair, so prejudicial to the service, in which the 5th Bengal European Regiment figured at Berhampore. In the days of Wellington the credit of an officer would depend upon the state of discipline in his regiment, and he would be held responsible for its allegiance. Every soldier knows that there is a right way and a wrong way of stating grievances in the army, and the men of the 5th Europeans chose the latter. When armed men reason thus, there is an end to all law. "The Company's Europeans," said Sir Charles Napier, "will face any enemy in the world! I have the greatest admiration for them and know them well." Greatly do we regret that troops which won such high encomiums from the conqueror of Sind, and behaved so nobly, when almost for a time unaided, during the late Rebellion, should have proved, for the sake of some few years' service and a few pounds bounty money, so unfaithful at the last. The policy of the Governor General in permitting our European troops to take their discharge may be popular enough in India, but it has cost us an Army, and will give an unfortunate bias to the minds of men in other regiments whose term of service has nearly expired. The worst possible precedent has been established, but it was inevitable. The question now to be decided is how to organise a loyal army. The best Government for India is a mild despotic one. Our Viceroy must be a wise and liberal politician, capable of acting on all great occasions without delay, a man who will make good use of the authority given him by the Crown and people of England without abusing it.

Some few changes might well be introduced at the present moment when we about to re-organise our army. The system pursued by the Medical Department is undoubtedly a faulty one. The most experienced Surgeons hold Staff appointments, and the Regimental Surgeon is often unavoidably located far away from his Regiment, (excepting the sick in a General Hospital.) So small are the powers of the Medical officer even

within the Hospitals, that he is unable to condemn the most deleterious food issued for the use of the sick without applying for a Board of officers according to established routine, and the Board are generally guided by his opinion seeing that not one in ten can define the properties of good and bad, and the difference which exists between black and green tea, or decide whether a potato is merely, "inferior in quality" or "positively injurious and unfit for use." The proceedings of the Board must pass through the hands of a commanding officer and perhaps the office of a Brigadier, before they find their way to the Commissariat Department. If two soda water bottles are missing Red-tape demands that a similar enquiry should be instituted.

When a Regiment has newly arrived in the East or any other quarter of the globe, the Surgeon is supposed, as the officer on joining for the first time his depôt or Regiment, to pick up every thing in five minutes by intuition. He may not have the slightest experience respecting the disorders peculiar to the climate, nor know the peculiar mode of treatment. The lives of hundreds may depend upon the skill of a Medical officer of no Indian experience whatever, who is as likely as not to treat tropical disorders as he would those of a like or somewhat similar type in a temperate climate. A farmer conversant only with the system of farming pursued in Scotland and Switzerland, might as well take a farm in Wiltshire and expect to find it a profitable investment. It is true that "necessity is the mother of invention," but the chances in both these cases are somewhat more in favour of failure than success. We know that a crowded hospital lacks occasionally a Medical officer, and that the officer sometimes dies without medical attendance or advice, but cases such as these may be unavoidable within the tropics, where the epidemic seizes the Surgeon as well as the patient, and the reaper death is often particularly busy. There is a broad field before the Surgeon who has to discover the truth, alone, by unknown paths. One Assistant Surgeon may dose his patients with saline purgation on the first appearance of fever, while another will denounce such practice as only calculated to pave the way for cholera. One Surgeon objects to administer quinine in every period of the disease, while another with greater Indian experience has recourse to it in any stage of fever. One Medical man (tell it not in Gath!) prescribes in severe cases a *secret* medicine known as the *Tinctura Warburgi*,* while another declares his brother professional to be an arrant quack and declares that *Beberine plus a glass of brandy and hot water*, would promote diaphoresis just as well, and may be tried when

* See a paper by Mr. Day on 'Tropical Fevers;' "Indian Annals of Medical Science," January 1859, page 91.

quinine proves unsuccessful. Young army Surgeons on their first arrival in India might, we think, be placed under the more immediate *surveillance* of Medical officers of Indian experience.

We have shown that Barracks on the whole are roomy, but we do not see what is to prevent them from being crammed, especially in the case of those in the Hills. The Barracks provided for the officer are generally superior in every way to those set apart for the private, but we know two instances in which the rule appears to have been reversed, viz. in the case of the Barracks for the officers of the line at Chatham, and the royal Barracks in the Garrison of Fort William. We would draw attention to the latter only. These Barracks were constructed so as to catch neither of the two great prevailing winds blowing from the North and South, and all the sun, for strange to say these were the only Barracks not provided with colonnade and gallery. When fever prevailed greatly this year among the officers, attention was drawn to the matter by the long sick reports which came under the eye of the Brigadier, and the Public Press. Military Sanitary Commissioners were accordingly appointed to inspect and report upon the Barracks. The three great conclusions at which this Commission arrived may not be generally known to our readers. In the first place they reported that the passages in the Royal Barracks, were devoid of any ventilation whatever; in the second, that there was a great lack of cleanliness throughout the building; and in the third place, that the unpleasant and unhealthy effluvia arising in the quarters was to be attributed to the lack of valves in the pipes connected with the underground drains. As a remedy for the first objection it was proposed that the two turret stair-cases on either side of the passages, which lead out upon the roof, should be knocked away, and windows substituted in their stead; and for the latter that valves should be provided. We believe that to secure cleanliness will be impossible until latrines are provided for the native servants who crowd the passages, and they are compelled to have recourse to them. The unpleasant stench of smoke from a hundred hookahs always fills the unventilated passages, and the only mode of curing this nuisance is to hold the officer responsible for the acts of his servants. In the eyes of the native indeed there is a vast difference between the Barrack and a private house, and many object to put off their shoes on entering the quarters of an officer, when they would not fail to pay the customary mark of respect if entering his presence elsewhere.

As regards indoor amusements we have pointed out what has hitherto been done. A Regimental Reading Room and

Library has been combined, furnished with games and newspapers, and pen and ink for distant correspondents. The scheme is so far successful that the Reading Room is filled at night, when the well lit Canteen and the dram bottle prove most attractive. The beer and spirit reports of a regiment, of the average strength of 729 men, are lying before us, extending from the 1st of April to the 30th of June, 1859. During this quarter 41,664 quarts, 1 pint of malt liquor have been actually sold, giving an average of 57 quarts, 1 pint to each man during the quarter; and 486 gallons of spirits, giving an average quantity drunk by each man during the quarter of $28\frac{1}{2}$ drams. The Reading Room fails to a certain extent, inasmuch as it is deserted during the hot and wearisome hours of the day. If it could be made the coolest place in Barracks, and was furnished by Government in a manner suited to the climate, and voluntary classes were formed among the men themselves, this objection would in great measure be obviated. If Indian officers could be persuaded to give lectures to their men, during the winter season, on scientific and entertaining subjects, as British officers at Chatham, Aldershot, and other important military stations in England have for several years been wont to do, and Members of the Reading Room only were given the privilege of free admission, it would tend to add numbers, and thus to diminish in some small degree idleness with its attendant crime, ignorance and ill health. Some regiments in India have established skittle alleys beneath their Barrack rooms, and many might do worse than play at the game of nine pins which renders the Public house in England so attractive, in combination with the newspaper, glass and pipe.

Even in the plains there are many summer evenings when it is not too hot and oppressive to indulge in a game of cricket. Some soldiers on the grass plot before our window are getting their hand in, against the winter season, as we pen these lines. "Cricket," says Maurice, the Principal of the 'Working Man's College,' "is an exercise which develops every part of the body, and makes it ready for any thing; and as an education of the eye is perhaps the best that can be named." We would even go farther than this, and say that nothing can be more inducive to intellectual vigour than boxing, bowls, billiards, wrestling and other sports in the fresh air, of which nobody can get too much. The following Circulars from the Horse Guards, addressed to commanding officers of Regiments and Depots, have recently appeared. They are valuable as showing that the Government has begun at last to see the necessity of introducing physical education into the Army:—

"SIR,—I am directed by His Royal Highness the General Command-

ing-in-Chief to transmit to you the accompanying copy of a letter from the War Office on the subject of the recommendation of the Commissioners for enquiring into the medical and sanitary affairs of the Army, that facilities and encouragements be given for athletic games, &c. among the troops, and that the soldiers should be employed on different kinds of labour ; and I am to desire that you will furnish to the General officer under whom you are serving, for the purpose of being forwarded to the Quartermaster General for the General Commanding-in-Chief's consideration, such suggestions as you may wish to offer for carrying out the measure in the battalion under your command, and also to transmit through the same channel your requisition for the necessary apparatus, &c. and for the hire of a cricket ground if the same cannot be obtained on Government property.

W. F. FORSTER, *Deputy Adjutant General.*"

"SIR,—The Commissioners in their report on the Medical and Sanitary affairs of the Army, having recommended that facilities and encouragement be given for all athletic games such as fives, cricket, quoits and single-stick, for gymnastic exercises, and that the men be employed on different kinds of labour when possible, I have the honour to acquaint you, for the information of His Royal Highness the General Commanding-in-Chief, that Secretary Major-General Peel concurs with the Commissioners on the point, and will be ready to consider applications from Regiments for the supply of the necessary apparatus and for the hire of cricket grounds, &c.

B. HAWES."

Many an old officer will tell you that it is impossible to persuade the soldier to do anything reasonable when parades and drills are over, but that he will make himself smart, take his cane, walk down town, and smoke his short clay pipe with his comrade in some pot-house, over his beer, indulging the while in not the most intellectual conversation in the world. This is not the experience of the more sanguine officer of the present day. The soldier is as fond of society and amusement as other gregarious animals by whom this world is peopled, and he frequents the Public House, in many instances, because it is the only place where entertainment and society are provided for him, adapted to his tastes. To reduce the temptations to which the soldier is from his position peculiarly exposed, the employment of "pleasant preventives both of a moral and physical kind" has of late years repeatedly been urged. Efforts must be made to keep him well and out of hospital. Idleness engenders vice, and vice brings in its train disease, which is followed by greater debility in a tropical than a temperate clime, if it does not prove fatal. Officers have shown of late years that they take an interest not only in the Reading Room but in the Private Amateur Theatricals got up among their men, and many not only subscribe for season tickets, but contribute articles of dress. The Theatre is now almost as necessary an adjunct to camp and barracks as it is in France. Tragedy and melodrama in the hands of the Military Amateur excite perhaps more laughter than broad comedy, and after a sul-

try suffocating day it does one good to laugh away sadness and ill humour, and prolongs one's life, for high spirits and a lively imagination exercise greater influence than most persons imagine over the human frame.

Above all things we would urge upon our rulers the necessity of attending to the profound maxims of Wellington contained in his Indian Despatches, while organising an army which has been for a long period most shamefully neglected, and introducing measures for its preservation from its greatest foe. India under British rule is free, and the day dawning when the telegraphic wire may enable the War Office and Horse Guards to communicate daily with Calcutta, or with Simla. Whether it is ultimately determined that the Indian Army shall be a local force or one for general service, matters in our opinion very little, so long as it is an army loyal to the Queen, and never actuated by those mere mercenary feelings which have more than once led to serious discontent, and open mutiny. Our possession now entails a great responsibility, and we must provide carefully against dangers from within, which have always been more imminent than dangers from without. Mercy must be linked with justice. Under a better administration we may be enabled to sheath the sword of conquest, binding around our brow the bright olive branch of peace; and India may yet become the most civilized, peaceful, contented, and glorious dependency of the British Crown.

ART. VI.—1. *Copy of a Minute* by the MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF DALHOUSIE, dated February 28, 1856, reviewing his Administration from January 1848 to March 1856.

2. *Papers relating to Oude.*
3. *Papers relating to the Mutinies.*
4. "*The Times*" Newspaper.
5. "*The Saturday Review*."
6. "*The Friend of India*."
7. *Statistical Papers. India House. April 1853.*

IN a former paper, published nearly six years ago, we attempted to give a sketch of six of the eight years during which the Marquis of Dalhousie administered the affairs of the British Empire in India. We then left him almost in the zenith of his success and fame. The Burmese war had then been happily terminated. Our relations with the Nizam had been just placed on an improved footing by the cession of what are known as the Assigned Districts. Reports came yearly from the Punjab filled with nothing but the triumphs of civilisation, extended agriculture, reviving commerce, works of irrigation in progress, lines of roads laid down, lawlessness discountenanced, and its place not yet supplied by corruption and fraud. The Commissions which had sat so long on the reorganization of the Post office, of the Commissariat, and of the Department of Public Works, had consummated their labours by practical results. The whole Empire was being rapidly encircled by the arms of the Electric Telegraph. The barriers were about to be removed which still kept the waters of the Ganges within its natural bed. By many enactments of solid, permanent, and wide utility, the condition of the Judicial Courts, the efficiency of divers departments, and the convenience of all classes, had been either amended or secured. The Sontals had not broken out into rebellion, nor had matters assumed a grave aspect in Oude. Everything, everywhere, presented that appearance of peace, prosperity, and progress, which formed the subject of Lord Dalhousie's parting hope and prayer.

Nor was the lustre of this fair picture at all dimmed by the events of 1854 and 1855. The Sontal rebellion was of too local a character to shake, in any measure, the general prosperity of the empire. The territory of Nagpore lapsed without a shot being fired. The measures of internal administration were still pursued with the same vigour. And the last crowning act of Lord Dalhousie's Government, the annexation of the Province of Oude, was effected with tranquillity, after the fullest discussion,

and with the entire support and approval of the Ministry at Home. "All well in Oude," was almost the first announcement that greeted Lord Canning.

There are few who will forget the last few weeks and days of the administration of Lord Dalhousie, or the departure of the statesman himself for Europe in March 1856. With none of those close personal intimacies which from his position, service, and character, had been formed by Lord Metcalfe, with nothing of the rather noisy joviality of Lord Ellenborough, or of the military frankness of Lord Hardinge, his long and successful career had won for Lord Dalhousie a political popularity to which it is given to but few public men anywhere to attain. The confidence felt in his firmness, his penetration, his decision, his capacity for command, his power of grappling with tough and intricate problems, was openly expressed by men of all classes and pursuits. The services knew his freedom from jobbery: the mercantile classes admired the talent which he brought to bear on "the greatest improvement which man's invention has yet applied to the means of movement and carriage by land:" an ovation speedily swelled to a triumph: and the tribute of praise was even added by that holy band of men, whose lives and energies are devoted to the highest interests of the native population, and who, on this occasion, might gracefully mingle in politics without evincing the least trace of the passions which they excite.

No Governor General, within the memory of man, had quitted India with such universal, such avowed, such unqualified tokens of the public good will. Only natives could recall the splendid career of the "glorious little man" under whom Metcalfe, at twenty-one, was rocked and nursed into a statesman. The fascination, the grace of the Marquis of Hastings, and the affection with which, as Governor General and as Commander-in-Chief, he had inspired the army, dwelt in the memory only of a few elderly civilians, or mouldering Generals in command of divisions. Lord William Bentinck was personally and politically unpopular with the civil service. Lord Auckland closed his career in difficulties and darkness. Lord Ellenborough had received the severest blow ever given by such masters to their servant. Cordial expressions of good will attended Lord Hardinge to the river side, but nothing like the burst of feeling which, breaking through the trammels of office, and the rigidity of conventionalism, sounded along the banks of the Hooghly on the departure of the Governor, who, though sick and wearied with labour, had borne him so bravely to the last. Few things, indeed, became him more in office than the leaving of it, and his arrival at home was the signal for an echo to the acclamations wafted from the far east.

We need scarcely remind the most casual reader, the most careless thinker, of the different pictures presented by the India of 1856 and the India of 1859. Those three years have seen a mighty corporation extinguished, one army melt away, a national debt frightfully increased, theories overthrown, reputations assailed, and policies which had been long ratified, unequivocally condemned. Of course, when the mutiny burst forth in the army and was followed by disaffection, anarchy, and bloodshed amongst the people, it was hardly to be expected that Lord Dalhousie should escape attacks. The public in England and in India looked for a victim, and who so fit for the occasion as the statesman whom India had dismissed from her shores, and England had received, with one unmixed shout of acclamation and applause? He had overlooked, men said, the cloud which, even in his time, was overspreading the horizon. He had augmented the growing disaffection of the native troops. Even his material measures of civilisation and progress had offended prejudice, excited apprehension, aroused hostility. His legislative enactments had needlessly shocked those tender feelings which the most cautious and the wisest of Indian statesmen had endeavoured to conciliate. Above all, his determined policy of annexation, pursued at all hazards and embracing all parts of the empire, had spread everywhere a sense of insecurity amongst princes and people, had taught the natives to feel themselves a conquered race, had converted our rule from a light burden into a galling yoke, had compounded together and brought to a head those feelings of irritation which needed only one spark for a tremendous explosion, and had shaken and endangered the stability of our Government and the old belief in our sense of truth and right.

Verily the contrast suggested by the above reflections is a mournful sight. It is one from which the preacher would derive materials for a homily, and the man of letters the pith and substance of a whole chapter of remarks. The ancient moralist, the first and most truth-loving of historians would, we think, have added one more to his long list of illustrations of the dangers of too much prosperity, and have bid all Indian Satraps remember the destruction of Sardis and the ring of Polycrates. Call no man happy until you see his end, is a maxim on which the Christian may ponder as the Greek did of old, but it is not with any intention of inflicting a sermon or a satire on our readers that we have taken up the pen. Nor is it again with the sole desire of vindicating the reputation of a vigorous statesman when assailed. We conceive that the present state of things demands the exercise of a higher duty. The policy of Lord Dalhousie, though subject to partial animadversion even

when he held the reins of power, did, on the whole, command the suffrages of the public and of the press. It was ratified and endorsed by the Directors of the Company and by the Ministers of the Crown. It has become identified with the policy of the British nation in the East. Though moulded by one guiding hand and bearing the impress of one determined will, it is as the system which elicited almost universal assent, that we now desire to review it. Indeed, the British nation and public may well be aroused to a sense of their responsibilities and may ask themselves whether the national conscience can acquit itself of blame. A dozen different questions are suggested by the very aspect of a subject so important and so vast. Have we paid too much or too little regard to the social feelings of Hindu and Mahomedan? Are the natives so constituted that we had better, for our own sakes as well as theirs, leave them to the dead level of their decayed civilisation? Will education only generate disaffection or perpetuate intolerance? Is the main use of the Telegraph to give notice of outbreaks in distant corners of the Empire, and is the chief employment of railway vans to be the conveyance of European soldiers with rapidity to a new scene of action? Had we better contract our borders, disgorge our plunder, and dismember our Empire? Was the civilisation of the Punjab a cardinal blunder, and the annexation of Oude a national crime?

To all these questions a whole volume of essays might be written by way of reply. In the hope of throwing light on one or two of them, we shall commence with a review of the several additions which Lord Dalhousie made to the British Empire. "Our policy of annexation" has been pointed out by the press and by members of the House of Commons as one grand cause of the mutiny, and it is undeniably patent, on the very face of matters, that after four great provinces had been annexed between 1848 and 1856, the mutiny followed in the year 1857. But, as was observed long ago by the *Times*, each annexation arose out of different causes, was based on special reasons, and was, as regards any other, unconnected in the actual event. We must suppose all our readers to be tolerably familiar with the main events which led to the second Sikh war, the campaign in Burmah, and the occupation of Lucknow in February 1856. What we now claim particular attention for, is the part which each annexation played in the drama of the mutiny, the alarm which it caused in our Councils, the forces which it withdrew from other quarters where they were needed, or the aid and support which it contributed to the restoration of peace. When these points are impartially weighed and sifted in each case, a verdict may then be pronounced on each act of aggrandisement,

as one of dark criminality which brought its own punishment, or of politic consolidation which did yeoman's service in good time.

We commence with the Punjab as first in date and in importance. No Englishman in India need now be reminded that in the campaign of 1848-49 for the second time we were arrayed against the *whole Sikh nation*. By no act of our own, after the limits of forbearance had been stretched to their utmost, after prayers for peace and predictions of tranquillity, we found it imperative to conquer the Khalsa army, to drive out the Afghan invader, to annihilate the Regency and the Durbar, and to take and govern the whole country. How we succeeded, has been chronicled in this *Review* and in other publications, and need not now be told. How the Punjab behaved in 1857: how, cut off from friends and with a hostile frontier to watch, the soldier-civilian never bated a jot of hope or confidence, but called into existence the arms of the newly annexed province to redress the balance of things and to reconquer the old: at what self-sacrifice, by what unparalleled exertions, and with what consummate foresight, mutineers were disarmed, chiefs conciliated, loans raised, and the kingdom denuded of troops in order to secure the one object of paramount importance, the recapture of Delhi—is a tale familiar to every British ear. In the presence of facts so patent and of a triumph so conspicuous, we would ask any person, not a fit subject for a lunatic asylum, whether the annexation of the Punjab could, by the most strained inference, by the remotest contingency, have had any evil effect on the mutiny? Was not that country, on the other hand, the beacon of our hope, and the rallying point of our affections? Was it not owing to the compact, complete, and thorough-going administration introduced in the eight years previous, that we found the population friendly, the remnant of the Khalsa faithful, and the whole resources of the province, the stores of its magazines, as well as the tried ability of its best servants, available for an enterprise which might have seemed desperate except to men who knew not the word despair? A little reflection will surely convince all readers and writers that, as regards the Punjab, it is an absurdity to deny annexation in one breath, and with another, to sound the praises of the band of heroes who held the country from Peshawur to the Sutlej.

No impartial person, whatever may be his opinion of non-regulation justice, as it is termed, will grudge Sir John Lawrence and his subordinates one atom of the favour which they received at the hands of a discerning Public and a grateful Ministry. But we believe that there is not one of those honoured officials who would not be ready to acknowledge that it is to the states-

man, whose acts we are reviewing, that so much of their signal success is due. From the first, Lord Dalhousie had made the Punjab his peculiar care. The details of its manifold administration had been arranged under his own eye, and the principal agents had been selected by himself. That abuses were not transplanted from our older provinces to take root silently and grow up with the system, that the latest improvements of theory and principle were instantaneously adopted, that the population was disarmed, that extensive public works were planned and commenced, that the executive, unimpeded by twaddling philanthropy, was permitted to mete out sharp and summary justice to crime, that a sway, at once conciliatory and vigorous, was enabled to ensure cheerful obedience, not to say active support and affection, was mainly owing to the Governor General. It was even said at one time that too much nursing was given to the bantling, and that the older children of the family were treated with neglect. But, though any such reproach was speedily forgotten in the deep and prolonged attention afterwards bestowed on the diversified interests of the empire, that very reproach may be taken as illustrative of our main argument that the strength of the Punjab derived its origin from Lord Dalhousie. He founded the polity. He chose the instruments; and he gave Sir John Lawrence the most earnest, unbroken, and valuable support. We submit that, whenever our annexations are dwelt on as one main cause of the Indian mutiny, the annexation of the Punjab should not only be struck out of the balance, but should be carried to credit on the opposite side. We think that none but the most uncandid and unfair critics would dispute such a proposition.

We come now to the second great acquisition, the province of Pegu. Here, again, the origin of the second Burmese war is familiar to every one. There was, it must be admitted, by all save Mr. Cobden, a fair *casus belli*. The insults and annoyances of years had at length culminated in a most unjustifiable attack on the person and property of a British merchant. The conduct of the Rangoon Governor and of the Court of Ava did justify the British Government in demanding reparation, and failing an amicable adjustment, in seeking reparation by force of arms. But we belong to a small knot of men who think that the second Burmese war might have been avoided by a different course of action, equally consistent with our position and our honour. In eighteen years the relative forces of the two Governments had undergone alteration. The British Empire, by the reduction in the strength of Gwalior and by the annihilation of the Sikh army, commanded the Peninsula. The belief in the prowess of the Burman soldier, which in 1824 had alarmed the Calcutta

bazaars, had succeeded to a more correct appreciation of their powers both for attack and defence. Isolated by position, as well as by religious and social feelings, from the Indian territories, it became really a question whether, under altered circumstances, we might not afford to despise the insults and the arrogance of the king of all the white elephants. But whatever means we might have taken to obtain satisfaction, we are quite convinced that the deputation of a gallant Commodore, who had every motive to bring on and not to avoid a quarrel, was not the best way of going to work. Trunnion, with Pipes and Hatchway, sharpening their cutlasses and looking to their marlinspikes, was not the fittest person in the world to carry on a delicate negotiation with the Court, in all Asia, the most sensitive, the most arrogant, and the most outrageously jealous on all points of etiquette. We believe that had the officer, whose tact, knowledge of Burmese manners, and conciliatory spirit now shine out conspicuously in the administration of Pegu, been sent to expostulate and to ask for satisfaction, there might have been no second Burmese war. Unquestionably there would have been no forcible abduction of the King's ship, an act which hurried on the war and which was not justified by the position in which matters then stood. That, even under Major Phayre's able conduct, there would have been a good deal of delay and tongue-fence, is very probable, but we should have done our best to avert a collision, and the Fox and the Indian Navy need only have been summoned for a bombardment as the last resource of the baffled negotiator. But our present case is with the ultimate effects of the conquest and annexation of Pegu. We remember that, by those few who were averse to extension of territory on the sea-board, the strongest argument employed was, the complete isolation of Ava and Pegu. The King, it was said, gave no support to intrigues in the Lushkur of Gwalior, to conspiracies in the Deccan, to rebellion on the frontiers of the Punjab. His subjects were aliens in speech, in usages, in religious observance, from Mahomedan or Hindoo. His power of aggression was contemptible. His intercourse with us, except by a little trade to the Coromandel Coast and the Port of Calcutta, was limited. The war excited scarce an enquiry in any Native Durbar throughout the country. If the subject was ever discussed, it was merely said that the Sirkar Bahadur had found necessary to send some ships and a few regiments to chastise the presumption of some outer Barbarians who lived in dense bamboo jungles and dismal swamps, somewhere to the east and south of Chittagong.

We believe that there was a good deal of truth in the above allegations, but with this concession, the whole argument on

the evil effects of annexation as illustrated by Pegu, falls at once to the ground. Lawyers tell us that contrary allegations are not to be listened to, and it would be equally correct to say that the same arguments, and the same allegations, are not to be employed, to suit entirely different and contrary views in the same prosecution. If the Court of Ava holds no communion with Lucknow, with Hyderabad, and with Central India: if Pegu and Burmah are girdled by mountains, barred by religion, alienated by speech, from sympathy with the people of continental India: if the War of 1852 excited no murmur of suspicion, no movement of unrest, in the camp or in the bazaar: if, unheeded by prince, people, or priest, another fertile province was added to our dominions—it then follows by parity of reasoning, and by inferences not only fair but irresistible, that not one tittle of the blame of the mutiny can be laid at the door of the Burmese Campaign. If the people of India cared not one straw whether our troops sacked Rangoon and blew up the great Pagoda, neither was the ruler of Ava likely to wish good-speed to the 2nd Cavalry or to the Bareilly Brigade. As was the campaign along the Irrawaddy to the Choubes and Dhobes of our military stations, so was the mutiny of 1857 to the distant Burmese. The same amount of feeling was by them exhibited, as would be exhibited in England by any respectable householder who should read in the *Times* one morning that one-half of Socotra had been swallowed up by the sea.

Such is our opinion of the results of the annexation of the second large province. But the measure deserves consideration in one or two other points of view. The possession of the valley of the Irrawaddy fills up a gap which lay temptingly open between Arracan and Tenasserim, to any European power. Our seaboard line on both sides of the Bay of Bengal, is now continuous and secure. A new city, laid out with every regard to municipal conservancy and to public convenience, is there, rising into importance, and promises to become an emporium of trade. The Court of Ava, though not committed to any formal and written alliance, is united to us by the friendliness arising out of reciprocal embassies. And the revenue of the new province has even surpassed, in a few years time, the amount which the most sanguine advocates of annexation had ventured to calculate on at the time of conquest. The earliest reinforcements of British Troops came from Rangoon in our hour of peril. The Native Regiments, cantoned there, were preserved from mutiny by the mere force of their situation in a strange country and amongst a people with whom they had little in common. We do not believe that, during the worst part of the disturbances, the condition and safety of the province ever cost our rulers a day's

anxiety; and the name of the sovereign of Ava figures conspicuously amongst the long list of those who contributed to the relief of the sufferers in the East. For the second time, we say with all confidence, that another province must be struck out of the articles of charge on the head of annexation, brought against the policy of the late Viceroy to which he committed the British nation.

We now take up the case of Nagpore. This House was invested with none of that dignity which is derived from past splendour, eventful history, and ancient and honourable descent. The great Mahratta powers were not two centuries old, and the kingdom of Nagpore was not even the first or oldest of the great Mahratta powers. Twice had its ruler waged war with us: once had the province been administered by an Indian statesman whose name is still held in reverence there after more than half a century by the inhabitants of all ranks; once subsequently had it lain at our absolute disposal; and though this fact would not be sufficient to maintain a bill of attainder perpetually hanging over the head of the Rajah to be let fall at any suitable moment, yet it would be good reason why the experiment of a native dynasty should not be repeated. *in a large empire*, on the occurrence of a suitable opportunity for effecting other arrangements. Such an opportunity occurred in 1854. After nearly forty years of a rule marked, it is true, by none of those atrocities which are familiar to the readers of Oude Blue Books, but at the same time not characterized by any remarkable degree of vigour and progress, the Rajah died. Repeatedly pressed to signify his wishes on the subject of adoption by a Resident of avowed partiality to native dynasties, he had left no directions at all. There was not a Mahratta to be found with the faintest claim to the succession as heir-at-law. The Resident, it is true, did his utmost to embarrass, and annoy the Government by submitting chimerical proposals for the establishment of a native Government, which proved nothing except the queerness and wrongheadedness of the proposer. It became a simple matter for consideration whether the British Government should search for some Mahratta possessed of rather less than the average vices of his countrymen, and seat him on a strange throne by the aid of British influence. The Government, as we think, wisely, determined on incorporating the province with its own territories, on failure of heirs, and none but those who argue that, at all hazards, native dynasties are to be maintained as more popular, more progressive, more just and more vigorous, than the administration of either Crown or Company, can question the policy, not to say the equity, of the above decision.

Then, as to the part which Nagpore played in the mutiny.

There is no doubt that from the extent and isolation of the province it was admirably suited for the machinations of the disaffected. We had no troops to spare, and no means of transporting them to Berar with celerity, if we had. Some of the old soldiers of the native army had been taken into our pay at annexation, and the flame of revolt, if once lit up in the cantonments of Kamptee, might have spread to Hyderabad on the one side and to the Presidency of Bombay on the other. But the annals of the rebellion in Nagpore are *almost* a blank. The Commissioner and his subordinates on the watch to detect intrigues: anxiety in the cantonments: a score of troopers arrested for seditious language: a Rissaldar or two hung for the encouragement of others: some six pounders "moved up:" communication by Telegraph or other means maintained with difficulty at critical periods, these are the main incidents which characterised the history of a kingdom not four years incorporated with our dominions, at a time when our fairest and oldest provinces were convulsed with anarchy, and our most populous cities were streaming with blood. The Commissioner, though confessedly a most dilatory workman where the interests of salt consumers were concerned, and not the person who should be selected to draw up an elaborate and lucid report, which should afford "material for the deepest reflection," proved himself well-fitted to deal with an emergency, requiring men to act and think, before they wrote at all. Not that any amount of tact, conciliation, or firmness, would have availed, had the elements of combustion been ready to explode. Our argument is that the kingdom of Nagpore, annexed without the firing of a shot, was preserved to us with only a moderate demonstration of strength, while a storm of shot and shell, and the presence of armies, was required either to maintain order or to recover lost ground elsewhere. Allowing all credit to Mr. Plowden and his subordinates for the resolute and calm bearing which he maintained in 1857, we submit that the annexation policy had no more effect in disorganizing native society in Nagpore than it would have, if that country had been left under its old rule. "All is quiet in Nagpore," the Blue Books constantly tell us. Nagpore annexed does not mutiny or rebel. Indore and Gwalior, left untouched, are enveloped in the general conflagration. Again, for the third time, we put it to the candid judgment of our readers, whether Nagpore should not be eliminated from the lectures on the evil effects of territorial aggrandisement and unscrupulous aggression.

We now come to the fourth and last kingdom which Lord Delhousie incorporated with the British Dominions, the Kingdom of Oude; and we strongly suspect that if general and vague accusations could be divested of their haziness, and re-

duced to something tangible, we should find that Oude and Lucknow constituted the gravamen of the charge against the unrighteous policy, as it is termed. The King of Oude had previously never intrigued against us, had lent us money, had been our faithful and firm ally. From the provinces under his sceptre were drawn the soldiers of our army whom, a few years ago, the boldest writer would hardly have suspected of wholesale treachery. The title of King had been created by our own act, and had been recognized in various Treaties, which nothing short of the grossest breach of faith on the King's part should be permitted to annihilate. It was almost the last great independent Native State in India, and, as such, its extinction magnified everywhere the native idea that existed as to the lust of our ambition and the unyielding tenacity of our grasp. We believe that the popular notion with respect to the British policy takes some one of the above shapes, and that it would, if analysed, be found to have reference almost entirely to the Kingdom of Oude. That the annexation of Oude is a widely different subject from the annexation of the Punjab, or from the conquest of Pegu, is unquestionable, but as Lord Dalhousie had given three other splendid Provinces to the British Crown, it is always convenient, and rarely unsafe, to throw in a few other instances of the same line of conduct, when making an attack on one particular action. Just in this way does an unpaid Magistrate in England, when administering and punishing Hodge for setting snares for pheasants or for gathering sticks in forbidden woods, season his strictures with allusions to two or three like cases, in which, however, enquiry would have shewn that the said Hodge had been declared entirely free from blame. But as annexations took place, and the mutinies *did* follow, it is perhaps hardly matter for wonder that the general opinion should take the shape which it did.

The occupation of Lucknow in 1856 and the immediate introduction of our civil agency everywhere, were so amply discussed at the time and since, that we have no intention of dragging our readers once more through the Oude Blue Books. All that we shall do is to draw attention to two or three salient points in the controversy. The unhappy similarity in the annals of the Province for more than fifty years is notorious and undefended. No rhetoric could exaggerate the evil effects of that miserable semblance of a Government. The exactions, the tortures, the robberies and murders in open day, the shameless corruption with which the lives and properties of thousands were handed over to the highest bidder, the decaying agriculture, the reappearing forest, the plains repeopled with wild beasts, the venality of the parasites, the imbecility of the

monarch, the absence of vigour in any one department but that of the thumbscrew, the inveteracy of the disease, and the entire hopelessness of amendment, all this has been fully and lucidly given to the world, not in the pamphlet of the hired advocate, or in the leaders of the partial Editor, but in the tours and Diaries of the well known writer and Resident, who, of all others, exhibited the greatest tenderness towards Native States. A page from one of the Lucknow Diaries reads like a passage from the second Philippic dexterously united to Burke's celebrated description of the atrocities of Devi Sing in Purneah and Dinagepore. But it was nothing less, as our Indian readers know, than the simple, unadorned, and naked statement of facts which had been of daily occurrence in the length and breadth of the Province for fifty years, and which would have happened to this hour, but for British intervention. The few men, who still hold the opinion that remonstrances might have proved effectual, or that the condition of Oude was not much worse than Hooghly before the appointment of the Dacoity Commission, may be left, in the first case, as Mr. J. P. Grant wrote, to "the hopeless task of rearing heart of oak in a dark cellar," or, in the latter case, to the labour, almost as hopeless, of defending Charles the First from the charge of faithlessness, or Lord Macaulay from the charge of blundering about William Penn.

But the terrible evils of the Oude Dynasty being admitted by all reasonable and candid individuals, in fact, by the majority of Englishmen, there still remain several points in the Oude affair which cannot be passed over in silence. The two chief questions which suggest themselves are, what was the force of the Treaty of 1801, and what effect had the omission to make known to the King the cancelment of the Treaty of 1837? Now, in the Treaty of 1801, drawn up by the orders of Lord Wellesley, it was clearly the intention of all parties that the better and purer administration of the kingdom was to be carried into effect by the *officers of the Nawab Vizier*. Khans and Dayals, Amirs and Sings, were to be the agents in the work of progress, and not Commissioners, Deputy and Assistant Commissioners, and the like. It is, of course, argued on this, that even in the event of a better system becoming imperative, we had no right to introduce it by our own civil and military servants. But a full, complete, and sufficient answer to the above argument is found in this, that by reckless mal-administration, and dogged recusancy, the king had violated that important stipulation of the Treaty for more than half a century; and the Treaty was virtually at an end. The case may be argued on the principles of the commonest contract between landlord and tenant, be-

tween neighbour and neighbour, between bailor and bailee. With abundance of time, with reiterated remonstrances, after entreaties, warnings, threats, after every inducement had been held out by Resident after Resident in order to the fulfilment of this very article of the Treaty of 1801, the king had violated, trampled on, and thrown aside this very article. It was as binding on him as the cession of the provinces to be ceded by the Nawab Vizier, *i. e.* the greater part of the Doab: only, from its very nature, from the flexible terms of language, and from the want of something distinct and tangible, it was just the article that could be ingeniously eluded. Whoever may be dissatisfied with our reasoning on this point, should turn to the reasoning of the present Chief Justice of Bengal at page 228 of the Oude Blue Book. The subject is there argued in the very essence of pure law. It is often urged against kings and conquerors that they cloke questionable actions by the term of public policy, and give sounding names to things which, between individuals, would be denounced as fraud or robbery. But here the case is completely reversed. The Treaty of 1801 may be examined and interpreted under the strictest precedents of the law of contract, and had the matter at issue been one between two individuals, between Richard Colley Wellesley, commonly called Lord Wellesley, his heirs and executors on the one hand, and Saadat Ali Khan, a Mahomedan gentleman, on the other, then might the plaintiff have long ago taken his adversary into either side of Westminster Hall, and have sued him, at his pleasure, for a specific performance, or for a breach of contract.

The second point worth notice, is, the existence of a Treaty concluded in 1837. By this Treaty it was stipulated that should "gross and systematic oppression, anarchy and misrule" continue to prevail so as seriously to endanger the public tranquillity, the British Government reserved to itself, "the right of appointing its own officers to the management" of any part of the Oude Territory, great or small, wherever the misrule alluded to might have occurred; but with the further stipulation that the surplus receipts, after all the charges of administration had been defrayed, should be paid to the King's Treasury, and a faithful account be rendered to His Majesty of the receipts and expenditure of the assumed Territories. Here, it is contended, in this last Treaty made with the king of Oude, is a stipulation widely different from the result of the discussions of 1856. The Territories are not assumed in part, but the whole province has been annexed and made a part of the Empire. The surplus receipts are in no way accounted for, but are swept into the General Treasury, and figure in the balance sheet of the Imperial Revenue. The position of the British Government is

rendered still more embarrassing by the fact that though the Treaty of 1837 was cancelled by the Home Government, a communication to this effect was never made to the King of Oude, and the Treaty itself was published in a book printed under the sanction of the Government of India in 1845, and purporting to be a collection of the Treaties in force with Native Powers. All that the King of Oude, it seems, was told in the following year of 1838, was, that certain Provisions regarding an increased military force to be paid for by the State of Oude, had not met with approval, and he was left to imagine that the remainder of the Treaty was still binding.

But, in reply to any pleas raised by the partisans of the Royal family on the above omission to notify the abrogation of the Treaty, it may be argued that the king from the partial intimation made to him regarding the military force, must have been fully aware that the final ratification of the whole rested with the Home authorities. Their approval or disapproval is absolutely essential to the finality of any such treaty, made in the time of peace, and the Treaty of 1837 has never had practical or real existence. No detriment has been inflicted on the king in consequence of the omission above admitted. Nearly twenty additional years passed without creating the faintest suspicion that a single one of the thousand intolerable evils of the administration had been remedied, or that any partial measure such as the Treaty of 1837 had contemplated, would suffice to cure the obstinacy of the disease. The Treaty when published, bore, if we mistake not, a foot note to the effect that it was not considered in force by the British Home Government. No stress appears to have been laid on that omission by either Minister, Queen Mother, or King in any of the well known interviews held with the Resident previous to the ultimatum of 1856. And, even the partisans of the king will hardly venture to contend now that such a qualified and partial measure would have been viewed by him with any greater favour than the complete and unconditional transfer of his dominions or Revenues to the Crown. The pension too, which was offered to him, and the terms of cession, were, in themselves, princely.

In truth, of all the great political measures taken by Lord Dalhousie, not one was taken with greater deliberation, was made the subject of such ample reference to England, united in approval men of more varied experience and opinions, or was effected at so slight a cost. By the statesman himself it was undertaken under a sense of the duty which could no longer be delayed nor evaded. It entailed on a man weighed down by eight years of incessant labour, a heavy burden at the close of his administration. It was sure to become a mark for the shafts

of hostile criticism at Home. Had India remained at peace, as then seemed not unlikely, and had the civilization of Oude taken rank amongst civil triumphs with the civilization of the Punjab, the fruit of the measure would have been reaped only by the next Viceroy. It is, moreover, almost amusing, in the vigour of that proconsulship, to find that some of the measures proposed by the members of Council are spoken of as more peremptory than those of the Governor General himself. The just Indian Councillor, the acute English lawyer, the generous soldier, all concurred in deeming the strongest remedies imperative. The feeling was participated in by those on the spot and by those at a distance: by the men who learned the condition of Oude through the cold medium of books, and by those who saw, with their own eyes, the wasted harvests, the scanty population, and the ruined homes. It was, we say again, the pen of Col. Sleeman, the avowed supporter of native administrations, that portrayed the desolation of the kingdom in colours which none have the hardihood to term exaggerated. It was the chivalrous Outram on whom was forced the conviction that the State of Oude no longer retained any principle of vitality. The Royal city, the royal provinces, had, of themselves, nursed and sent forth the pinion which impelled the steel. Years of anxious expectation had passed without amendment. Days and nights of painful enquiry led all the enquirers to the same goal. To the conquest of the Punjab, Lord Dalhousie's own act and deed, the Home Government accorded a formal and languid acquiescence. The occupation of Pegu followed after the storming of Rangoon, as a natural consequence, and almost extorted consent. The lapse of Nagpore was a part of Lord Dalhousie's avowed policy, which neglected no lawful means of extending and consolidating the Empire. But the annexation of Oude, though we believe Lord Dalhousie to be the very last man who would wish to evade the responsibility of advocating and bringing forward the proposal, was a measure at which the Home authorities had ample time to pause, if they had chosen it. But the door of subterfuges and broken vows was at last closed. The fourth and final annexation commanded the approval of every Indian official of eminence, and carried with it the majority of the press; and before one single soldier had stirred from Cawnpore, the virtual dethronement of the sovereign had been consented to by the oldest and most experienced Directors in Leadenhall Street, and by the Cabinet, of which the present Governor General was a member.

The annexation of Oude is an act which, we firmly believe, will stand the severest scrutiny of History. It rests on the complete annihilation of a Treaty which one party had observed

with fidelity for half a century, and which the other had flagrantly for the same period set at nought. We really wonder why, under a rare bit of special pleading, an issue is not advanced in favour of the Oude family to the effect that the British Government, having neglected to avail itself of its rights during a period of more than twenty years, is out of Court by the mere efflux of time and by the English statute of limitations. We repeat that we should not be afraid of the result were the cause of Oude to be argued by the first counsellors in the world, before the most eminent Judges in any English Court guided by justice and law. It would be the cause of solemn obligations, imperative duty, moral and legal necessities, against rapacity and cruelty, abnegation of the functions of Government, violated Treaties and forgotten vows. But Englishmen, with all their good sense and patriotism, are strangely illogical in the expression of their sympathies, and wonderfully given to run down the public servants by whom their name and nation have been illustrated or upheld; nor, whenever the cause of the Oude family is agitated, do we despair of finding men ready to shed a few tears at the extinction of a dynasty which had the singular ill-luck of exhibiting to the world a union of those vices which eastern despotism sometimes keeps apart, and which, licentious in the Palace, degraded in the capital, and defied in the provinces, had yet managed to incur the double odium of imbecility and of harshness, and had linked the debaucheries of Tiberius to the spoliations of Verres.

Still, with all this, there is no denying that the annexation of Oude must have been largely canvassed in native society, in the camp, court, and bazaar. Amongst the soldiery, especially, it is impossible that it should not have been a frequent and familiar topic of conversation. We are told, too, that the position of the sepoy, was much altered by the introduction of our rule, and that he felt himself aggrieved by the loss of those privileges to which, in the days of Residents, he had been entitled to look. But if we rightly apprehend the facts on which these arguments are based, it was the custom of many Oude cultivators to send one member of their family to serve in the army, in order that he might be able to claim the interposition of the Resident for his paternal acres: and thus, while other unfortunate agriculturists were exposed to rapine and torture, the sepoy alone remained raised above the common equality of degradation and wretchedness. With our system, that knows few distinctions and obliterates class privileges, the above ceased. Not that the sepoy was really stripped of any advantages, but we are given to understand that he felt the influence of the Lucretian maxim, and no longer enjoyed the sweets of seeing others labouring in the trough of

the sea, he himself being safe and sound on dry land. What then really happened was, that the ryot was dragged on shore out of the surf, to the rock of safety on which the sepoy had been standing alone. There was no more of the trampling of hostile cavalry, and of the goading into rebellion; and in the newly established Kutcherry, before a young man of five and twenty or thirty years of age who favoured no person and was accessible to every one, unbought and impartial justice began to be meted out. It is quite possible that there may be something in the unbending rigidity of our system not pleasing to the oriental mind, which loves a rule of contrasts and privileges, and in the first settlement of Oude there may have been acts of hasty commission, and harsh omissions; but we have yet to learn that it would be the duty of any statesman not to grant relief to the mass of the population, because a certain class were thereby deprived of a special and questionable immunity; still less can we acquiesce in the doctrine which however has been gravely put forth by several authorities, that it is convenient to maintain native states as places into which all the bad characters of our own provinces can be conveniently let loose, and as affording a marked contrast to our mild and happier rule—an Alsatia, in fact, into which the West End can disgorge all its cut-throats.

We also admit that the annexation of Oude was often quoted by the mutinous Press, if we may use such an expression, and that, in Urdu circulars and manifestoes, sympathy was evoked for a disrowned King. The reduction of Lucknow, moreover, cost us two campaigns on an extended scale, and it was there that Pandysm made its last great effort. On the other hand, it is tolerably clear that during 1857 the province had merely relapsed into its normal anarchy, each Zemindar or Raja thinking most of arraying his artillery, and of holding his own. For purposes of aggression Oude was well nigh powerless. Nor must it be forgotten that, after all, the mutiny did not commence with Oude: that it was the King of Delhi and not the Nawab Vizier, to whom the mutineers first repaired, and that no proof has been adduced yet to show a regular conspiracy on behalf of the Oude family. Whether annexation may not have accelerated a mutiny which sooner or later was inevitable, is another question, though it is easy to prophecy this after the result. But our duty to the population of the country was with propriety considered independently of any such possibility; and no person, at the time, when annexation was discussed, deliberately warned the authorities that the measure would inevitably entail a rebellion. A good deal of the asserted sympathy with the dispossessed family may have been feigned, for it is notorious that,

while for half a century we have persisted in calling the ruler a king and his country a kingdom, we have not yet been able to induce the population to designate the one or the other by any other titles than Nawab and Nawabi. And now, with Lucknow being converted from a filthy city into a fine capital, with dismantled forts, agriculture reviving over one of the most fertile of soils, and with the enlarged views entertained by the Local Authorities, we trust that in a few years no man will have reason to regret or censure the policy which conceived and carried out the annexation. As a measure we believe it to have been as just and righteous as the conquest of the Punjab. As regards its effect on the mutiny, we cannot of course place it in the same category as the first three acquisitions; but he would be a bold man, who would venture to assert that the mutiny would never have happened, had Oude remained intact. If, then, the opponents of Lord Dalhousie will dwell on his great annexations they must confine themselves to the case of Oude: and they should remember that it was a task which he undertook with avowed reluctance, and that History will judge of it hereafter, not by its expediency, nor for its effect on the soldiery, but for its basis of substantial justice and right.

We have no desire to keep out of sight the other minor provinces which were added to the Empire by the same hand. Some are almost as clean forgotten as if they had never been independent. Not even the mutiny could drag them into prominence: and beyond vague charges and general assertions, no specific argument has been framed on the majority. The most important of these lesser acquisitions was obtained from Hyderabad. It is unnecessary now to review that cession at length. An English Periodical, being no less than the *Quarterly*, asserts that the Nizam was "bullied" into the cession of the Raichore Doab and other fine districts. The Nizam was certainly convinced by persuasion and argument, that his relations with the British Government could never be put on a secure or satisfactory footing, until he should make adequate provision for the payment of a Contingent which he would not consent to diminish by a single trooper. But the negotiation was confided to the hands of General Low, and any man who knows that old soldier's tact, courtesy, conciliation, and dignified but gentle bearing, must know that the term of a 'bully' is ludicrously misapplied to the disciple of Malcolm. As well might the charge of elegant manners and good temper be applied to an Assyrian Bull. The Hyderabad Treaty has secured everything which was wished for by the negotiation. Three fertile districts, the nurseries of cotton, are well managed by British officers. From their revenues the pay of the

Contingent is regularly met; the arrears are to be defrayed from the same source: all those petty squabbles, the Resident dunning and the Nizam shirking payment of his debts, like a worn-out guardsman, are happily terminated: the surplus of the revenues, if any, will be carried to the Nizam's credit, and during the Revolt, as we shall show hereafter, the most fiery city in Southern India was preserved from the flames.

We doubt much whether, even in these days of universal catechising, many readers could pass an examination in the History of the Raja of Angool. That territory was Lord Dalhousie's first acquisition. Angool is a small state of the Tributary Mahals under the superintendence of the Commissioner of Cuttack. The Raja was strongly suspected of aiding the Meriah sacrifices, and in 1848 had the temerity to resist the authority of Government. His territory was taken from him, and was quietly settled by a Bengali Deputy Collector with the aid of half a dozen peons, and the example has had its due effect on the other Tributary Rajas.

The events which led to a little war in Sikkim are more notorious. The Raja of that hill country had the audacity to seize and bind the person of Dr. Campbell, the political officer in charge of Darjeeling. Of course, the agent was released: the Raja was mulcted of a yearly sum of 6,000 Rupees which we had, till then, paid as the land-rent of Darjeeling, and a convenient strip of the Sikkim Territory near the Purnea Morung, at the foot of the hills, was taken from him. But we are not aware that any relation has been established, or has been attempted to be established, between the above facts and the outbreak of 1857.

The case of Sattara has found many defenders, but the most vigorous attempts of the Nana and his agents failed to set the Southern Mahratta country in a blaze. A great deal of our security is owing to the extremely skilful and judicious treatment of plots and conspiracies by those there charged with the maintenance of British authority, and to the sound judgment of Lord Elphinstone, though discontented Mahrattas may have had hopes of the re-establishment of a Peishwa: but for all practical purposes Sattara must be struck out of the supposed causes that led the army to rebel. The remainder of Lord Dalhousie's acquisitions we shall briefly dismiss. He compelled Meer Ali Morad of Khyrpore to restore certain lands of which the Meer had contrived to get possession by interpolating a clause in a treaty, and our readers can scarcely have forgotten some rather curious revelations as to the influence attempted to be exercised on the debates of the House of Commons, through one of its members, in connection with this act of tyranny, as it may perhaps be

termed. The small principality of Sumbhulpore was attached to the South West Frontier Agency, and is administered by one of our officers, at a moderate cost and with considerable profit to the State. The last prince had, during his lifetime, signified his wish to make over his little territory to the British Government, and as no male descendant or claimant with a title could be found, the Ranees were pensioned and the principality occupied, though by some oversight, not often to be remarked in Lord Dalhousie's comprehensive state papers, no mention of this escheat is found in the celebrated minute of 1856. We believe that it is only a limited school of men that will quarrel with a viceroy for taking advantage of the deaths of highly pensioned native nobles or Rajas, to lessen the burden of the public revenues, or for abolishing legal exemptions and special immunities, inconvenient to the established tribunals and productive of no real advantage to their holder. In this view, no objection was raised at the time to the discontinuance of the titles of the Raja of Tanjore, and of the Nawab of the Carnatic: to the abatement of the privileges enjoyed by the Nawab Nazim of Bengal: and to the escheats of the enormous pensions enjoyed by two well known Mahratta branches, the one representing the real Peishwa, and the other a pretender. Add to these measures the acquisition of the country of Tularam Senapatti, forced on the Government, and yielding a revenue of 3000 Rupees a year from a country on which scarce an European has set foot; and the lapse of Jhansi, and we have the whole catalogue of Lord Dalhousie's aggrandisements described with accuracy.

It is necessary, even at the risk of repetition and tediousness, to be thus minute, and to let no one act escape review, because we are about to notice another charge brought against the late administration in regard to its general effect on the people of India and the Rebellion. The charge is one which it is very easy to make, and more difficult to refute. These allegations usually take some such form as the following. The determined pertinacious, and consistent course of aggression which the Indian Government pursued for eight years, has produced consequences injurious to our reputation, and subversive of our good name. One state after another has been involved in the general absorption. Fears have been excited, hostility awakened, prejudices shocked. Each ruler has felt his independence trembling in the balance: a general sense of uneasiness has pervaded all ranks of society: princes and leaders, the men of the pen who could find no avenue open to them under our exclusive system, and the men of the sword who are charmed by the wild license of raids and forays, had long begun to watch for their opportunities, and if a crisis arose by which the stability of our

rule were imperilled, there could be little doubt that every native with one spark of ambition left to him, would lend his influence to our expulsion from the country.

We have already endeavoured to assign its precise weight to each separate acquisition as regards the mutinies. But it is not so simple to meet objections which state that the disastrous results of annexation are to be traced, not in the provinces which were girdled by our troops and fettered by the iron bands of our civil administration, but in the kingdoms which were yet inviolate, in the palaces which had not been spoiled, and in the universal dissatisfaction existing in the higher classes. This position is strengthened by the fact that many Zemindars took advantage of anarchy to re-assert their independence, and on the whole, it is confidently argued that to find the positive evils of annexation we must look mainly to what had not been annexed. These arguments we shall endeavour to meet by a resort to facts. We shall commence with two of the principal states yet internally independent, Gwalior and Indore. After the Campaign of 1843, Lord Ellenborough wisely determined to limit the aggressive power of a State so inconveniently contiguous to the capital of the North West, and it was Lord Dalhousie's object to educate the young Prince, whom Lord Ellenborough had led weeping to the *Guddi*, into something like capacity for governing himself and his realms. He was surrounded by one of the best of native Mantris; he had the advice of the most friendly of Residents: no shade of suspicion ever came between the young sovereign and the Paramount Power, and when the infection of mutiny reached the precincts of the Lushkur, it was then that we had the spectacle of one of those sovereigns, whom it suits a certain party to represent as ripe for the subversion of the British authority, driven by his own army from his own palace, and forced to take refuge within the British lines. A somewhat similar course had been followed at Indore, and at an earlier stage of the mutiny. The sovereign had the feelings which we may all suppose to be natural to one of his race and colour: but neither Mahratta duplicity, nor the memory of Holkar, nor the dread of the British yoke, nor the desire of revenge and independence, wrought with the chief of Indore to cast in his lot with the soldiery. These two facts, backed by the very weighty authority of Sir John Lawrence, seem to show that no general conspiracy of crowned heads, no desire of anticipating any intended aggressions, were concealed in the mine which exploded in 1857.

Still less is any general distrust to be looked for amongst the Rajpoot Princes. In the late administration no change in the smallest way affecting their honour or dignities had ever been

contemplated. Beyond the settlement of a few boundary disputes, and the most constant efforts to discourage the practice of torturing and burying witches alive, the intercourse between the Thakoors and the Resident had proceeded on the usual footing; and it was Lord Dalhousie who sent to Rajpootana the most generous and high-minded of Indian statesmen to conciliate the illiterate but well born chieftains, descendants of those with whom such a monarch as Akbar had sought alliances, and whom even such a one as Jehangir did not venture to provoke. The disturbances at Mount Aboo were temporary: those in Central India might have occurred at any time, and it is not in Rajpootana, as we submit, that the insidious symptoms caused by annexation broke out into open disease.

To Hyderabad the same remarks apply. The sovereign had, it is said, been duped or frightened into the cession of his finest districts. There had already been one outbreak of Mahommedan fanaticism at the capital, which had endangered the life of one of the bravest officers of the army. The districts swarmed with Rohillas and Arabs. The city was the resort of bad characters. A ruler with a sound grievance, Arabs whom no one could check, thirst for rapine, bigotry and intolerance: all the materials for combustion were ready at hand. That the important city of Hyderabad was undisturbed by little more than rumour, and that a slight demonstration at the Residency was sufficient to awe the evil disposed, is due in part to the good sense of the Nizâm and of his Prime Minister, but mainly to the admirable bearing of the Resident, Colonel Davidson, during the whole of the anxious period. A history might well be written to describe the judicious management of those of our representatives who contrived, by some means, to leave us no bloody history to write. But had the feelings of the Nizam been those which it is the fashion to ascribe to native sovereigns generally, had he been really smarting with the sense of past injuries, and under the apprehension of fresh attacks, Æolus could no more have confined the turbulent spirits of the Deccan *in carcere cæco*, than Sir Henry Lawrence, with all his eloquence that went to the heart direct, could stave off insurgency in the Province of Oude.

We now come to another part of the late administrative policy which has been carefully kept out of sight in the fiery discussions of the last two years. We have attempted to show clearly the local effects of each acquisition, as well as to combat the theory that every act of aggression had an insidious, wide, and expansive evil tendency which was confined to no geographical limits, and was hardly to be estimated by any positive eruptions. But we have hitherto said little or nothing as to the set off. It

has become so universal with journalists, and members of both Houses of Parliament to represent the British Government as bent on carrying out to its utmost limits a harsh and unsparing policy, that no credit whatever is allowed for the provinces which Lord Dalhousie did not incorporate, for the sovereigns whom he did not disown, or for the petty princes whom he laboured to surround with wise Counsellors, and to establish firmly in their capitals by all the strength and influence of the British name. We can show that on several occasions Lord Dalhousie exhibited a just and dignified forbearance, and that his course in others was actually retrogressive. Most people are aware that Bhurtpore is a small estate lying within thirty miles of Agra. Its soil, not devoid of natural advantages, is tilled by the best and most laborious agriculturists in India. The realm is just of that size to which a native ruler is equal, and when governed by a wise and strong will, it may compare favourably with almost any of our possessions, in which even the wisest of administrators cannot have full scope for his beneficence, but is fettered by some one of the cramps and bands of our civilisation. The Raja, during a long minority, was carefully educated: his revenues collected, his capital improved, and his interests guarded, and we should feel it almost an insult to the Government to attempt to vindicate it from the charge of having acted as a perfidious guardian to a helpless Ward, were it not constantly asserted that it had spared no one on whom it could lay hands. The little state of Bhurtpore, of which the revenue is not less than 17 lakhs of Rupees, still enjoys the protection of the British power, without paying one farthing of tribute, and the traveller steps on foreign territory, when after having left Agra in the morning and having wandered over the vast solitude of Futtehpoore Sikri by midday, he pays a visit to the dilapidated fortress which cost us two memorable sieges, or to the elegant palaces and gardens of Deeg. The same course of protection in minority, and withdrawal of our Agent at the attainment of majority, was followed in the case of the Raja of Shorapore, a small state in Western India, though in this latter instance the care and assiduity of the British Government has resulted in the production of one of those hopeless and helpless specimens of royalty fitted for nothing but to grind down its subjects, to enrich its favourites, and to impoverish itself. Again, when certain states lying contiguous to our own, were involved in broils, and when it was feared that the flames of anarchy would spread across the border, the Government of India looked on as a calm and unconcerned spectator, and acknowledged the divine right of Orientals to say by which claimant they would consent to be bullied. Not a soldier was lent

to either side when Golab Singh was opposed by his nephew, or when two brothers were contending for the State of Bahawalpore. Nothing would have been easier, on all the maxims of either Eastern or Western diplomacy, than for the Government to intervene, but the Government resolutely persisted in non-intervention. Probably our relations with Nepaul were never placed on a more satisfactory footing than in 1851. No one Indian potentate, except Jung Bahadoor, has ever witnessed the marvels of science and civilisation which the parent empire can unfold, and it may be said of him, as of the present ruler of the French nation, that he alone amongst monarchs, is competent to fathom our resources and to estimate the ultimate chances of a collision. Nor have our amicable relations been interrupted by the events of the mutiny, and if the Goorkhas proved themselves inconvenient allies, sympathised with the sepoys, and thought more of plunder than of discipline, they must yet have carried away with them accurate reminiscences of the prowess of our cavalry, and of the way in which light-haired and blue-eyed infantry, mountaineers like themselves, can handle the bayonet.

Then as regards our dealings with Affghanistan. Many of the actors in the Tragedy of 1841 had passed away. The momentous events, by which an army was sacrificed, bitterness engendered and confidence on our arms and in our justice shattered or shaken, had been thrust aside by later campaigns and had become matter for history. It was, however, while endeavouring to track the causes of the mutiny, that we found reason to believe in the disastrous effects of the Affghan invasion, as first destructive of the notion of our invincibility. Now, it is the fashion, with some writers, to speak of the policy of Lord Metcalfe or of Lord William Bentinck as that alone on which the safety of India can be based. But when we weigh all the policy of the late administration we should never forget that it was Lord Dalhousie, who retraced our steps and brought us back to the exact point where matters stood when those two great statesmen held the reins of power. Nor had this revival of intercourse with the Durbar of Cabul been facilitated by events subsequent to the Affghan campaign. To the irritating recollections of the defiles in which the bones of sixteen thousand men lay whitening, of Englishmen and Englishwomen detained in close captivity, and of the British standard again planted in triumph on the walls of the Bala Hissar, there were to be added the "unnatural alliance" which Dost Mahommed formed, in the second Sikh campaign, with the Sirdars of the Lahore Regency. Beside the final triumph and re-occupation of Cabul, there had been written in history the "Raid to the Khybar,"

where the Affghans were driven in headlong rout through the plains of a province which had once been their own. But all the above difficulties were surmounted by the tact and good management of the Lawrences. The insane project of maintaining a representative at Cabul was abandoned: no new obligations were sought to be imposed on the Amir: a veil was cast as far as possible over unjust invasion on the one hand, and over perfidiousness on the other, and if history would permit her written troubles to be razed out, the treaty formed with Dost Mahommed in the year 1855 would have accomplished that object. As it is, we are now just where we stood in 1837, in the position which we ought never to have left.

Probably there was no administration during which our purely foreign relations, that is to say our relations with the states outside the Peninsula of India, were left on a more solid or satisfactory footing. With the Minister of Nepaul, with the Khan of Kelat, with the Maharajah of Cashmere, with the ruler of Cabul, with the Arab tribes of the Persian Gulph, with the King of Ava, everything had been arranged. Past enmities or differences were buried in oblivion. The attention of the British Government was henceforth to be devoted to the internal affairs of its own provinces, or to the consolidation of its power within its own legitimate sphere of action, the Himalayas and the sea. The popular idea on this particular head is, as we have already stated, that Lord Dalhousie absorbed everything that came in his way, or went out of his course to pursue the process of absorption. Now, in order to show how ill-founded is this supposition, we have gone through certain statistical papers published on the motion of the most eloquent and merciless opponent of the old Company, and we find the following states to have been left inviolate, on the footing of former treaties, at the close of this Reign of Terror. The Native States may be divided into two main classes, subsidiary and protected. The first were ten originally, but striking out Nagpore and Oude from the list, we have still remaining. 1 Cochin. 2 Cutch. 3 Guzerat, or the Guicowar. 4 Gwalior. 5 Hyderabad. 6 Indore. 7 Mysore. 8 Travancore. Nothing was done to alter the condition of these Kingdoms, with the exception of the treaty with the Nizam, which in reality secured his independence, and of the new official arrangement by which the Resident at Baroda was made subordinate to the Supreme Government, and the reign of Khutput was terminated, we trust for ever. Of the second or inferior class of states, which were either protected, or protected and tributary, we find that, in 1856, there were left no less than thirty-three in Bundelcund: eight in the Cossya Hills; seventeen Tributary Mahals under

the Superintendent residing at Cuttack: twenty-one Hill States under the Superintendent of Simla: fifteen Rajpoot chiefships under the Agent for Rajpootana: nine Sikh States on the borders of the Sutlej, including the Raja of Puttiala who has a revenue of 22 lakhs of Rupees: twenty States subordinate to the South West Frontier Agency: and no less than forty-three or forty-four others scattered here and there, within and without the limits of our own possessions. The revenues of these protected States extend from 3,000 or 4,000 Rupees a year, or that of a very small German Landgraf, to ten, twenty, thirty and even forty lakhs of Rupees; and the tract in which we are to look for them reaches from Independent Tipperah, a country never subjugated even by the Mahomedans, on the one side to the borders of Mooltan on the other, and from the pine trees of Simla to the Chilka Lake. The above are to be found within the Bengal Presidency, but in Madras, besides Cochin and Travancore, we find that Jeypore and the Hill Zemindars on the frontiers of Orissa are Protected and Tributary, and that Raja Tondiman governs his small possessions of Roodrocottah without any further controul on the part of the British Resident except as to unusual expenditure. And in Bombay, besides the larger States of Guzerat and Cutch, we have Colapore and more than one hundred Surinjams or minor dependencies: fifteen small chiefships in Guzerat: six in Myhee Kanta; the same number in Rewa Kanta; the same number of Sattara jaghires; nine Southern Marhatta jaghires, and ten other States with hard names distressing to the ordinary reader and puzzling even to the philologist. The combined revenues of all the above amount to ten millions and seven hundred thousand pounds of English money, leaving, after the deduction of Nagpore and Oudh, a round sum of eight millions of Revenue in the enjoyment of native sovereigns. Out of this sum must be further deducted one million and sixty thousand pounds paid to the British Government as tribute, and we should suppose that no person would be inclined to quarrel with this arrangement, or to assert that we are not entitled to some remuneration for keeping the peace between quarrelsome neighbours, or guarding the weaker from the aggression of the stronger. Some of the States are also charged with the maintenance of Contingents, or bodies which the mutiny has shown to be of very questionable advantage. But the footing of protection, tribute, and feudal service has been fixed by various treaties signed from the commencement of this century and onwards, and except that from some states the full amount of the contingent was not exacted, while others were taken under the direct management of the British authorities, during minority, or on account of

disorders and indebtedness, both the letter and the spirit of the treaties have been faithfully observed. No petty Prince was bullied into further cessions. Not one additional shawl was demanded as tribute, nor one additional elephant's tooth, nor an extra trooper called for on any pretence whatever. It may be said that several of these principalities were cursed with barren soils, bad water, and a lawless set of subjects, and were not worth taking: and that during the late tempest those situated in Central India increased our difficulties and were the resting places of marauding parties. We really do not care to defend the Government from the mean charge of estimating the propriety of absorption only by the pecuniary gain or loss; our broad argument is that rich and poor, fertility and barrenness, were alike left alone, and that for every act of annexation, there was good and sufficient cause to be shown. As regards Central India, and its multitudinous chiefships, their normal condition is that of feud and foray, and everything collapses when our strong and controlling hand is withdrawn. On a review of the whole of our relations with the princes of India, it will be found that while no opportunity was neglected by which our financial burdens could be lessened, our borders secured and our rule extended to legitimate escheat and lapses, Lord Dalhousie was not governed by any iniquitous desire for universal dominion. Demonstrations more vigorous, theories much more startling, have found their supporters amongst other able administrators. That the Governor General habitually used the language of insult and aggression, we can confidently deny. "Never talk to me of the Paramount Power," was his reply to one of his Chief Secretaries, "I never hear that expression, without being satisfied that some gross piece of injustice is brewing." Nor, in the mutinies, do we find that any individuals considered themselves personally aggrieved by the line taken by the late Head of the Government, with the exception of the Nana and the Ranee of Jhansi, and we should imagine that not even Mr. Layard would, in his sober mind, allege the stoppage of the Peishwa's pension or the lapse of Jhansi to be an excuse for the ferocity of either the woman or the man fiend.

There will remain, however, the condition of the native army which, it is alleged, the Governor General failed to appreciate in spite of warning, or as to which his usual penetration was at fault. It was at once remembered in the mutinies that the native army was dismissed with a single sentence in the review of the administration. "The position of the native soldier in India has long been such as to leave hardly any circumstance of his condition in need of improvement." We conceive that no one contends the sepoys to have had any *real* grievan-

ces to warrant their faithlessness, and that the origin of the mutiny must be looked for in the causes assigned by the civilian-soldier, Sir John Lawrence, and others best informed: or in the laxity of discipline, the growing insolence of mercenaries, the designs of the seditious, and numerical insufficiency of European troops. We shall be reminded that Lord Dalhousie had already had one small mutiny on his hands in 1849, and that one of the most experienced soldiers, holding the high position of Commander-in-Chief, had warned him that a considerable portion of the Bengal army was tainted with a mutinous spirit. We are as ready to admit, as any partisan of the Napiers can be, the extreme vigour of Sir Charles Napier's military administration, and to concede that he broadly stated his convictions, in 1850, that the army was insubordinate, or that at least 40,000 men cantoned in the Punjab were so far disaffected as to place the Empire in peril. But to borrow the pithy and apt language of an Indian writer unfortunately deceased, Sir Charles Napier had a prophecy for every event that could turn up, and "covered himself over with prophecy as with a garment." We have no wish to enter into the details of the famous controversy which led Sir Charles Napier to send in his resignation, but every one who has mastered the subject must be aware that about the time when Sir Charles was stating his convictions of general sedition and infidelity, he acquiesced in Lord Dalhousie's opinion by saying that no army "was better paid 'or better cared for than the Bengal army: that 'a more obedient or more honorable army' he had never seen:" that he has left it on record that he apprehended less danger from massing Europeans together than from massing natives, and that he would cheerfully have seen a force of twelve thousand natives stationed at Delhi, and a similar force of five thousand cantoned at the capital of Eastern Bengal. The resignation of the Commander-in-Chief is, as it appears to us, utterly beside the question of the mutiny of the Bengal army. The greatest soldier of the age endorsed the course taken by the Governor General. The position in which the head of the army claimed to stand was one quite incompatible with the constitution of the Government, in theory and in practice, and utterly adverse to a sound, central, and powerful administration by a single master. But no wrong which the Napiers charge one of their opponents with inflicting on them, ever equals the wrong which they do themselves, and whatever may be thought of the prescience and vigour of the old soldier, it will hardly be denied that the measures of conciliation which he pursued, and the increase of the compensation for the dearness of rations which he granted, were just calculated to nurse that spirit of pride, selfishness, and insolence,

which led mercenaries in India to attempt what mercenaries elsewhere have done. Still, we have no desire to reflect on the memory of the Commander-in-Chief. His measures, we may say with the lurid glare of the mutiny still enlightening us, staved off revolt. His conviction that a large body of the native soldiery was unsound, and disaffected, was, however qualified, the correct one. Already, in 1850, the practice of combination and correspondence had been thought to have commenced. But the mutiny having been nipped by the adoption of a generosity which the Government did not limit, and through measures to which a public approval in the face of the army was vouchsafed, what remained there for the head of the Empire to do? No measures of reduction in the force were proposed by the Commander-in-Chief or by any other military officer of eminence. No specific report of a growing spirit of mutiny was written, as far as we know. And even had Lord Dalhousie, in the spirit of prophecy, become aware of the change which had transformed the brave, devoted, and self-denying sepoy into an agent of sedition, a minister of treachery, a fiend of lust and massacre, what remedy was it in his power to apply to so wide-spread an evil, to so terrible a disease? Of his other internal measures we shall speak presently, as we have spoken of his foreign policy, but as regards the efficiency of the army it was his hand that planned the reform of the Commissariat; his pointed language that denounced the evils of seniority and the notorious and scandalous incapacity of effete Brigadiers; and, if we mistake not, it was he who made a direct requisition on the home authorities for the services of at least four additional Regiments. Of the value of 4,000 more bayonets in May 1857, those may judge who know what was effected by isolated bands. But confident as we believe the public still to be in the capacity of the late Governor General to have undergone any amount of labour, to have grappled with evils however intricate, and to have carried out reforms however protracted and extensive, we believe that the case of the Bengal Army had reached a point where it was beyond the powers of any single man. Experienced officers might venture to hint at the metamorphose of the sepoy. Practised eyes could see that there had been backwardness in the field and license in the cantonments, but if we consider the variety and depth of the interests bound up in the maintenance of a native army, the belief in its honour and integrity which many men of mark maintained, and which even the revelations of the mutiny have failed utterly to annihilate, the credulous but generous feelings which any attack, open or secret, would have enlisted in its defence, and the danger of hurrying on that very crisis which measures of reduc-

tion might have been meant to obviate, we think candid readers must admit that the mutiny was *a mere question of time*. The wisest and strongest of Governments could only have succeeded in putting off the day of trial. Even at the close of two years of fatal experience we have still most of the dangers of a huge native army to face. History will scarcely blame Lord Dalhousie for not having effected that in respect to Pandey, Dhobe, and Choube, which bitter lamentations over the past, months of opportunity, and the presence of 80,000 English troops, have not yet enabled the present Government to effect.

Then, as to the general advancement of internal reforms, there was probably no time at which the services had been worked up to a greater pitch of efficiency, nor had measures tending to promote security, to accelerate intercourse, and to expand commerce, been promoted with more consistent energy under any other rule. Some of the most important posts in the Empire were filled by men of the highest courage and capacity. The personal influence of the Chief had animated all those who had had the advantage of intercourse, and many who had only just seen his face. Five millions of English money had been laid out in the formation of roads. The largest canal known in the civilised world had been completed. Fractions of two railway lines were in working order and daily operation. Above all, Lord Dalhousie had given us the Electric Telegraph. The advantages of rapid communication had been felt, before the mutiny, in two or three political and military emergencies. On its paramount importance in the disturbances it is superfluous to dilate. But had not the Governor General lent the whole force of his authority to expedite the measure, and sent the active and able Superintendent to England, then, instead of the four thousand miles which girdle India 'in forty minutes;' instead of precipices scaled, large rivers crossed, deadly jungles encountered, and an army of signallers drilled and disciplined for their work, we might, at this moment, have been still waiting for a final report, on an experimental line, commencing with a native suburb and ending in a swamp, to be completed, after a huge amount of minutes, notes, and perusals, at some remote and undefined period when "financial difficulties" no longer stood in the way.

We have on other occasions noted the time and attention given to a subject which is generally summed up in that wearisome phrase, the development of the resources of the Empire. The timely preservation and renewal of forests in India had been greatly neglected. Rules were laid down for the attainment of both these objects. Professional gentlemen were deputed to examine into the reported existence of coal, iron, and borax in the Burmese Provinces, in the Salt range of the Pun-

jab, in the interior of the Himalayas, and in the Nerbudda Valley. Improvements were effected in the Harbours of Bombay and Kurrachee, and the site was fixed for a new Eden on the river Mutlah. The tendency of all the legislation for eight years has been to lighten the tariffs of seaports already light, and to remove many restrictions on inland trade and navigation. In regard to local expenditure, the powers of the various governments were considerably increased, and Bengal Proper obtained its grand desideratum, a living and distinct Head. To these reforms are to be added those in Public Works, in the Post Office, in the Commissariat and the Ordnance, the Engineering Colleges, the ranges of barracks, the amendments in prison discipline, the amelioration of the system of clothing the army, the increase of dispensaries, and other changes of which detailed notice is unnecessary. The above are mainly the material parts of our resources or reforms. Several of them could have but little effect on the disturbances. But the same remark cannot be made with respect to the legislative or executive pressure applied to the extinction of those gigantic evils with which former governments had already grappled with success. Thus if the occurrence of a Suttee in a Rajpoot State drew forth an energetic protest from the Agent without creating disaffection; if the extinction of Thuggee was viewed by the mass of the population with something like gratitude, and the repression of Meriah sacrifices at least with indifference; if, in the crusade against infanticide we enlisted the sympathies of the chiefs of tribes on the side of humanity; if the avowed extermination of such national plague-spots might be attempted without exciting national discontent; the same innocuous results did not follow, it is confidently asserted, when we dealt with those social customs which are essential to the preservation of the Hindu religion in its normal condition of corruption or torpor. The activity displayed in education has created alarm. The very engines of civilisation of which we make our proudest boast, the railway and the steamship, have gone hand in hand in exciting disaffection, with the thoughts by which mankind are shaken. We have denied to the Hindu the privilege of persecution, and have protected Christian converts in the liberty of their consciences and in the enjoyment of their worldly goods. Lastly, we have dared to meddle with the delicate subject of the remarriage of child widows, and, in the teeth of remonstrances, have hurried on a revolution in a social ordinance consecrated in the minds of rich and poor alike, by twenty-five centuries of unhesitating belief.

There can, we put it to enlightened readers, be but one answer

to these latter charges. Where open defiance or very extensive discontent are not the direct, immediate, and inevitable consequences of any one act of the Indian Government, it is bound to pursue the tenour of its civilisation and its reforms. With any ruler actuated by the highest and purest motives, there must come the latest discoveries, the tales of science, the stirring of the stagnant waters, the awakening of new wants. Tact and judicious handling may do much : the knack of governing aliens in blood and in religion may be elevated into a science : angles may be rounded off : the introduction of improvements may become easier, but civilisation must be certain of encountering some opposition from the intolerance which it calls into action, and from the self-love which it wounds. But it is not shown, that the violence of mutineers or revolted subjects was directed more against the moral than the material triumphs of our rule. The Telegraph wires were cut and the milestones were defaced with as manifest animosity as the church and the school house were demolished. Yet it will hardly be asserted that we were wrong in endeavouring to accelerate the means of transit and the communication of news. The Government of India is, in truth, charged with doing too little and with doing too much. It is charged by some parties, with neglect in educating, enlightening, and improving the masses, and with precipitation and injudiciousness in the introduction of too many reforms. It is taxed, on the one hand, with having betrayed its trust and forfeited its pledges as a Christian Government : and, on the other, with having waged unnecessary war with Hindu superstition and Mahomedan intolerance. We hold, that except in some few instances, the line taken by Government has been that dictated by a great, bold, and honourable policy. And on a review of all internal measures, legislative or executive, physical and moral, our argument is that the very mutinies showed the Government to have been not far from the right path. There are those who exclaim that the eight or ten years preceding the convulsion gave us no legacy but inward rottenness and external glitter. We venture to assert that the soundness of the machinery, the capacity of the workmen, and the security of the structure, were severely tested and stood the test, with partial dislocation, in the tremendous shock of 1857. There is much truth in one axiom of the *Friend of India*, that nothing we can do in India will make us more than quietly endured. We ought to look for little more than that passive acquiescence in the outward symbols of our authority, which was the characteristic of large bodies of the population, wherever anarchy had not its full sway. But had we really generated active hatred, intolerable grievances, universal discontent :

had there been a deep sense of wrong resulting in a net work of conspiracy : had dismayed sovereigns appealed to the sympathies of their subjects instead of trusting to our arms ; had a sense of the injuries which they had inflicted and the tyranny of which they had been the ministers, cowed the hearts and unnerved the arms of all Englishmen, then, surely, had our crimes and our blunders met with their just retribution, and, with one howl of execration, we had been driven out of the country, or had remained in it to be buried under the mass of materials hurled at us by every native who had strength to lift a clod of earth.

We have no desire to pit one statesman against another or to suggest invidious comparisons, but in dealing with the mutinies the future historian will find it necessary to record that in no part of India was our overthrow so immediate, and our disappearance so complete, as in the Agra Presidency, long known as the model Government of India. No doubt, much of this is to be ascribed to situation and to peculiar circumstances. The worst massacres took place at Futtelghur and Cawnpore. There was the undying malice of the Nana, the almost entire absence of European soldiery, the contiguity of the newly settled kingdom of Oude, and the excitable nature of a martial population, not yet tamed into forgetfulness of their old predatory habits. But we are told by many men, and by some especially whose mouths seem to have been opened for the occasion like that of the prophet's animal, that much active hatred was really displayed in the North West Provinces, and that a good deal of this hatred is due to the operation of Courts and Laws too subtle or too capricious for even Orientals to admire. This *Review* has said as much in praise of Mr. Thomason as any organ in India, and nothing that has occurred detracts from the merits of his administration in so much as it was characterised by sympathy with the people, complete mastery of the revenue system, unwearied earnestness, sterling benevolence, and intimate familiarity with all the complex details of Government. But there can be no question that the system which he carefully built up and fenced round with so many bulwarks, was deficient in the elements of permanence and vitality. That settlement cannot be politic which practically prohibits the transfer of land and the investment of capital, or which can only preserve landed property in the same hands by exertions and surveillance too great for official nature. The settlement of the North West Provinces was a wonderful piece of mosaic : the talents of Mr. Thomason were those of a first-class administrator : and there is little doubt that while wrapt in admiration of the highly-wrought Revenue fabric, he felt the utter hopelessness of Courts of

Law as applied to such a system. But it was hardly possible to "sweep away" the Courts of Law from off the land : and it was equally impossible to keep the land free from the grasp of the Law. The results we all know. On the first shock of revolt, everything fell to pieces. The *Novi Homines* who had made money by commerce and invested it in land, fled incontinently. The ancient proprietors, sunk in some instances to the level of mere cultivators or occupants, reclaimed their own. The old animosities between caste and caste, or between one village and another, were revived in all their fierceness. There was no controlling power, none to whom Government could look for assistance, and, on the other hand, sometimes not even an individual capable of organizing revolt. Everything presented a picture of the most hopeless confusion and anarchy. If any blame may attach to the system, or if the sterling merits of Mr. Thomason be in the least impaired, in the opinion of posterity, by his inability to amend the Civil Law of the great province which he successfully ruled, Lord Dalhousie's reputation is not affected thereby. The settlement was complete before he reached India, and beyond giving the Lieutenant Governor hearty support and well merited praise, he had almost as little to do with that division of the empire as with Bombay or Madras. It derived nothing from him but some portion of that vigour which he contrived to infuse into all his subordinates. His particular policy, as it is designated, had no share in producing the reign of chaos. And, out of that chaos, what order and symmetry would he not have created !

It would be remarkable if a Viceroy with such natural gifts and such opportunities, had not given rise to divers anecdotes regarding his habitual mode of doing business and his political theories. Correct notions are abroad in the Indian world regarding his continuous power of application, his marvellous despatch of business, his fertility of resource, his quickness of conception, and his strong will when the conception was matured. But we have heard sundry erroneous stories regarding Lord Dalhousie's determination to do everything himself, and to trust to no subordinates. Some of these had their rise during the early part of his Government, when the Sikh war was at an end and internal reforms were in germ or blossom, and when the main occupation of the Chief was the civil conquest and the settlement of the Punjab. It was then familiarly said at Lahore that he wrote sixty minutes to the hour. But no man was ever more ready to avail himself of the local or departmental knowledge of his subordinates, or more willing to be saved the useless labour of picking out the facts on which orders were necessary, from the mass of superincumbent rubbish in which

they often lay buried. The Governor General is always the umpire or referee in everything from "a sea-wall at Tumlook to a plunge-bath at Peshawur." No one was likely to attempt to dictate to Lord Dalhousie, or, at any rate, to attempt dictation twice. But he avoided the error so common to Indian intellects of the second-rate order, of imagining that no dependence could be placed upon others, and that nothing could be done unless he did it, *ab initio*, himself. Under his rule, besides the creation of a Lieutenant Governor for Bengal, was first introduced into the Supreme Council the separation and division of business, by which all matters of military detail and ordinary routine went first to the military member, and civil questions to the member most fitted to deal with them from previous experience. We may be quite sure that nothing of importance was done without the fiat of the Governor General, whether it regarded the prospects and character of an individual, or the welfare of a province. But to every suggestion from any official acting within his own sphere, Lord Dalhousie was accessible, and he was quite willing to take anything properly tendered in the shape of a summary of facts, the analysis of a squabble between a couple of old gentlemen who had grown grey without growing temperate, the previous history of some abortive measure, or a precis of the successive points and suggestions in some valuable but interminable report, on all of which it was imperative that either yes or no should be said. In some cases the hand of the master gave the last touch to the design of the subordinate, and some amusing deceptions were in this way unwittingly palmed upon the public. The new and more liberal rules for the grant of lands in the Sunderbunds, though approved by Lord Dalhousie as Governor of Bengal, were all conceived, drawn up, and matured by the present able Foreign Secretary. On another occasion, after the transfer of a province had been decided on, a resolution, explaining the reasons for the same, was written by a more humble official who so completely imitated the tone and style then prevalent in Despatches and Blue Books, as to delude the Press into some remarks about the Roman hand, the language, and the reasoning that no one could mistake. A Ruler of notable capacity, all over the world, acts on his followers. Napoleon had his Marshals, Alexander his Generals, Raphael his Giulio Romano and Francisco Penni. But whenever the character of the work demanded the whole force and intellect of the Government, no man could throw himself so entirely into the matter in hand. It was then no longer the master-painter, correcting the outline and throwing in a dash of colour to give effect, but it was Michel Angelo disdaining the ordinary practice of sculptors, who mould

in clay what their workmen cut out in marble by rule, compass, and measure, and throwing himself chisel in hand, on a rude block, from which the chips would fly for a quarter of an hour or so, to the astonishment of the bystanders.

Nor was any thing more remarkable than what we must term the timeliness of appearance before the public eye. The Minute or General Order came out just when it was required: sometimes to anticipate further discussion, sometimes to satisfy a general craving. This was especially notable with farewell orders and what may be called obituary notices. If a regiment returned from action covered with glory, or a great administrator was suddenly called away from his work, out came the congratulatory validiction or the funeral oration, in language concise, elegant, and touching. Nor, firm of purpose and fond of power as he was, did Lord Dalhousie ignore the value of graceful concession. Elizabeth herself did not better know how to calm rising discontent by withdrawing an obnoxious monopoly. It is, since the mutiny, daily becoming a harder task to please anybody, and those who act on the principle of trying to please everybody, may rely upon it that they will end by displeasing all. But without unworthy compliances, with determined views, and with, as is natural, some open opposition in some quarters, universal confidence was at one time as nearly reached as it was possible under any scheme of Government. A great deal of attention was paid to ceremonious forms in the past administration. Indeed the thing was thought to be overdone, and we have known men wonder at the excessive value set on points of etiquette. But "forms are things" with the natives of India as with those of Burmah, and this scrupulousness is, of itself, a sufficient answer to the assertion that the Governor General went about outraging the tender feelings of the natives and sedulously sowing the seeds of discontent. Everything relating to audiences, Durbars, meetings, exchanges of presents, bestowal of rewards, was managed with rigid attention to precedent, and with every manifestation of that outward pomp and dignity with which, neither before nor after the mutiny, can we afford to dispense. Aided by the extensive linguistic attainments of Sir H. M. Elliot, the wishes of the Governor General were most faithfully interpreted to Princes and Chiefs, and even Lord Ellenborough could not get up a better show. On less important occasions the high breeding of a Scotch nobleman was exhibited to the natives, who, whatever be their vices, are well qualified to detect the ring of the true metal. "The Governor General is a gentleman," said a sharp-eyed native to the late Mr. F. H. Robinson, as a large party of visitors were inspecting the Taj Mahal. "Why do you say so?" "Because he took off

his hat when he entered the building, while Mr. ——— and Mr. ——— kept theirs on." This is a better appreciation of real politeness than the pert pretension manifested by the self-satisfied Baboo who likes to keep both turban and shoes on: a pretension discountenanced by Shore in his Notes, than whom no one had studied natives more deeply. But there was method and form, earnestness and decision, in every public demonstration of the Government of that day, and if the Viceroy was severe in his justice, and determined in overture of war, he was also generous in the bestowal of reward, and strictly punctilious in taxation of homage.

The outcry against the late policy, though at first taking the form of wild, irregular, and driftless clamour, has, after two years, settled down into two or three distinct charges. The aggressive foreign policy provoked the Chiefs and Princes: the internal improvements alarmed and excited the population. The condition of the Native Army, even then trembling in its allegiance, was entirely overlooked. On the first head we can add little to our survey of every inch of ground which was added to our possessions from January 1848 to March 1856. Two large provinces must be struck out of the list of articles of charge: a third province was entirely neutral, and caused but little uneasiness if it gave us no help. For the matter of Oude we are ready, a score of times, to admit that, as the nursery of soldiers and from its contiguity to the Doab, the annexation was discussed at every camp fire in the country. We have in our possession an unpublished letter written by the late lamented Hodson, during the year 1856, in which he alludes to conversations held with natives of many classes in Upper India, and to their frank admission that while murder and rebellion justified the second Sikh war and the conquest of the Punjab, they were unable to comprehend our obligation to interfere on behalf of the people of Oude, we having no cause of quarrel with the king. But this is exactly the feature in the oriental mind which renders so many of our reforms unpalatable, and several of our principles of action unintelligible. The divine right of kings to dispose of the lives and properties of their subjects, of Zemindars to screw every farthing out of their Ryots, and of Ryots to beat and kick their wives if the midday meal be not ready in time, is one which we are not to question. Here are vested interests and hereditary privileges which it is irreligious to scrutinise. The monarch and his subjects may very well be left to settle their own differences. This prevalent feeling seems to justify Sir John Lawrence's well known dictum that all India is naturally divided into *Zalims* and *Mazlums*, or into those who inflict, and those who endure tyranny. We

doubt, considering how the population had become inured to suffering in all its forms, whether the withdrawal of our troops from Oude, as at one time contemplated, would have been followed by a rise of the masses, a march on the capital, the utter discomfiture of the King's troops, and the plunder of the bankers of Lucknow. Terrific outbreaks of long suppressed rage and terror do occur, but this problem is yet happily unsolved viz. ; how much a country like Oude can really bear under a native ruler, without rising to shake off the yoke. Of the paramount obligation which lay on the British Government to interfere on the score of duty and justice, we have no sort of doubt. On these considerations the whole transaction will certainly be looked at some day, and spurious philanthropy will then either be silent or will acquiesce in the remark of Mr. Mill, the calm, impartial and just historian of India, that "misery produced by those native Governments which the 'Company upholds, is misery produced by the Company, and 'sheds disgrace on the British name."

Lord Dalhousie had, it is not denied, very strong and clear ideas on the subject of our relations with Native States, but they were equally dissonant to the views of those who advocate universal dominion from the line,

Quâ Sol utrumque recurrens

Aspicit Oceanum,

or from the Burrampooter to the Indus, and from the Gulph of Cutch to the Bay of Bengal; and to the views entertained by the late Sir W. Sleeman, Sir George Clerk, and others, who would at all hazards, uphold Native States and endeavour to galvanise them into something like healthy existence. Repeated minutes shew that Lord Dalhousie held that it was not our cue to refuse to take legitimate advantage of escheats, failure of heirs, and opportunities for consolidating our dominions and our strength: and that to disinter some good looking youth from obscurity, to endorse his adoption, and to perpetuate over two or three millions of people a race of kings, whom unbroken worldly prosperity was sure to enervate, and whose prosperity was assured by the resistless British bayonet, is not sound policy, is not real justice, and is not our duty before man and God. But to assert that he intended to pursue one deliberate course of aggrandisement, and on some pretext or other, to absorb each independant State in India, by cold gradation and well-balanced form, is to assert what we honestly believe to have been as far from his intention as it would be from the course dictated by duty and right. His specific acts have been laid bare and scrutinised: his general policy is one of which no English-

man has good cause to be ashamed. *Multa pars vitabit Libitinam.*

To our previous remarks on his internal policy we have also little to add. If his Legislative and executive changes startled men out of their sleep for a last struggle: if the telegraph, the railway, and the school house warned Hindu and Mohammedan, that the waters were stirred and that the Indian Empire could no longer be permitted to rot in cold obstruction, some of the same reforms also enabled us to confront the revolt, and to retain the country which we had begun to civilise. What would have become of us, we may well ask in homely phrase, without the telegraph, the railway, a better Commissariat, a strong civil administration, and several picked officers, with Sir John Lawrence at their head?

As regards the native army, Lord Dalhousie must be content to take, with others, his share of the blame which must attach to the perpetuation of so cardinal a defect. But nothing was done by him to irritate or excite the sepoy, and whatever was granted openly by the Commander-in-Chief, was approved of as openly by the Governor General. And we must repeat our conviction that no one man, no one series of measures, could have succeeded in long delaying the publication of the "Revolt of Islam."

We have no wish, in such a general review, to keep out of sight any measure which can be charged with shortsightedness, and we have not forgotten that the disturbance of the money market first commenced in the year 1853. The conversion of the 5 per cent. loan roused to serious thought and austere retrenchment quiet householders, who cared little to discuss village or perpetual settlements; and most men would sooner forgive half-a-dozen annexations than one direct injury to the pocket. The conversion of the loan, though it saved 30 lakhs a year, was unfortunate, and perhaps premature, but there had been a surplus for four years preceding the conversion, and the Russian war could hardly have been anticipated, nor, perhaps, could the impetuous expenditure on Public Works have been restrained. It was a mistake to shut up the old 4 per cent. open loan, and thus to divert capital into other channels, but it is an even greater mistake in writers to talk of the financial measures of the Indian Government in language of abuse which could only be applied to thimble-riggers, and which merely recoils on those who use it.

With these admissions we may still ask whether, judging from the tone of most the Press for the last year and more, confidence in the general wisdom of Lord Dalhousie has been materially lessened. Nothing like pointed hatred appeared in the

actions of any Indian potentate except the Nana and the Ranees of Jhansi, and it is really a ludicrous piece of reasoning to assert that because the Home Government was advised to resume the huge stipend of the Raja of Tanjore, who died *leaving no son and no male heir, direct or indirect*, and to grant suitable pensions to the members of his family, *therefore* the Chiefs and Princes of Upper India felt themselves aggrieved, and lived between the year 1855 and the mutiny with a deep sense of wrong rankling in their hearts. If these are the attacks by which the fame of a statesman is to be sapped, the future historian of India will find plenty of amusement in the prosecution of his task. For the benefit of such English readers as may honour us with a perusal, we again ask them to remember the conduct of the Native rulers most likely to be alarmed by any Bill of fines and recoveries. We much doubt whether Tanjore be not like the Highlandman's '*muckle Sunday hersell*' that '*seldom came above the Pass.*' Can we seriously imagine the condition of a stipendiary in the remote South forming the staple of the daily meditations of a Rajpoot or Mahratta ruler in Upper or Central India?

There will, however, be some malcontents who must give a kick to the memory of a man of whom they stood in awe during his incumbency. For the honest pens which always opposed annexation under the belief that we had plenty to occupy us in our older provinces, that every increase was a source of weakness, and that even the Punjab and the valley of the Irrawaddy, though rightly made to pass under the yoke, had better have been restored to their owners, we can feel some respect. But we have no sort of sympathy with ignorant malevolence, wilful blindness, or clumsy attempts to blacken character. An ex-M. P. goes about the country and finds natives lifting up their hands in astonishment and fear whenever Lord Dalhousie's name is mentioned. We all know the value of a former attempt of this kind when the Madras Ryots received a lecture gratis in the rudiments of Mr. Ruskin's great theme; and, in India at least, we are tolerably able to estimate the sincerity of a reply given by an astute native to a wandering grievance-monger. Then come the small class of noisy native agitators who revel in the ample security of strong Government, but are unable to bear the least manifestation of strength which interferes with their own selfish aims. Lord Dalhousie's resistless activity penetrated the hidden recesses in which abuses lay hidden; he set his face against exemptions, and resolved to vindicate and assert the authority of the executive and the majesty of the law. We recollect his being moved to undisguised anger at the startling announcement that the Highest Company's tribunal deliberately

sanctioned a marked difference in the treatment of parties accused in the Criminal Courts: forcing the poor man to appear before them in person, and allowing the rich man, even in those serious cases of kidnapping so common in Bengal proper, to make a vicarious appearance, in an easy and comfortable fashion, by the hand and deed of an agent. This assertion of one law for the rich and another for the poor exactly suits the native, but it did not suit Lord Dalhousie's love of justice. Accordingly, as the native of Western India lifted up his hands in amazement, so do some of those in Bengal now open their mouths in spite, but we should have hardly thought it necessary to give their attacks even this prominence, were it not that readers constantly require to be reminded that sounding phraseology and very decent English do not go to the constitution of a State. Rich natives gladly avail themselves of immunity from war, and would be as glad to claim immunity from taxation, exemption from process, and superiority to the tribunals, and, while arguing cleverly on English principles, they, as steadily, act on their own. These flashes will no more damage a solid reputation than the mutiny was able to convulse society in Cuttack or Chittagong.

We are prepared to hear this *Review* denounced as a supporter of tyranny, or as giving in its adherence to a slowly-dying cause. The main principles by which it has been guided have been those of steady progress and reform attained by constitutional methods. If some discrepancy has appeared, it is owing to the different views taken by writers who probably had the same goal in sight, while like Locksley, the Periodical for 16 years, has never failed to add its shout on witnessing a good blow struck, or a shaft that pierced the inner ring. And in justice to the ruler whose acts we have been reviewing, as well as to obviate all misapprehension, we must distinctly state that we owe him nothing except what it is equally open to any person to claim from him, to wit, the inspiration of his name, and the legacy of his example. The Duke, it was well said, had shown us how any Englishman might do his duty even as a Parish overseer or clerk, and no one who witnessed Lord Dalhousie's energy, and strong sense of duty and subordination, but may in India, whatever be his politics, exert the same faculties, according to the measure and scope of his talents, with personal advantage, and with credit to the State, in any district or office. There were probably few administrations in which so much was done and so little was concealed. Publicity was then preferred to the absurd mystery in which the Indian Government, like the Delphic oracle, was wont to wrap its proceedings. But some things that were then vehemently discussed yet remain hidden, and may one day meet the

public eye. When that time shall come, the extent, depth and variety of his minutes will give Lord Dalhousie a better proclamation than any public writer or journalist has yet attempted. We may say of him, as of the Duke of Vienna;—"Let him 'but be testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall 'appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier," while for those who speak without knowledge, or whose knowledge is darkened by malice, we have only to hope that they, on the other hand, may not eventually meet with the fate of the slanderer Lucio.

We are also ready to acknowledge that some writers differing from Lord Dalhousie's views, have exhibited moderation in their attacks, by reason of the protracted illness which has hindered his taking any part in public affairs since his return to England. But we may also ask ourselves what effect might not his re-appearance have on Indian topics, supposing it possible? Lord Stanhope tells us a story of the elder Pitt, illustrative of his ascendancy in the House of Commons. Having ended a speech, and finding no opponents, the writer was walking out of the House and had opened the lobby door, when an unlucky member rose with the words of reply to the Honourable Gentleman. The great Commoner, we give the words of the historian, 'catching the words, stopped short, turned round, and fixed his 'eyes on the orator, who at that steady and scornful gaze sat 'down again, silent and abashed. Pitt, who was suffering from 'gout, then returned to his seat, repeating to himself as he 'painfully hobbled along, some lines of Virgil which express the 'ascendancy of Æneas. Then placing himself on the front 'bench, he exclaimed, now let me hear what the Honourable 'Member has to say to me. But nothing ensued."

The lines were the familiar ones in the sixth Æneid, where the Grecian ghosts are awed by the sight of the Trojan Wanderer.

At Danaum procères, Agamemnoniæque Phalanges
Ut vidêre virum, fulgentiaque arma per umbras
Ingenti trepidare metu: pars vertere terga,
Ceû quondam petiêre rates: pars tollere vocem
Exiguam: inceptus clamor frustatur hiantes.

The day is past when any one individual, whatever be his talents, could command either House as Pitt or Thurlow commanded it. But could Lord Dalhousie take his seat again, avow his policy, defend his principles, and illustrate their results, we have little doubt that though the House would not be quite awed into silence, there would be a considerable reaction on the Indian question; and flimsy arguments, superficial arti-

cles, and shallow attacks by party writers, would be scattered to the winds.

We might prolong this article, but our object in putting on record a deliberate vindication of the late policy of the Indian Government has been accomplished. This *Review* in dealing with political questions, has no aim but the security of our tenure, and the good of the greatest number in India; and Lord Dalhousie's measures were, in the long run, those best calculated to attain these ends. What he sought was consolidation, not aggression: his was the deliberate pursuit of the practical objects of a statesman responsible to the nation, and to his own conscience, and not the illusive dreams of universal conquest. The time too has perhaps come when the Indian public at least, may be inclined to take a calmer view of the past, and will no longer exhibit the blind fury of a mob at an election demanding windows to smash. In statesmanship as in war, he shows the most capacity who commits the fewest blunders, and we freely admit that Lord Dalhousie, like any other mortal, must take his share of the blame of those errors which we have already pointed out. The Burmese war was a mistake in its commencement, though not in the result. The closing of the four per cent. loan was a mistake in policy, and in its results. And it was a mistake to leave so vast a country at the mercy of a native army, of such tone and temper, so capable of combination against us, so powerless to act in our behalf. But, for all this, it was Lord Dalhousie who noted with regard to the internal tranquillity of the Empire that "no man can presume to warrant its continuance, with certainty, for a day." And those who cannot agree with us, may be ready to allow that even after sowing injustice and reaping rebellion, he was eminently qualified to deal with such a crisis as the one from which we have emerged. Indeed from what he did in other eventful periods, the reading and thinking class may conceive what would have been his behaviour during the new havoc: how he would have been the first to apprehend the magnitude of the disorder, and the last to evince apprehension in his personal bearing: how, as the fiery cross spread from city to city and province to province, as rapidly one masterly state paper would have succeeded to another, and action to all: how, on the first lull of the hurricane, he would have forged a series of remedial measures, either anticipating criticism, or disarming it, or filling up the void of public expectancy, or giving form and substance to the unuttered sentiments or the half expressed wishes of the best servants of the State: how justly he would have discriminated between those who rebelled, and those who were coerced into rebellion; and how sedulously he would have

laboured to calm the bad passions which the enjoyment of rapine and the hope of further license had left seething in one class, and the recovery of dominion, with the opportunity of vengeance, had excited in another : how, out of the wreck of institutions, he would have raised an edifice more compact and durable than the ruin ; or on that blank surface, such as few reformers had even dared to hope for, he would have left the form and pressure of the choicest creation of administrative science : how he would have breasted the bars of circumstance, or won fortune to his standard, or grasped at happy chances : how he would have been the pillar of the State, and the centre of hope ; how certainly his policy of reconstruction would have satisfied or subdued the intellect, while, swift in descent, noble in reward, and yet tempered with mercy, his deliberate justice would have won entrance into the heart. These things were not to be, and at a time when his voice might have been heard at Home in the Senate or the Cabinet with effect, it has pleased Him who raises up the humble and meek and pulls down the mighty, that the stately column should be laid prostrate, and the silver tongue of the trumpet should be hushed.

A Governor, whose foreign policy was marked by the decision of a Wellesley, and whose catalogue of internal reforms might have satisfied the appetite of a Bentinck, may well be content to await the verdict of History. Free from the mists of prejudice, the intemperance of passion, the leanings of partisanship, or the sallies of pique, a calm historical writer may one day review the last years of the Company in the fulness of knowledge, and not with the ignorant malevolence of the *Examiner*, and with all the powerful eloquence without the rancorous hostility of such a man as Mr. Bright. And while a beacon is raised to warn every one against the dangers of doing too little or too much, Justice, we say it in all sincerity, will be meted out to one whom the foremost of Indian journalists loves to designate as the Great Proconsul, and Lord Dalhousie, will be pronounced as stainless in integrity, as honest in purpose, as he was wise in Council, fearless in action, and eminent in debate.

ART. VII.—*The Ras Mala, or Hindoo Annals of the Province of Goozerat in Western India*; by ALEXANDER KINLOCH FORBES, of the Bombay Civil Service. With Illustrations, principally Architectural, from Drawings by the Author. London: Richardson Brothers. 1856.

THE "Ras Mala" is a very valuable work, and its author deserves the greatest credit for the perseverance with which he has sought to lift the veil which hides the inner life of the various races that inhabit this ancient and interesting country. Many of the facts recorded in it are doubtless historically valuable, but its chief merit in our eyes consists in the store it contains of beautiful legends which give us an insight into the religion and superstitions, the customs and every day habits, the modes of life and thought of the dark inhabitants of the land. The book is indeed a rich mine of information, but, with all its varied interest, we do not think that in its present form it will invite many readers out of India, for it contains too many names and too many details of local incidents to attract the general reader. We are fatigued by the repetition of the wars, forays, and vicissitudes of bloodthirsty petty chiefs and robbers. But we are sure that with some curtailment the work could be condensed into a delightful and readable volume.

There are few persons who have not wondered, on first arriving in India, to see the Heathenism of which they had hitherto only read, existing in actual life and vigour, and who have not longed to learn the history of its architectural remains and the singular customs of its people. We are therefore much indebted to Mr. Kinloch Forbes for having surmounted for us all the difficulties of the inquiry interposed by the jealousy of the Hindoos and by his own official duties.

Guzerat, the scene of our author's inquiries, is the Garden of Western India. Its broad, fertile and populous plains skirting the coast, are adorned with magnificent trees which give them the appearance of a continuous Park. They are intersected by wide rivers whose precipitous ravines afford shelter to tribes of daring and skilful robbers. They are studded by towns and villages ornamented with temples crowded by countless votaries, and beautified by lakes brilliant with the red and white lotus. Farther inland, forests and hills present more bold and diversified prospects.

The principal part of the work is devoted to the history of the rise and fall of the Rajpoot Kingdom of Unhilwara, of which Unhilpoor or Puttun was the capital. The once magnificent

city of Wun Raj, the Rotuilbood King of Guzerat, has sunk into insignificance, its beautiful temples were thrown down by its bigoted Moslem conqueror, and dishonored by being made the foundation of the battlements which enchained her. The English travellers who continually pass between Ahmedabad and Deesa halt for a night at Puttun, unconscious of its former splendour, and can, if so inclined, purchase those marble pillars, inscriptions and sculptured figures dug out from beneath the walls.

The rise of the Kingdom of Unhilwara is related in this wise. Raja Bhoower, King of Kullean, fired with jealousy and martial ardour, resolves to invade the territories of Jye Sheker Sing, Raja of Panchasur. The first attacks are repulsed, but King Bhoower hurries to support his general, and rallies his fugitive troops by "reminding them that retreat is sometimes 'only the prelude to victory, and that a weapon does not strike its 'hardest blows until it has been swung backwards.'" The King leads his army back. "They meet good omens on the way, and the air resounds with their instruments of music—the war horn, the tabor and the terrible drum." Jye Sheker's warriors too rally round their chief, and assure him "that they are Rajpoots, 'of good descent, and that all are ready to die with him; that 'should any one disgrace himself by deserting in such an emergency, the crows would disdain to eat his flesh, and he would 'remain for ten millions of the days of Brahma in hell."

The Queen, "Roop Soonduree, from the inmost hall, hears 'the terrible sound of commencing battle. She sends for 'her lord, and entreats him not to venture into the field unless 'the omens are propitious; but Jye Sheker replies, that when a 'bride is to be married, or a foe driven from the gates, there 'is no omen but the name of Shree Krishna. The opposing 'armies meet as clouds dashed together by the violence of the 'storm; their weapons gleam like lightning; the earth resounds 'with their tread as with the rumbling of thunder; war music 'sounds, making even the timid valorous; arrows and 'missiles fall in showers, as rain from the monsoon clouds; 'with the bill, the mace, the trident, they struggle; elephant 'strives with elephant, horse with horse, chariot lord with 'chariot lord." "The shout of the battle rising to the skies attracts the attention of the divinities." "The Upsuras dance, the 'heavenly minstrels strike their lyres, the deities and the 'snakes of hell tremble." After prodigies of valour Jye Sheker is slain at last. "Four Queens ascend the pile 'with many slaves and damsels. Townspeople too, many 'of them love-enthralled, follow their Prince to the gate of 'the King of Heaven." "The sun is obscured, the four

‘ points of the compass wear a terrible aspect, the earth trembles, the river’s water becomes muddy, the wind blows hot, the fires of the sacrificial pits emit a dense smoke, stars fall from the heaven ; men, seeing these portents, lament that a hero has perished.”

A posthumous son is born to Jye Sheker who, from being obliged to hide in forests to escape his father’s conqueror, obtains the name of “ Wun” or Forest Raja. After having performed many daring exploits as a predatory leader, and exhibited from his childhood upwards unmistakeable signs of his royal birth, he succeeded at length in acquiring a principality, the capital of which he named Unhilpoor from his faithful minister Unhil.

The vicissitudes of Indian Chiefs continually liable to attack from their neighbours, were often great and romantic, and the speed with which they frequently regained power from the facility of collecting followers to support the most desperate cause, never left room for despair. Many stories are told similar to that of the Wun Raja, and there is no doubt that a youth of royal descent would, though a fugitive, be able even now to collect bands of adventurers for the license to plunder, if he exhibited enterprise and intelligence. A successor of the Wun Raja, Mool Raj Solunkee, who subsequently ascended the throne of Unhilpoor, when invaded by powerful foes, wisely restraining “ his valour by the example of theram, retiring that he may strike the harder, or of the tiger, angrily crouching that he may spring with more deadly effect,” sought refuge in the fort Kunthkote. This fort is situated in Wagur, a district of Cutch, nearly surrounded by the Runn and therefore not easy to be assailed. Like all strongholds of note a legend is connected with its erection, which we will relate.

Sad, grandson of Jam Lakho of Sami Nuggur in Sind and Chief of Wagur, attempted to erect a fort on a spot which he did not know was holy ground, but no sooner had the building been completed than a Jogee, who was seated in a cave on the side of the hill, pulled a thread out of his garment, and immediately the fort fell to the ground. Seven times the fort was built, seven threads were pulled from the Jogee’s garment, and seven times the fort became a ruin. Sadjee, sorely puzzled to account for these wonders, sat reflecting one moonlight night when he observed the Jogee burning incense. Sadjee, making a profound salutation to the sage, sat down beside him, and thus reverently addressed him. “ Moharaj, I have seven times built a fort on this hill and seven times it has fallen to the ground.” The Jogee turned to his disciple and said, “ go to my spiritual father and throw into the cave seven images of flour and sooparee, and say, let Sadjee be consumed by fire.” Seven times the disciple threw wheaten images into the cave

and seven times they were consumed in the name of Sadjee. Sadjee ran and clasped the feet of the sage who said. "Are you still alive after I have consumed you seven times with fire?" The Chief replied, "through thy protection O Jogee I am 'still alive; forgive my fault I beseech thee; I have spent lakhs 'of Rupees in seven times building a fort on this hill, and on 'rising and looking in the morning I have as often beheld it 'a ruin. Tell me I pray now this has happened." The Jogee answered, "it is because the hill is mine. Build it in the name 'of me, Kunthur Peer, and it will remain immovable." He followed the sage's counsel and built the fort of Kunthkote.

There is a legend that a King of Scotland, in attempting to build Glamis Castle, where Macbeth murdered Duncan, on a selected site, continually found the work of the day overthrown in the night. He was on the point of abandoning the attempt, when a celestial voice desired him to "build it on a boy where it will 'neither shake nor shog." The heavenly admonition was obeyed; the castle was erected and still remains entire.

Wagela Vasuldey crossed the Runn of Cutch and laid siege to his kinsman Sadjee in the fort of Kunthkote. Vasuldey was remarkably handsome, and, as he was one night reconnoitering, Sadjee's faithless wife, the Ranee Chowdee, saw and became enamoured of him. Chowdee tied a love-letter to an arrow, and discharged and struck with it the saddle of Vasuldey's horse. The Wagela read in the letter from Chowdee an offer of herself and her husband's fort, and he returned an encouraging answer. The Ranee laid her plans. She persuaded Sadjee to throw open the gates of the fort for one day as a relief to the garrison after their twelve months' siege, and she drugged his cup and made him helplessly intoxicated. No sooner were the gates thrown open than Vasuldey, who lay in ambush, stormed the place, captured Sadjee, and most ungallantly cut off the nose and ears of the wicked Chowdee and banished her from the castle. A faithful slave woman smuggled Sadjee's infant son out of the fort, and fled with him to Delhi. After having exhibited, according to the usual course of native story, evidences of his high birth even from his childhood, he succeeded at last in recovering his father's possessions, and married a daughter of the Wagela usurper. One day the Wagela, apparently in jest, let fall some hints from which her husband Phooljee, the son of Sadjee, learnt that the Wagelas had murdered his father. Phooljee, burning for revenge, laid his plans for getting possession of the person of the Wagela Chief. The Wagela possessed a wonderful winged horse, named Rutnagar, which bore him every morning to the temple of Kagsir Mahadeb where he performed his devotions. Phooljee there-

fore hid several fine mares in the neighbourhood of the temple. As anticipated the horse alighted near the mares, and allowed his master to be captured. Phooljee put him to death, and made his skin into the covering of a cushion. When the Wagela next visited her husband he invited her to sit on the cushion, the face on which was turned downwards. Phooljee then asked her whether she felt comfortable in a tone which made her start up from her seat. He then turned over the cushion and exposed her father's face to view. "Alas," exclaimed the Ranee, "my jest has indeed been turned against me," and in a fit of grief and indignation she snatched a dagger from her husband's belt, plunged it into her bosom and fell dead at his feet.

Mool Raj of Unhilpoor recovered his territory and greatly extended his dominions. He subsequently invaded the territories of Grah Ripoo, Raja of Soreth, whom he subdued; and slew with his own hand his ally, Lakha Raja of Cutch. The description of this war in the "Ras Mala" is most animated.

The Lakha referred to, the honor of slaying whom is disputed, appears to have been the first Jareja sovereign of Cutch, and the individual from whom that surname was derived. The original family name of this wide spreading tribe was Summa, but that branch of it now established in Cutch adopted the name of Jareja, from Jam Jado Raja of Nuggur Sami in Sind. Jado, having no son, adopted a twin son of his younger brother. Now in the Sindee language a twin is called a Joda, and therefore the adopted son was called Lakha Jareja. From the term Phulanoo Pootr, such a one's son, he was also called Phoolanee or, in full, Lakha Phoolanee Jareja. But the Jarejas also say that they derive their name from the Jaduos or gods from whom they claim descent. When Jam Jado subsequently had a son of his own, Lakha retired to Cutch where he founded the present principality.

It seems strange that Dr. Burnes and Mrs. Postans, both able writers on Cutch, should have fallen into the error of stating that the Jarejas became Mahomedans and again Hindoos. Had they ever professed themselves Mahomedans they could never have been readmitted among the clans of the proud Rajpoots. They claim a lofty descent from Krishna, an incarnation of Vishnoo, and from Raja Judoo Chundrawaunchee in the lunar line of Rajpoots.* They say that their branch of the family were driven out of India, and retired to Egypt where they reigned

* We remember an amusing story *à propos* of this. A Rajah said to his Minister, "make me a Hindoo out of a Moosulman." "Very good," said the Minister. The next day, the Rajah saw in the court yard a number of men rubbing and scrubbing a Jackass—"What are those people doing?" said the Rajah. "Only trying to make an ass into a horse," said the Minister—"They cant do that," said the Rajah. "Just as easy," was the reply, "as to make a Moosulman into Hindoo!"

for many generations as Pharaohs, and that they were subsequently driven by Mahomet from thence to Ghiznee, and afterwards by his successors to Sind, where they made Nuggur Somi their capital near the modern town of Tatta. They admit that some of their race became Mahomedans, but they assert that they never departed from the faith of their fathers. With all its manifest inaccuracies this account may be founded on fact. Fugitives from India may have settled in Egypt in ancient times when the religion and manners of Egypt resembled those of India, and they may have retraced their steps in after ages, but doubtless long before the Mahomedan era when Egypt had become a Christian country.

Mr. Forbes relates that when Sidh Raja was excavating the Sukusra Sing tank at Unhilpoor, he became enamoured of Jusma, one of the female labourers. He said to her, "Jusma, do not lift such heavy loads of earth, you will injure yourself." She said there was no fear of that. He told her to take care of her child and let the other Oduns lift the earth. She said, "I have hung him to the branch of a tamarind tree, as I come and go I swing his cradle." When the work was completed Jusma went off with the other labourers, but the Rajah pursued her, and she, to escape dishonour, "plunged a dagger into her belly, and, as she died, cursed Sidh Raja, and said that his tank should never contain water."

If the people of this country seldom exhibit the nobler qualities of love and lasting attachment, which in civilized society adorn and refine the character, they have never shown any lack of the sterner traits of passion, pride and jealousy. Indeed the annals of crime in India are full of deeds of blood arising from both lawful and unlawful love. It is remarkable with what unflinching firmness the people of this country sacrifice their lives to protect what they esteem their honour, or to acquire renown or sanctity. Human sacrifices were supposed by the Hindoos to ensure success to important undertakings. Thus the Raja inaugurated the building of the Fort of Satara by burying alive, with their own consent, a Mhar under each of the gate bastions. No doubt the Mahrattas thought and think that the massacre at Cawnpore by the Nana was a worthy offering to Bhownanee, the goddess of destruction. The curse of a holy man, or of any one dying for a principle, is considered effectual, and is viewed with terror by the superstitious.

Rao Ulleajee, ninth in descent from the present Rao Desuljee of Cutch, when deposed by his brother, fled to the village of Kora, where he remained disguised as a religious mendicant, and supported himself, as a Rajpoot should, by plunder. In the

course of his raids he drove off some cattle belonging to a holy man in Sind, who followed them up in hot pursuit. Ulleajee would not relinquish the conquest of his spear, so the Fakeer cursed him and was in return cursed by the ex-Rao. The friends of Ulleajee were more alarmed at the curse than he was. With the Chief's mother at their head they followed up the Sindee Fakeer, and entreated him to recall his anathema. He informed them that it was beyond his power to retract his curse, but he added, that, as Ulleajee was a Fakeer as well as himself, his curse would take effect upon him too. Accordingly within fifteen days both Ulleajee and the Fakeer died. A shrine was built over Ulleajee at Kora where he died, and pilgrims still resort to it to offer up petitions and to receive answers to their prayers, through the medium of a Brahmin into whom the spirit of Ulleajee is supposed to enter. The ghost of the deceased is somewhat capricious, but his orders are always implicitly obeyed. Thus when he desired the whole of the inhabitants of the village to remove the tiles from their houses without any obvious reason, all the houses were immediately unroofed. When the late Rao Bharmaljee halted at Kora for a night he composed himself comfortably to sleep on a bedstead, but Ulleajee testified his displeasure at such a liberty by sending a serpent to the Rao's couch. No Rao of Cutch now presumes to sleep when at Kora except upon the ground, when he passes through the village he preserves a solemn silence, and the sound of the kettle drum ceases lest the shade of Ulleajee should be offended.

Mr. Forbes gives an interesting account of the wars that arose between Bheem Dev of Unhilpoor and Prithuraj Chohan of Someshwar, for the hand Echenee Koomaree, the beautiful daughter of the Raja of Aboo. The parties assembled their allies, and after mutual defiances marched to battle. Bheem Dev exclaimed. "Let us, warrior-like, take our revenge. Words of war are pleasing to my heart; valour obtains liberation in a moment, liberation which, with much pain of body the ascetic obtains, dwelling in her haunted caves in summer, winter and rains. The armies joined battle,—Som, desirous of fight, and Bheem, that never turned back in war. The shields of the soldiers, swung from side to side, seemed like the new tobacco leaves shaken by the wind. Corpse fell upon corpse. Life mingled with life; not an Upsura remained without a bridegroom. Arrows flew between the sovereigns, as charms fly. Two protectors of regions were the Kings; two canopied lords; two shielded men; before them both sounded the royal drums; both were of many titles. The noise of the music woke Muha Dev from his meditative abstraction;

‘ he began to clap his hands and dance, and to string a necklace of heads, &c.”

Of all the various races of India the Rajpoots are the most interesting. In their chivalrous and martial spirit they resemble the knights of old. It was a point of honour with the knight to succour distressed damsels, and to break a lance in honour of his lady-love. With the Rajpoot it was equally a point of honour to ride gaily to almost certain death for the rescue of his own or his kinsmen's cows, and yet, though bred to be tender of animal life, he would not scruple to murder his innocent daughters for paltry motives of economy or pride. The Rajpoots claim descent from the sun and moon, and maintain their position as second of the four castes into which the Hindoos were divided, though the Brahmins allege that they have been contaminated by the use of forbidden food and by intermarriages with the Mahomedans. But it is the Brahmins who have in truth deviated most from ancient usage by forbidding the use of animal food, while it is very probable that many Brahmin females have forced their way into Mahomedan harems.

“ In times of peace and ease the Rajpoot leads an indolent and monotonous life. It is some time, usually after sunrise, before he bestirs himself, and begins to call for his hookah; after smoking he enjoys the luxury of tea or coffee, and commences his toilet and ablutions which dispose of a considerable part of the morning. It is soon breakfast time, and after breakfast the hookah is again in requisition, but with few intervals of conversation till noon. The time has now arrived for a siesta, which lasts till about three in the afternoon. At this hour the chief gets up again washes his hands and face, and prepares for the great business of the day, the distribution of the red cup “kussoomba” or opium. He calls together his friends into the public hall, or perhaps retires with them to a garden-house. Opium is produced, which is pounded in a brass vessel and mixed with water; it is then strained into a dish with a spout, from which it is poured into the Chief's hand. One after the other the guests now come up, each protesting that kussoomba is wholly repugnant to his taste, and very injurious to his health, but after a little pressing, first one and then another touches the Chief's hand in two or three places, muttering the names of devas, friends or others, and drains the draught. Each, after drinking, washes the Chief's hand in a dish of water which a servant offers, and wipes it dry with his own scarf, he then makes way for his neighbours. After this refreshment the Chief and his guests sit down in the public hall, and amuse themselves with chess, draughts, or games of chance, or perhaps dancing girls are called in to exhibit their monotonous measures, or musicians and singers, or the never-failing favorites, the Bhots and Charuns. At sunset, the torch-bearers appear, and supply the chamber with light, upon which all those who are seated therein, rise and make obeisance towards the chieftain's cushion. They resume their seats, and playing, singing, dancing, story-telling go on as before. At about eight the Chief rises to retire to his dinner and his hookah, and the party is broken up.”

In the Durbar of a Rajpoot prince of high rank it is a very

pretty sight to see the kussoomba distributed to the Chiefs from a silver vessel resembling a coffee pot. It looks much more sociable and civilized than the mere presentation of flowers and betel. Then the music of the Hindoos is as superior to that of the Mahomedans, as their musicians are in respectability. When the Chief himself has a taste for music he takes care to have a good band, and then the airs played in the Durbar are soft and pleasing. The Rajpoots live generously, and do not object to other stimulants not less comfortable than opium. We recollect being once invited to sit down beside a Rajpoot Chief in an extempore Durbar. The never-failing nauch was there to which the Chief listened indolently, and sipped from a small silver cup something which was occasionally presented to him. Our curiosity was excited to know what he was indulging in, and it was soon satisfied by the Chief turning to us and asking whether we would partake of some cherry brandy. We declined politely, but though we regretted to see this indication of the spread of intemperance among the Hindoos, we would rather see occasional excess than the most rigid temperance joined to the unsympathising exclusiveness of caste.

"For the portraits of the fair we must turn to another canvass. There we behold her in the "swingundar-mundee" choosing her favoured knight, or in the marriage hall shining beside him as the goddess of love beside her lord. An honored mother, we again behold her guiding the realm of her youthful son, or in his manhood aiding him with her counsel, or winning him to works of mercy and of religion; or again, alas! we view her in another mood, with strangely frenzied eye, supporting in her lap the lifeless form of her lord, while the shriek of the dissonant horn, and the still harsher scream of superstitious madness afflict the ear, while the funeral flame springs fiercely upwards, and the thick black smoky pall is spread above, as if to hide the horrid sight from heaven."

According to general custom girls are married in India while they are yet children, and their lot is one of neglect, slavery and degradation. There are instances, no doubt, in which they have held a high political position, and in their families their influence must always be felt. They are capable enough of inspiring jealousy, and too often the bloodiest deeds are committed for their sakes. Sometimes princesses have been allowed to select the husband of their choice out of all their suitors assembled in solemn Durbar. Thus Aja, son of the King of Ayodhya, was the chosen suitor of Indamati, sister of Bhoja Raja. On being presented to her lovers in succession the maiden exhibited no signs of approval, until she drew near the anxious and doubting Aja.

"But those doubts and fears were transient,—
She hath found a soothing charm,—
Now he hears her golden bracelets
Tremble on the maiden's arm!

She hath caused a string of flowers
 Such as doth a Bridegroom deck,
 Covered o'er with saffron powder,
 To be thrown o'er Aja's neck :—
 And the happy nuptial garland,
 Clinging soft about his breast,
 Seem'd as though it were the maiden
 To his trembling bosom prest."

Such instances of freedom of choice and respect for the wishes of the softer sex, were extremely rare. Indeed the place of honour conceded to women by Europeans, is a mystery to Orientals. "Holy Prophet," exclaims the Mussulman as he strokes his beard, "what a fuss those Infidels make about women." But until they will allow their sluggish natures to be agitated by the charms of educated terrestrial women, they must be content to lag behind or serve the hated Feringhee. It is only educated mothers who can lay in their children's minds the foundation of future eminence and virtue. Can we now say to the sons of India ;—"forsake not the law of thy mother?"

We refer our readers to the 'Ras Mala' itself for the beautiful and interesting tale of the adventures of Jug Dev Purmar, a soldier of fortune, the neglected son of a neglected wife, who was driven from his home by a jealous stepmother. He sallies forth to seek his fortune with his good sword and an ardent spirit. His attached bride, the faithful Chowree Varmutee, insisted on accompanying him, but he attempted to dissuade her by saying, "in a foreign land a wife is a fetter on the legs. I must go alone." But she settled the question by asking—"Can the shadow of the body be separated from the body?" At length they reached the famous Suhusra Sing tank at Puttun where Sidh Raja reigned. Jug Dev left his wife at the tank in charge of the horses, while he went into the town to hire a house. The narrative of events that happened to the lady during this casual separation is very remarkable, and characteristic of Hindoo cunning, and of the noble spirit that sometimes animates Hindoo women. She fell into the hands of a clever designing procuress, from whose toils she extricated herself by slaying several men with her own hand. These events brought Jug Dev to the notice of the Raja, who engaged him in his service for the extravagant sum of a thousand crowns a day. This naturally excited the jealousy of the other officers of Sidh Raja's Court, but an opportunity at length occurred for Jug Dev to prove that his services had been cheaply bought. One rainy night when "the frogs croaked, the pea-fowl screamed, the shrill cry of the sparrow hawk was heard and the flashes

‘of lightning were seen, on such a night as this, a noise
‘reached the King’s ear: it was like the sound of four women
‘singing joyful songs in the eastern direction, and of four other
‘women lamenting at a short distance from them.” The King
desired his attendants to go out and see what had happened, but
Jug Dev only went. The King followed him to see whether he
would really go. “Jug Dev advanced to where the women
‘were lamenting, and said to them, who are you? Are you
‘mortals or wives of Devs, or are you Bhootnees, or Pretnees, or
‘Siddhs, or Sheekoturs? Why are you lamenting with so much
‘grief at this midnight time? Tell me what calamity it is that
‘you suffer.” They said, “approach, son Jug Dev! where-
‘fore are you come here?” He said, “I am come to inquire the
‘cause of your making lamentation.” They said again, “We are
‘the Fates of Puttun. The stroke of ten o’clock to-morrow morn-
‘ing is the time of Sidh Raj Jesingh’s death. It is on that account
‘we are lamenting. Who will perform service, worship, make
‘presentation of gifts and sacrifices? We must needs lament.”
The King heard what they said from where he stood in conceal-
ment. Jug Dev said, “But who is it that is singing?” The Fates
said, “go and inquire of themselves.” Jug Dev went, and pay-
ing obeisance, said, “you sing songs of good news. Who
is your King, and what pleases you, that you are thus
singing?” They said. “We are the Fates of Delhi. We are
come for Sidh Raj Jesingh; see, there is the chariot. That is
why we sing.” He offered his life for the Raja’s which
was accepted, but he asked permission to go and obtain the
consent of his wife. “The Fates laughed scornfully.” His
wife however consented, but said, “my prince, I have one
‘petition. Why should I survive: for six hours’ existence,
‘why should I undergo so much calamity? I will offer my life
‘with yours.” Jug Dev said, “but the children—what will be-
‘come of them?” The Chowree said, “let them be offerings
‘at the same time.” Jug Dev agreed, and they proceeded all to-
gether. “Sidh Rao Jesingh was filled with astonishment,
‘he said, well done! Rajpoot, and well done! Rajpootnee.”
On seeing so much devotion the Fates relented, and granted
prolonged life to Sidh Raj without equivalent. The Raja was
overjoyed and could not heap too many favours on Jug Dev. He
offered him a daughter in marriage, but, as in duty bound, Jug
Dev consulted his noble wife before accepting such a gift.
Ladies of England, who would be aghast at such a proposition,
hear what the Rajpootnee said;—“You are a lord, in your fe-
‘male apartments there should be two or four, you have done
‘well, the connection is a great one.”

In the Ras Mala is an account of the wonderful hill

Shutroonjye or Palitana crowned with countless temples raised by the wealth and devotion of the Jain religionists from all parts of India. It is exceedingly beautiful and interesting, and quite accessible to sight-seers from Bombay. Priests in flowing white garments with their mouths protected by cloth guards from inhaling insects, and female votaries of this ancient and once persecuted faith armed with harmless besoms with which to sweep away and preserve animal life, may be seen pursuing their devotions in this place of sanctity. The profane may not pass a night in the bracing air on the hill, though they are free to visit it by day. From the top of the mountain the view is grand and extensive, and well repays the toil of the ascent even without the additional interest afforded by its immemorable marble shrines.

Not far from them stood the ancient city of Wullusha, the legend of the destruction of which Mr. Kinloch Forbes states "bears to the story of the cities of the plain, and of the death of 'Lot's wife, a resemblance so close, that we find difficulty in supposing it to be other than a faint and far transmitted echo of 'that wonderful tale.'" We have heard the same story told of the city of Puttun, and as the legend accounts for that phenomenon of nature, the Runn of Cutch, we will narrate it. In ancient times the sage, Shree Dhorumnathjee, was performing "Tuposya," or penance, in the jungle near Puttun, and his disciple, Gurreebnathjee, used to beg alms in the city, but as the inhabitants were not charitable he was obliged to maintain himself by carrying bundles of firewood which he sold in the town. From the proceeds he purchased flour which a shepherd's wife baked for him, adding always a loaf from herself.

The sage, learning the wickedness of the inhabitants from the bald spot on his disciple's head which had been worn by the loads of firewood, sent to warn the shepherd's wife and her family to quit the doomed city but not to look back. The sage then pronounced the words "Puttun Sub Duttun"—let Puttun be swallowed up—when immediately the city became engulfed. The shepherd woman, after having gone a few miles, looked back and was turned into a stone. No sooner had these events happened than Dhorumnathjee, like Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress, became loaded with a heavy weight of sin which could only be expiated by extraordinary penances. Uttering the sorrowful words, "I have committed a great sin," he wandered disconsolately from hill to hill, but all of them trembled and refused to bear the excessive weight of the penitent and his sins.

At length he thus addressed the highest mountain in Cutch;—"Dheerodhur (keep still) and allow me to perform penance on 'you.'" The hill answered the sage in a dream, "you are so

'loaded with sin that I cannot bear the heat of your burning so long as you ascend me with your face forwards, but if you will walk up backwards I will then remain steady." The sage then succeeded in getting up the hill, on the summit of which he stood on his head on an iron spike, and fasted for twelve years in this painful position with his mind absorbed in the contemplation of the Deity.

The gods then assured him that his sins had been expiated, but, on his telling them that whatever country he looked on when he resumed his natural position, would be burnt up, they informed him that the sea was on the North and that he could not do much mischief by looking in that direction. The sage complied, and, rising up, looked towards the North, and, causing the sea to dry up and leave the Runn, vanished from the earth.

The hill has ever since been called Deenodher, and at the foot of it the successors of Dorumnath and Gurreebnath built a monastery which has been richly endowed by the Raos of Cutch. The Peer, Warnath Jogee, who presides over the establishment, holds twelve villages, and has under him twelve principal and many more inferior disciples. They are known throughout Guzerat as the "Khanphuttas" or split-ears, for that is one of their distinguishing marks. Large sums are spent by them in charity, for at the monastery, where several large caldrons of rice are always on the fire boiling, open house is kept, and every morning and evening one of the brethren ascends the hill, and, from the spot where the great penance was performed, calls out "Bhat! Bhat!" (rice! rice!) as an invitation to all persons of whatever caste within hearing, to come and partake of the hospitality of the place. On the demise of the Peer a delegate from the Rao invests his successor with the insignia of office amid the fragrance of incense and the sound of the sacred whistle.

At the conclusion of his book Mr. Forbes gives a very interesting account of the religion, and the manners and customs of the Hindoos. The Brahminical and Satanic origin of the Hindoo superstitions may be gathered from the following extracts. "On the thirteenth day after decease the Pret, or newly-embodied spirit, is compelled by the emissaries of Hades to set forth on its journey towards Yumpoor. The roads by which the souls of the wicked are conducted thither are strewed with thorns which lacerate the feet, or paved as if with heated copper. Along these painful ways, where no tree offers its shade to the weary traveller by day and where no kindly hand guides him during the hours of darkness, the Pret is urged without any repose. He cries, "alas! alas! O my son!" and reflects upon his crimes in having made no gifts to

‘Brahmins.” “He who settles annual grants upon priests carries with him to paradise his father and mother, and the progenitors of both. The giver of “bride gifts” to Brahmins, obtains the joy of the Soors’ dwelling for his paternal ancestors; he who has consecrated a wâo, a well, a reservoir, a garden or house of Devs, or who repairs these, is admitted to Umurpoor, and the giver to Brahmins of mangoe trees or daily gifts, is borne to that abode of happiness in a splendid chariot, upon which four servants sit to fan him with chamurs. They also attain to swerga who offer their heads to Shiva in the lotus worship, who take the “terrible leap” from the summit of some consecrated cliff, who drown themselves in the holy water of the Ganges, or commit suicide in any of those other modes which the Hindoo scriptures have invested with the character of meritoriousness.” We can only account for the acceptance of this complicated, unequal and cruel faith by the fact that it has been familiar to the Hindoos from their childhood, is blended with all their actions and thoughts, and is calculated, from its picturesqueness and extravagance, to captivate the childish mind. That faith must be deeply seated which inspires courage to brave death in its most appalling forms. When we think of such horrors as Suttee, Infanticide, and Thuggee we cannot be surprised that India should be a base country and subject to a foreign yoke. “For blood it defileth the land; and the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein but by the blood of him that shed it.” But the most singular doctrine in the Hindoo religion is that which permits the belief that men are able by their austerities to make the gods subservient to their will. Thus the Hindoos believe that Vishnôo, in the form of a dwarf, was only just in time to prevent the heavens from falling into the hands of a certain king.

Dr. Kitto has noticed the remarkable resemblance between the temple at Jerusalem and Egyptian temples, and the same similitude is equally observable in regard to Hindoo temples and in the ceremonies performed in them. He observes; *—“The heathen boasted of the presence of their gods among them in their temples. And God condescended to give the Hebrews in the Shechinah, or miraculous gift, a manifest and unquestionable symbol of his presence with them. He would keep the state of a Court as Supreme Civil Magistrate and King of Israel; from whence he would issue his laws and commandments as from an oracle. In both the tabernacle and the Egyptian temple, the area was an oblong square, the front portion of which was occupied by a Court or Courts, where the worshippers attended, and where sacrifice was offered. The

* Vol. II. p. 244.

' sacred apartments in both were at the remote extremity, the
' most holy being the smallest and innermost. Into these sacred
' chambers, among both the Hebrews and the Egyptians,
' none but priests were admitted, being, as elsewhere shown,
' not intended for the worship of the people, but for the resi-
' dence of the God, and for the performance of such services
' as his high and chosen servants were entitled to render. In
' a royal palace are to be found all the things that we have
' mentioned. There are some persons who guard the palace,
' others who execute offices belonging to the royal dignity,
' who furnish the banquets, and do other necessary services for
' the monarch; others who daily entertain him with music, both
' vocal and instrumental. In a royal palace there is a place ap-
' pointed for the preparation of victuals, and another (nearer the
' presence) where perfumes are burned." This description also
applies to a Hindoo temple. These priests deliver the oracles
of the god, present to him offerings of food, keep up lights,
cars and palanquins for him to ride in, and dancing girls and
musicians to perform before him.*

"It is well seen, O God how thou goest; how thou my God
' and King goest in the sanctuary. The singers go before, the
' minstrels follow after; in the midst are the damsels playing
' with the timbrels." Dancing is not now usually associated in
the mind with the idea of devotion, and yet that it naturally is
so would appear from our own Jumpers and the Mahomedan
Zickers. We are acquainted with a Rajpoot sovereign distin-
guished for his good sense, who is known to have danced be-
fore his Idol naked and with dishevelled hair, in hopes of obtain-
ing from him the boon of a son and heir. Should we feel temp-
ted to despise a prince who so demeaned himself, we should re-
member how "David danced before the Lord with all his
might." "Let them His great name extol in the dance."

We recollect once going to see some dancing Dervishes per-
form on a Friday at Cairo. We were admitted into a court-
yard in which we sat on stone benches, and had coffee and
pipes handed to us in consideration of the dollar we had paid.
After waiting for some time we were led into a domed tomb
without being required to take off our shoes. We were in-
vited to sit down on cushions at one extremity of the dome,
opposite the Dervishes, who were seated in a circle on the other
side on rugs and sheep skins. They commenced with a slow and
not unpleasing chant which gradually changed into a quicker
measure. This excited the Dervishes who jerked their heads up

* It is difficult to resist the conclusion that the Hindoo religion is a corruption
of the true one. The Hindoos have, like the Christians, seven days in the week,
and they are named as with us from the planets.

and down in the most persevering manner, keeping time to the music by voice and motion. By degrees the movements became more fast and furious, till caps flew off and hair streamed wildly to and fro and up and down. At length one of the party hopped into the middle of the circle, and danced round and round in the most absurd manner. His example was followed by several others, and the whole party looked like mad fanatics, as they were, fit for any extravagance. We could only suppress excessive merriment by stuffing a handkerchief into the mouth, though if the cry had been raised that infidels were looking on and mocking them our life would not have been worth a moment's purchase.

It is a popular belief among Hindoos that individuals are sometimes possessed of evil spirits, and that some forms of madness are such possessions. It is common for native officials to account for suicides by reporting to their superiors that such and such persons, having become possessed of Bhoots, had hanged or drowned themselves. Mr. Forbes observes;—"The powers which Bhoots and 'Prets exercise are the following:—They take possession of a 'corpse, and speak through its mouth; they exhibit themselves 'in the form which they possessed when living; they enter into 'a living man and cause him to speak as they please; sometimes 'they affect him with fever or various other diseases; sometimes 'they assume the forms of animals, and frighten people by suddenly vanishing in a flash of fire; sometimes remaining invisible, they speak in whispers. A Bhoot has been known 'to come to fisticuffs with a man, and to carry a man off and set 'him down in a distant place."

The annals of crime in India have recorded many shocking murders of poor old women on suspicion of their being "Dakins" or witches. Such superstitions are not confined to India, nor have similar crimes always been so. In some parts of England witches are or were believed to be able to annoy and injure their neighbours by assuming the forms of cats or other animals against whom lead or iron was of no avail. A silver bullet or a bent silver coin were supposed to be the only missiles capable of taking away the life of the hated old hag in disguise. In Scotland the freaks of the water Kelpie are well known. Once in the shape of a beautiful Shetland pony grazing on the banks of a pretty barn, he enticed to their doom some schoolboys who were playing in the neighbourhood. One of them after patting his sleek sides, ventured to mount the docile animal and then invited his companion to get up behind him. He again, finding room enough, called on another boy to get up behind him. Thus the cunning sprite by gradually elongating his body induced all the boys to get upon his back. He then slowly neared the

stream and plunged into a deep pool, and then too late the urchins

"Saw him lave,
Delighted in his parent wave."

No one came to their aid or heard their drowning shrieks

"For high
The wild waves rising drowned the cry."

On another occasion the same evil spirit, assuming the form of a long green leaf, induced a village maiden on her way to a wedding to tie him round her as a sash. Her joyous welcome by the bridal party was soon turned into horror and dismay when the guests heard a scream, and saw the poor girl's body severed at the slender waist by the Kelpie who had turned himself into a sharp razor and vanished.

In King Lear, Edgar says "This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat and hunts the poor creatures of earth." And in the Tempest, Ariel says. "I come to answer thy best pleasure; be to fly, to swim, to dive into the fire, to ride on the curled clouds."

"Where the bee sucks there lurk I,
In the cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly."

In the Midsummer Night's Dream, the Fairy says:

"Now it is the time of night
That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the Churchyard paths to glide."

We know that the belief in "second sight" and the "Black Art" was formerly very prevalent in Scotland. We have been told that a Scottish gentleman on his way to visit a friend in the country, on nearing a ford not far from the country seat, as the shades of evening began to close in, observed a procession descending the other bank of the river by torch light. Pausing to see what it was, he beheld the funeral of a child attended by his friend as chief mourner and followed by many of his acquaintances. The mournful cavalcade slowly descended to the river and there faded from the sight. The traveller proceeded, and arrived at his destination only just in time to see his friend's child alive. We knew one gallant officer who was persuaded that he had seen the apparitions of more than one deceased person, and another officer who professed to be able to call up the shades of the departed. When hard pressed to exhibit his powers, his answer was that he would not do so because he must begin by committing a great crime.

Mr. Forbes says ;—" There are six descriptions of charms 'or " Muntras," known in Goozerat, which are described in a 'series of works forming the scriptures on the subject, or " Mun- 'tra Shastrus." A charm called " Marun Muntra" has the power 'of taking away life: " Mohun Muntra" produces ocular or auri- 'cular illusions; " Sthumbhun Muntra" stops what is in mo- tion; " Akurshun Muntra" calls or makes present anything; 'Wusheckurun Muntra" has the power of enthralling; and 'Oochatun Muntra" of causing bodily injury, short of death." We have heard the opinion expressed at Baroda that the late Guicowar had caused incantations to be made with a view to take the life of an obnoxious Resident. The charm certainly failed for the time, but we are not sure that subsequent events did not strengthen the popular belief. We have been entreated by natives of rank to interfere to prevent a Brahmin at enmity with them from perambulating a temple dedicated to the goddess of destruction the contrary to the usual way. Repeating the Lord's prayer backwards was formerly a favourite incantation in Europe. Villagers will often in this country abandon a tract of rich land, or the cultivation of a particular crop, from the belief that it had been cursed.

Charms and propitiatory offerings to idols are more relied on than medicines in sickness and pestilence. Ashes from the fire pit, the " Turth," or water that has been poured over the god, are believed to be powerful remedies. Visitations of cholera are attempted to be averted by processions of village maidens carrying garlands of flowers or other offerings to the god presiding over their hamlet. Sometimes villagers make a miniature cart and placing, as they suppose, the cholera in it, drag it to the lands of a neighbouring village, the inhabitants of which forcibly resist the unwelcome visitor. But if the little chariot gets within their boundaries in spite of their wishes and efforts, they do not rest until they have dragged it on to another village where the same scene recurs. The friends of persons attacked with cholera often refuse to administer medicine to them lest Bhowanee, in revenge for being deprived of her prey, may visit them with a more dire calamity. Mr. Forbes observes. " Of omens, Krishnaje, the author of Rutun Mala, has left us a 'very full enumeration. The following are the inauspicious omens 'which an army encountered on its way to a field of battle, 'where it was defeated. First, as they went, a man sneezed when 'he met them, a dog howled—an omen not good, a cat passed 'them on the right hand, a donkey brayed, and a kite cried terri- 'bly. Meeting them, came a widow and a Sanyasee, a Brahmin 'without a teeluk on his forehead, a person dressed in mourning

'garments, one who carried a plate of flour, and a woman with her hair dishevelled.'

Omens are still more or less regarded even in England. We all know the prejudice against single magpies. The ticking of the "death's head" is supposed to be the muffled drum that gives warning of the approach of death.

"Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf beholds the moon,
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch owl screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud."*

"The death bell thrice was heard to ring,
An ærial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped his wing,
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.
The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green,
'Twas the hour—for never more
The hapless Countess e'er was seen.
And in the manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball,
For ever since that dreary hour,
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall."†

Mr. Forbes treats of so many interesting matters connected with the manners and customs of the Hindoos, that our space admits of our noticing only a few of them. We must refer our readers for the rest to the "Ras Mala" itself which is replete with the most valuable information and gives a greater insight than any other work we know into the inner life of the natives of Hindoostan. Owing to the insecurity of property and the exactions to which the people were subjected under native Governments, the industrial classes were reduced to the greatest poverty. Mr. Forbes graphically describes the indebtedness of the agriculturists in Goozerat and the steps by which they became, and even now sometimes become, inextricably involved in the meshes of the money lenders. It is usual to denounce the monied class as the bane of the agriculturists, on whose ignorance they prey and fatten. But with all their avarice it must be allowed that they are most useful and indeed necessary to them. In times of scarcity and sickness the poor cultivators, would, without their aid, be left without cattle to plough or seed to sow their land, and in danger of perishing of starvation. When pestilence or famine may sweep off scores of debtors in a single season money must be dear to the needy, and the monied man is forced, for his

* *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

† *Mickle.*

own protection, to indemnify himself out of the means of those who can, for the loss he is sure to sustain from those who cannot, pay. The monied class is therefore as deserving of protection as any other. Mr. Le Bas, a Mofussil Judge on the Bengal Establishment, has expressed an opinion that our Civil Courts are blots on our administration, that they ought to be swept away, and that the people should be left to manage their pecuniary affairs without the aid of law, since, though Native Governments had no Civil Courts, money was freely lent and borrowed under them.

We believe that the remedy which our Civil Courts offer to creditors induces prudence among borrowers, and, whilst they protect the latter from all other modes of pressure, their cost and delay are sufficiently deterring to the former. There were no Civil Courts under Native Governments, it is true, but what was the consequence? If a rich creditor dragged his poor debtor from his home and occupation, starved him in a dark room, made him stand on one leg uncovered in the sun, hang suspended from a rafter, or gasp under the pressure of a heavy weight, who would interfere between them? The rich man had only to say that he was settling accounts with his constituents and no more questions were asked; and even if the cry of oppression chanced to reach the ear of authority a silver veil soon shut out sight and sound. Those were the days of cruelty and extortion on one side, and of falsehood, deceit and evasion on the other, of one party endeavouring to exact and the other to withhold as much as possible. If a creditor could not shut up a rich debtor or lay a finger on his property, he still had other modes of pressure. Hear Mr. Forbes on this subject. "About thirty years ago, a Chorun asserted a claim against the chief of Syela, in Katteewar, which the chief refused to liquidate. The lord thereupon taking forty of his caste with him, went to Syela with the intention of sitting in, "Dharna" at the chief's door, and preventing any one coming out or going in until the claim should be discharged. However, as they approached the town, the chief, becoming aware of their intention, caused the gates to be closed. The bards remained outside, for three days they abstained from food; on the fourth day they proceeded to perform "Iraga," as follows:—some hacked their own arms; others decapitated three old women of the party, and hung their heads up at the gate as a garland. Certain of the women cut off their own breasts. The bards also pierced the throats of four of their old men with spikes, and they took two young girls by the heels and dashed out their brains against the town gate. The Chorun to whom the money was due, dressed himself in clothes wadded with

‘cotton, which he steeped in oil, and then set on fire. He then
‘burned himself to death. But as he died he cried out, “I am
‘now dying; but I will become a headless ghost (kuvces) in
‘the palace, and will take the chief’s life, and cut off his poster-
‘ity.””

It is thus manifest that we must have Civil Courts or something worse. Our author further observes. “Whether the
‘paramount power sought a guarantee from the half independent
‘principalities for the payment of their tribute, or a private individual desired assurance of oblivion and personal safety from
‘the Chief whom he had offended,—whether the money-lender
‘looked for a pledge of repayment, or the merchant for the safe
‘transit of his goods through a country infested with robbers, the
‘bard was alike resorted to as the only person whose security
‘would be accepted without danger. As the descendant and favourite of the gods, his person was sacred in the eyes of men,
‘who revered but little else, and he had at his command
‘means of extorting compliance with his demands, which were
‘seldom used in vain. These were the rites of “Iraga” and
‘“Dhurna,” which consisted,—the former, in the shedding by
‘the bard of the blood of himself or of some member of his family, and the calling down upon the offender whose obstinacy
‘necessitated the sacrifice, the vengeance of heaven; and the
‘latter in placing round the dwelling of the recusant, a cordon
‘of bards, who fasted, and compelled the inhabitants of the
‘house also to fast, until their demands were complied with.”

But this system of guarantees was not always confined to bards. The Guicowars of Baroda were obliged to make up for their want of credit by offering the guarantee of their powerful mercenary Chiefs, the Sindee Jemadars. Those Chiefs were all powerful at Baroda when British influence was first established there, and it was not before force and diplomacy had been used that the Guicowar could be rescued from their grasp. The guarantee of the British Government superseded that of those unruly mercenaries, and was interposed between the Prince and most of his high Officers of State before tranquillity and confidence could be restored. Those men did not hesitate to ask, nor was the prince ashamed to accept, the interposition of such a shield between himself and his own subjects. Under Native Governments dishonest debtors had an easy way of escape from their creditors at all times open to them. They could and often did join some of the bands of plunderers with which the country was at all times infested. They not only blotted out the old score by decamping, but probably came some dark night accompanied by congenial associates, and relieved their creditors of all their hoards without the formality of any written acknowledgments.

The Bheel and Koolie plunderers of Guzerat, aptly termed "the soldiers of the night," form an important and troublesome part of the population. In times of tumult they were ever ready to take advantage of every opportunity of plunder, and to join the standard of any chief who promised to gratify their love of rapine. For many years subsequent to the introduction of the British Government in Guzerat, it was common for persons, having real or supposed grievances, to attempt their redress by going out in what was called Bharwuttea or self-outlawry. The habit of such persons was to inflict as much mischief as possible on all but their personal friends, as a means of forcing the authorities to interest themselves in their case. They took care to have friends in every village ready to give them intelligence, food and shelter. The people generally, who were spared by those outlaws, gloried in their deeds. Most persons who have been in Guzerat must have heard of the notorious Bharwuttea, Gendat, who was at length brought to bay and destroyed by the late Major Fulljames. The villagers were full of his exploits, and everybody in the country could recount numbers of his hairbreadth escapes and daring exploits. How when hotly pursued he would disappear miles off from the city of Ahmedabad, and presently re-appear in the centre of the town out of subterranean passages known only to himself, and how he eluded capture and mocked his pursuers on his fleet Katteewar mare. Besides whole tribes of hereditary robbers India was infested by associations of the most desperate criminals, as Thugs, Dacoits and many others, who disguised their real pursuits under the pretence of honest callings. All attempts to reclaim such men have failed. We have been told by a professional robber whom we had placed under the surveillance of the Police, that he would at any time prefer being blown from a gun to the degradation of manual labour. The History of India has recorded the dreadful atrocities committed by predatory hordes in times of anarchy. The towns and villages of whole Provinces were sacked and burnt by them. "Before them was the garden of Eden, and behind them a desolate wilderness." Candeish has hardly yet recovered from the devastations committed by the Pindarrees. The "Ras Mala" gives a very interesting description of the beautiful temples, gateways, reservoirs and other architectural remains of the Kingdom of Unhilwara. We can testify to the exceeding beauty of the curved gateway still remaining at Dubhooe, which doubtless only conveys a faint idea of the magnificence of the buildings that once adorned the city Unhilpoor.

We would venture to recommend Mr. K. Forbes to employ his able and indefatigable pen in recording the glories of the

dynasty of the Nurputtee Rajas of Annagoondee, which claims descent from the Pandoos. They were the authors of innumerable irrigational works of great magnitude in the Southern Mahratta country, and unless distance leads enchantment to the view, the Annagoondee Rajas were according to popular tradition, models of good government. Nothing can exceed the number, richness, profuseness, and variety of the architectural remains at Annagoondee. The beauty and variety of the brackets, fluted to their pillars and sculptured walls, to be found there, is quite marvellous. One specimen of carving that we particularly noticed was an elaborately finished granite chariot. The figures showed traces of delicate colours, and when they were all fresh from the painter they must have presented a most gay and animated appearance.

Our author gives a spirited description of the city of Unhilpoor from a native writer. No doubt the scene must have been most lively and picturesque. We can well imagine what a gala day was there, especially at the Dussera festival, when all the inhabitants proceeded in their gayest attire to the place of sacrifice, and the sovereign, surrounded by his nobles, auxiliaries and ministers seated on painted and gaily caparisoned elephants and prancing studs, moved on in state to slay the sacred buffalo. Nothing can be conceived more animated than such a scene; a bright sky above, green fields and trees below, and sparkling fountains, the flowing and many coloured dresses of the people, the shrill notes of martial music, the sound of the hollow drum, the neighing of horses and the shouts of men. The scene would appear to represent the pleasures of a people of peaceful and polished manners, and yet the ceremony of the day is the unloosing of the dogs of cruel war. The lust of conquest has inflamed the Chief and his followers with the desire of unprovoked war and plunder. Their track will be stained with blood, and marked by ruined farms and burning villages.

The dynasty has come to an end and its place has been taken by the stranger, because it was buried under sensuality, intrigue and corruption, because it was not guided by law and a care for the well-being of the people, but by unjust caste distinctions, and by superstitions which fostered animal life while they disregarded the life of man.

We say of Unhilwara and her dynasty with the Poet—

“In ruin ’mong the States unblessed,
Thus perish every King and State
That run the guilty race she ran.
Strong but in ill and only great
By outrage against God and man.
Let her rest.”

And in regard to other Native States we would add in the words of our author. "Where royal power has ceased to exist, 'there royal rights also must be admitted to have perished, and 'a great supremacy must necessarily extinguish petty jurisdictions, as the sun does a little fire."

ART. VIII.—*Copy of a Despatch from the Government of India, dated the 3rd day of June 1859, reviewing the Report of the Commissioner for the Revision of Civil Salaries and Establishment throughout India. Return to an Address of the Honourable the House of Commons, dated 4th August, 1859.*

“THE thing,” said a recent traveller to the writer, “the thing which has struck me most forcibly in India is the hate the Anglo-Indians have for it. No man, by his own account, would remain an hour but for the money.” The traveller spoke the truth. The old liking of Anglo-Indians for their career, that devotion to the interests of India, that profound acquaintance with the people which made them the most successful of conquerors, and the most egregious of bores, has disappeared. In its stead we have a growing distaste for India, its climate, its people, and its habitudes, which threatens to ripen fast into disgust. The alteration is of comparatively recent origin, fifteen years having in this instance done the work of a generation. The process began with the opening of the Overland route in 1845. From that date Englishmen, previously interested only in India, began to interest themselves in European affairs. The rapid and vigorous life of the West, the constant progress of ideas, the momentous consequences to the world which follow every change, soon exercised their wonted fascination. Men began slowly to re-Anglicise themselves. The new furlough rules followed, the services swarmed homeward, and returned to find the monotony and solitude of Asiatic life almost insupportable. Then came the Mutinies, and with them the temporary extinction of that sympathy for the population which, above all other causes, had given an interest to the work of administration. They were followed by a season of universal discontent, discontent with new taxes and new reductions, with the changes rendered imperative by public opinion at home, and the quiescence enforced by the feebly repressive policy of the Governor General. The Indian world, worn out with excitement, disappointment, and political disgust, sighs only for the home it is for the majority impossible to reach. Every man who can leave, leaves. Every man who stays, consoles his despondency by calculating when he may follow. England has become all in all, and India, as our travelling friend declared, is simply an object of disgust.

This access of nostalgia, even if temporary, is a serious misfortune to the Empire. Civilization, progress, the security essential to the accumulation which is the basis of both, rest mainly on the views and character of the white aristocracy, of the few Europeans

of all professions and modes of life. It is they who have created every system of law now in operation in India. It is to them the Empire owes its magnificent commerce, its peace, its wealth, its growing facilities for intercommunication. The immense evils which still exist, and which cause thoughtful men almost to despair of the future, must depend for their removal or amelioration on the exertions of the same class. Any cause which deteriorates their character or impairs their energies, is injurious in a double sense to the tone of the administration. The effect of discontent in India is prospective as well as actual. It is not merely that soldiers become dissatisfied and irreverent of authority, that civilians give up the hope of improvement, that the great adventurer class surrenders itself to the passion for gain as the one object realizable, the one pearl to be extracted from the mass of rottenness around. Those are evils, but there is one greater than them. The talk of this generation is the gospel of the next. The rising men of England will not come to a land which every one who is in it hates. Already in one service the supply is beginning to fail. Medical students at home are beginning to avoid India. At the last examinations the number of competitors has been less than the number of appointments, and men who have succeeded have not been such as Government, when the patronage was surrendered, desired to secure. Leadenhall Street may offer all the promises it can invent. Surgeons may be promised a competence after 17 years, and the fact that it is not available for twenty-five years may be successfully concealed. The few prizes left may be carefully paraded in print, but the young Surgeon is not guided by all that. His gospel is the talk of the Surgeon on furlough, and when he finds every Indian doctor filled with disgust of his position, his prospects, and the country in which he is compelled to labour, he naturally avoids a competition which offers him as its only inducement, a chance of a bitter disappointment. Needy students, Prussians and other Germans crammed for the nonce, step into the vacant places, and the Empire as to this special branch of its administration is permanently injured. It becomes then a most serious question whether the disgust admitted to be felt at present springs from an evanescent or a lasting cause. Is it in short the fact that India has ceased to be the best career for the average Englishman of the educated middle class? We fear a careful enquiry, if it reveals a possibility of remedy, proves also that a change has passed over the position of all Englishmen in India, a change which if not promptly met by adequate and well considered remedies, will make an Indian career a refuge for the destitute instead of an object of ambition to the enterprising.

Ordinary men work and strive in youth under one of four stimulants;—the desire of wealth, the passion for distinction, the wish for a comfortable independent life, or a sense of duty. The last it is not worth while to consider. The lad may think himself called to convert the heathen, or to teach them, or even, though the thought is less common, to guide them into new paths of industry. Or it may be his duty to come to India on personal grounds. He may have a business to keep up, or a family to assist, or friends to gratify, and may be unable to attain those ends by any other means. That motive will operate for ever whatever the circumstances of the country; it drives men to Sierra Leone as well as India, to Central Africa as well as Bombay. But the mass are influenced by the three first described, and the question before us is reduced to this. Is there sufficient chance left in India for the acquisition of money, or distinction, or comfort, to tempt young men of ordinary character and ambition—and India wants neither rousés, nor men of unimpeachable morals and decided imbecility—to risk the chances of an Indian career.

First as to wealth. There still exists in many quarters an idea that India with all its drawbacks is *the* place for the rapid acquisition of wealth. The liver may be congested, but the salaries are magnificent. The natives may be evil, but the profits are unprecedented. Exile may be painful, but there is the prospect of a wealthy home in the not far distance. It may be questioned whether this notion, once universal, was ever in accordance with the facts. It certainly is not so now. A few men have indeed always, until lately, made considerable sums. From 1772 to 1800 any man once in the service might, if he survived certain risks, become rich. So few were the Anglo-Indians, so vast the consumption of life, that the prizes—and they were large—shifted incessantly from hand to hand. If a man lived, and the chances were seven to five against him, he must come into something, a high official position, or a mercantile—official—military dictatorship in a province, or a monopoly, or a contract, or a right to make out a bill for stores, or a jaghire, or a command, or something which enriched its possessor almost by magic. The wealth of Bengal was in the hands of less than a hundred men. But since that period, from the day when the services were filled and the Army constituted, the chances of acquiring large wealth have rapidly diminished. For it must be remembered the point at issue is not the sum acquired, but the difference between that sum and the money the adventurer would have obtained at home. The Civilian who took care of himself, doubtless was well paid. Some of them were extravagantly paid. But the

number who retired early with great fortunes was extraordinarily small. One or two who stayed late took large sums,—Mr. Barwell being the most fortunate*—but not one carried away the amount which has repeatedly rewarded the great speculator in England. Not one made a fortune like some of the Army contractors of Queen Anne, or speculator-swindlers of the Georges, or Levant dealers of George the Third. We have paid much attention to the point, and we utterly disbelieve that any European in any stage of the Empire ever took home with him a million sterling. We doubt if more than five, Clive, Barwell, Vansittart, and Rumbold ever took more than half a million, and the great majority of the “enormous Indian fortunes” were within twenty lakhs. The notion of the inconceivable wealth of Anglo-Indians, a notion so widely spread that Macaulay mentions it among the phenomena of a century, and so inveterate that it raises the price of hotel fare to all Anglo-Indians now, arose from a different cause. Whatever the Anglo-Indians possessed was spendable wealth. They had no estates crippled with mortgages, dowers, and charitable claims, tenants too old to be dismissed, tenants too ready with their votes to be dunned; tenants always on the flit, tenants who spoilt the land for a generation in the effort to make it pay for five years. They had no palaces to keep up, no double establishments to maintain, no heirs with enormous allowances sanctioned by precedent, as strong as law. They came to England at a time when the landed interest was impoverished,† and they came with clear incomes of from six to twelve thousand a year, and no indisposition to waste the capital. Of course they outshone the squires, but they did not outshine the merchants, and the belief in the unique character of their wealth rests only on popular dislike. It must be remembered, too, that their wealth differed from that of their mercantile rivals in this essential point. It did not continue to accumulate. The moment the Anglo-Indian left Calcutta, his resources ceased. He had his fortune, but no fountain whence more and more wealth might flow. The English merchant who retired with perhaps the same sum had his share of a business besides, worth in income more

* He had ninety lakhs. Vansittart too, who owned half Calcutta, was almost equally wealthy. The Vansittarts we can trace. Where are the Barwells?

† Nothing is more remarkable than the rapidity of the change in this respect. In 1800 the landowners were paying for a century and a half of extravagance and dissolute living. Their rents were low, and their mortgages heavy. To be a Peer was in popular estimation to be a poor proud man. The Comedians are never tired of contrasting the rude luxury of the “Cits” with the barren dignity of the Peers. Read any of the novels of the period, and the man of wealth is either a Nabob or a merchant. It was commerce and the growth of mighty cities, London especially, which made the Peerage rich. The great House of Gower, for example, with all its estates, had not £15,000 a year.

than his capital. There are houses in London which have endured for two hundred years. There is not a house in Calcutta which has lasted forty, and scarcely three in India which have outlived a half century. The tales of enormous wealth made, then, in India really signify that a very limited number of Englishmen returned to England with capitals equal to those accumulated by tolerably successful English merchants. That is all. To relatives who knew nothing of the hazard, heard nothing of the struggle, of the fierce toil of energetic life within the tropics, the fortune seemed made by magic. John had gone out at twenty with a five pound note. John had returned at forty with £200,000. That was all they saw, and India became of course the land of fortunes. Had John made his money on 'Change, or as a bullock-contractor,* not a feeling of surprise would have existed.

Gradually even this small number became smaller. The private trade ended. The great salaries were clipped. The commission granted on the Company's purchases was stopped.† Contracts were given out of the services, and the best of them—the commissariat contracts,—to natives. Life became more secure and promotion slow. Above all, the influence of Europe began to be felt, making all life expensive. It is one of the forgotten facts of Indian history that the old Nabobs lived like natives. Wages were low, sumptuary allowances were almost universal, and retinue was almost the only personal expense. They imported nothing from Europe except wine, bought no books and no millinery, never furnished, rode native horses, kept native boats, had no wives at home, and sent their children to Serampore instead of to England. Soon the best chance of wealth for a man in the service became the great salary attached to a post only attainable in the autumn of life. The great war, too, shut up India, and officers remained steadily hoping, till they had lost even the desire to return to Europe. In old age the few who lived again became wealthy, but the standard was lowered and a man with £100,000 was exceedingly fortunate. Even this sum cost forty years of labour, labour which was as often unsuccessful as in Europe. True, the *cause* of failure was different the great bugbear of life changed, there was no English fear of the work-house, but there was an Indian dread of untimely death, and the tropical foe numbered at least as many victories as the Northern one.

* We know at least one instance where a fortune larger than any made in India was made in England in ten years by a small grazier who got a contract.

† One man, very late in the day, had Rs. 15,000 a month as silk dealer for the Company at Moershedabad.

Yet another change, and we come to the India of the last day, the India of from 1820 to 1845. During all that period the country offered undoubtedly the prospect of a slow competence to all within the groove. The ratio of life had improved. Salaries, though seriously reduced, were still large. The pension funds were not overcrowded. Promotion was certain irrespective of exertion, and the man who lived might after his tenth year save, on a plan, and in security. But that the prizes were larger or more quickly gained than in Europe, we deny. No man of any grade took home a fortune suddenly made. Very few took home fortunes slowly made, and of those few scarcely a dozen reached the limit of the old citizen ambition—"a round plum." From four to seven lakhs has been since 1820 a considerable Indian fortune, and that rarely acquired before fifty-five, never before fifty. Competence there was for those who could work and live, as there is in England. The only difference in favour of India was that the unsuccessful, instead of dying of heartbreak, died of the climate. From 1845 to our own day the progress in this matter of money-making has been steadily downwards, until it has pretty nearly reached its level. And now in the year 1859 what are the special chances of acquiring wealth, substantive transferable wealth, in India? We say briefly—none at all. That a lucky barrister makes Rs. 15,000 a month, that a luckier merchant succeeding to an old established business realizes £30,000 before he is thirty, that a luckiest speculator in Indigo doubles that sum before he is forty-five, are no proofs to the contrary. Accidents of that kind occur in all countries. It is true also that a man who will devote the capital English trade requires, will obtain double the return English trade yields, but he can only make it for half the time. It is a choice between £1000 a year for life, and £2000 a year for fifteen years. Of special facilities for money-making the country offers few or none. The old Colonel who retires on £1800 a year, is considered most fortunate. How is he more fortunate than the English Colonel with the same sum, equally little to do, and a sound liver? The Civilian retires on £1000 a year, and perhaps a lakh besides. He is fortunate, but wherein more so than his brother, the barrister, who earns that sum till he dies, and leaves wife and child with insurances, valuable as his brother's cash? The latter has felt the pressure of pecuniary anxiety most, but it is not a whit more severe than the pressure the climate involves with its separations, deaths, illnesses, and constant alarm. Official salaries in India look large. As a matter of fact do officials make fortunes? Every one acquainted with the interior working of Indian society knows that they do not, that the accumulation of

money by officials is rare, the accumulation of sums of any magnitude rarer, and the accumulation of more than £50,000 an event which does not happen twice in a generation. Soldiers have long since given up the hope of wealth, and the case is little better with the adventurers. How many of the merchants, tradesmen and professional men in Bengal really make fortunes? Or, to put the question in a still more definite form, how many in the last twelve years have carried away £30,000? They can be counted almost on the fingers. Incomes, it is true, are large, and so are profits sometimes, but too many circumstances war against accumulation. In the first place there is the question of time. In England a man passes from 20 to 30 in a kind of apprenticeship, and has thirty years at least of independent work remaining. If he succeeds to a house, his apprenticeship is even shorter. In India ten years are consumed in the apprenticeship, and then undoubtedly a successful adventurer might make a fortune. Before six more years have elapsed he is either ill, or homesick, or craving for wife and child, or seized with that fierce hatred of the country which breaks out in Europeans like a disease, and fortune is flung to the winds in hope of peace. Competence comes it is true, but no oftener than in England, and always on the English conditions—steady, attentive, unswerving work. Of the grand prizes in the race, the colossal fortunes made occasionally in New York, London, Marseilles, and the China ports, India is wholly destitute. Of the second class fortunes—£50,000 to £100,000,—she is so far destitute that the prizes are certainly not more frequent than in a lottery, and of the third class fortunes, the wealth which is distinguished from competence by being transmissible, she offers as many and as few as a home career. If India ever was the land which to a man seeking wealth offered the best career—and this we doubt—she certainly is not that land now.

Distinction. The love of Distinction is not the strongest or most widely spread of English passions. A Frenchman always longs for fame. If he cannot get it, he will put up with notoriety; but notice, applause, the recognition of himself individually, is to him the highest object of desire. The conscript dreams of his bâton, as an English recruit dreams of bacon. Even the placid Germans have an intense susceptibility to applause, a feeling strong enough to make all classes tenacious in the extreme, from the politician who deems censure of himself reason for a mitraillede, to the savan who fights to the death lest he should be robbed of the credit of some infinitesimal contribution to knowledge, and the priest who will pardon any thing save forgetfulness of his good deeds. Among Englishmen, however, partly from character, partly from cir-

cumstances, the desire is far less strong. Still there are sufficient of the educated class who feel this motive to make it a powerful impulse in society. What prospect then does India offer of distinction? As little as of wealth. At first sight a stranger might imagine capacity had no better field. Everybody is known. Everybody is watched. There is sufficient esprit de corps to induce each class and each section of the community to feel a keen interest in the reflected credit of the successful member. In fact, however, distinction is in India almost unattainable. The same village character which induces every one to watch others, induces every one to depreciate others. Learning, political acumen, business ability, all the powers of the mind are displayed in India in forms Europe cannot appreciate, and prophets have no honour in their own country. What matter that a Benares professor has exhausted a philosophy as wide as that of Germany? Who understands even its terminology? What matter that a Civilian has solved the most intricate problem of land tenures, released a few millions of fertile acres from encumbrance? Who knows what his tenures mean? A politician devises a plan which enables 5000 men to control a Border of 800 miles inhabited by a million of marauders? Who cares about him or his barbarians? General appreciation is baffled by ignorance. Local appreciation, again, is impaired or interrupted, partly by the village spirit remarkable in all colonies and most remarkable in India, and partly by an insouciance peculiar to tropical life, and proceeding perhaps from the aristocratic constitution of Indian society. There is no direct depreciation. It is admitted that the hero did the deed allowed. It is admitted that he is a very fine fellow. But there the Indian world stops short. Nobody doubts or denies the deeds of Hodson, or Nicholson, or Kavenagh, or any of the fifty men the mutiny volcano threw up. But nobody acknowledges them, nobody cares particularly about them. It would not occur to Calcutta to give a dinner to a hero simply as a hero. Nobody in Bombay would have walked across the road to see General Nicholson. As to service being a claim to social distinction, it simply does nothing for the aspirant. A "leader of society" in Calcutta would leave Mr. Kavenagh standing, or decline to dine with him after his feat as readily as before it. Major Tombs would in India be no lion of an evening. Of more serious distinctions the officer has the same chance as in Europe but no more, and they carry with them little social weight. Who honestly cares whether an acquaintance be C. B. or not, except when addressing a letter? In England men do care, and there is just the difference in the chances of distinction in the two countries.

As to the civil officer his opportunities of distinction are practically nil. There is no political stage on which capacity can be displayed. Government may know that a certain Commissioner has a singular creative power, can be relied on for a new plan in a troublesome emergency. The public only knows that he is an "efficient officer." There are scores of "efficient officers." How many even in India really distinguish men under the rank of Lieutenant Governors? How many remember what Col. Dixon did? At home the ignorance is perfect. Col. Davidson saves a kingdom. The Sovereign grants him a civil K. C. B. The Overland paper applauds, and calls him, twice over—Col. Dickinson. Mr. Dorin lately member of Council, who had held high offices for a quarter of a century, was always called Mr. Durrant, while Col. Durand is generally Col. Doran. How many men in civil office have obtained English distinction? Scarce one has been created a baronet. Only two have ever been made Peers, and of those one was rewarded for services outside India. Of the long list of men who have helped to consolidate India one only has, under the most exceptional circumstances, made himself a household word. Nobody out of the Court circle knew "Mr. Hastings of Daylesford" till he was impeached. Lord Wellesley was at home called a "Sultanized Englishman," and considered overrated. Lord W. Bentinck obtained no mark. Lord Dalhousie might have been recognized, but the Indian climate terminated his hope of a home career. Sir John Lawrence is appreciated, but the clubs decry him already, and ten years hence he will be forgotten.

As for adventurers, distinction is for them about as possible as for laymen in Rome. There is no political agency through which to work. Of the thousands of families who have risen in India, outside the services, to usefulness and competence, few if any have left a mark. The Ouseleys present almost the only instance of a family founded by an Indian adventurer, and they have not risen beyond embassies. We question if there is a name outside the services to be found in Indian history, or one which educated Indians can recall among the crowd. Yet these men raised the commerce of the country from four millions in 1813 to eighty millions in 1859, introduced Railways, civilization, education, the Press, and Christianity. In the ordinary walks of life India affords no scope. There is no room for poets or writers, or painters, or physicians, or lawyers, or even engineers. If first class men appeared, the Indian world would not believe that local men could be first class. Who ever heard of Fergusson, indigo planter, one of the first authorities in existence on architecture, and probably not only the first in fortification, but so far the first that it will be twenty years before

Europe has realized his ideas? How Engineers trained at Addiscombe, and accustomed to barracks, would have sneered and cavilled, and protested, had Fergusson "an indigo planter" been told to fortify Calcutta. Calcutta residents stare when told that a quiet man working among them with his sleeves up in a Museum they are too ignorant to enter, is one of the four first living ornithologists. Col. A. Cotton seems to be recognized, but he only seems. A Presidency has taken up his leading idea as a party cry, but the rest of India only chatters over ideas too deeply impressed with originality to be intelligible to any but trained minds.

For the smaller distinctions of life there is of course in India no scope. No European has a chance of making himself locally important, of heading a public movement, of reforming a great abuse, or developing power of any kind. If in the services he will, if active, be promoted quietly; if out of the services he will be called a meddling agitator.

Lastly, as to the chances which exist in India for securing a comfortable life. This is the impelling motive of the large majority of Englishmen. They want to live easily, without too much work, or, having work, without too much fret about the future. They want to marry early, to see their children flourish, to enjoy life in a moderate and equable spirit. India presents to such men one single advantage. As yet Anglo-Indians are free, if not wholly, at least to a very wide degree, from the crushing evil of Europe—pecuniary care. No matter the rank or the pay, or the encumbrances, a moderate sensible Anglo-Indian has usually enough. He may crave for more. He may desire things utterly unattainable with his means, but the inability to live, the fear of ultimate ruin which weighs on whole classes in England, is absent here. India is not yet a competitive wild beast's den. All in service are protected from competition. The trade expands faster than the merchants. The tradesman feels still that quality is more important than price, and lives without underselling all his neighbours. The one profession practicable is becoming a little overstocked, but the competition is still not excessive. How long this security may last it is impossible to predict, and it may be dying fast. There is a distrust of the future growing in all men's minds. The civilians fear the abolition of their monopoly. The lawyers declare too many new men are coming in. The tradesmen look gloomily at the "little men" who are creeping in, and who will beat them in cheapness as they now strive to do by attention. The merchants mark the rise of native houses, possessed of an attribute of permanence

which overcomes all other qualities.* Still life is in pecuniary matters easy, and poverty takes forms less hard than those of England. All necessities are still comparatively cheap. It is superfluities which a change of fortune cuts away. Descent may be painful, but it is still possible. The broken merchant can fight up the hill as broker, the failing broker as clerk, the ruined indigo planter as factor or assistant, the lawyer without fees as Government official. There may be and is misery in India, but for the man who can and will work, pecuniary fear is unnecessary. We readily acknowledge that this advantage is a great one. No man who knows English society, the fear which bows down almost all middle class minds, the bitter struggle forward, can doubt it. But it is the only advantage of an Indian career. The country offers no other single form of inducement.

Take the first incidents of domestic life, wife, children, and homestead. Indians, it is true, can marry early, but many circumstances war against domestic feeling. That most delightful hour of an Englishman's life, when the house door is closed and the world and its botherations shut out, the shutters up, the fire blazing, and himself with wife and children independent of the world, is unknown here. We live in huge barns, hot in summer, cold in winter, full of doors, with rafters all visible in the ceiling, white-washed walls and a floor of puddled clay covered with a rush mat. Every one who reaches the door sees as much of the house as its owner. Servants, noiseless, watchful, are everywhere, and keep up a system of espionage unknown in Europe, though it is bad enough there. The sense of isolation, the foundation of domestic feeling, never exists. The wife's health is not perhaps in more serious danger than in England, but the low average of mortality is maintained by incessant visits to Europe. The wife often passes whole years away from her husband. Sometimes it is her health, sometimes her children's, more often inability to meet the expense of double establishments. Every four or five years there is a pain of parting equal perhaps to the pain of a domestic bereavement. With children the matter is even worse. Children after eight years must return to Europe. The devices tried to avoid the necessity are all illusory. Health may be obtained in the hills, but where are the associations of England, the vigorous healthful life, the hard training, the battle of school life, which alone make men? Even in the hills the English child must be surrounded by native servants, the most evil class probably existing on earth, learning to lie before he can talk, to quote filth before he can feel passion. The children sent home do not of course invariably suffer. But through life they regard their parents as third persons,

* The China trade, for example, is passing to Jews, Armenians and natives.

scan them as closely, judge them as hardly as ordinary acquaintances. Who wants to be judged by his wife, or his son, or his daughter as he is? This despatch of children to England, too, furnishes the one exception to the Indian freedom from pecuniary fear. There is always enough for the house. There is not always enough for the home establishment which drains the purse of every married Indian, yet—to the credit of the class be it spoken—this is the first expenditure always met. Part of the expense incurred may be unnecessary. We incline to believe it is. Indians always strike us as mad upon the subject of schools, but it is an hallucination for which circumstances afford every justification. Competition demands over-education, and Indians look to competition as the primary resource. An aristocracy always admires over-cultivation, and Indians form an aristocracy. Above all, parents absent from their children feel that they cannot compensate for the defects of cheaper schools by personal care and home affection. Either therefore children are sent to the school most like a home, *i. e.* the most expensive that can be found, or they are sent to relatives, thereby incurring the double charge for school training and home comfort.

All this while the process going on in the homestead is one of incessant loss. Nothing is more remarkable than the manner in which in England the “belongings” of persons of very moderate means accumulate. A man who starts in life with his wife on £300 a year has usually as little as he can make shift with, but in ten years he is sure, extraordinary misfortunes apart, to have all his comforts around him. In India everything he has, is, from the moment of purchase, perishing. His house goes to decay at a pace which demands repairs every three years. His garden is ruined by a week’s neglect. His furniture is spoilt by the climate, and the servants in an about equal ratio. His books are mildewed, and lost, and stolen, till in despair he purchases no more. An incessant war is waged by his servants against economy. Everything small enough is lost, everything too large to lose is broken. A native will steal the screws of a microscope, the handles of a door, the edges from a salver, the clothes on their way to the wash. Nothing endures, and between the climate and the people watchfulness is thrown away. The only plan is to accept the conditions of camp life, calculate deliberately how much you can throw away for comfort, and throw it away accordingly.

There is no relief from all this internal discomfort except society, and what kind of society is it? Nine-tenths of us to begin with, live either in the scattered barrack, called a cantonment, or in a station with at most ten people. If all the other inmates were angels life under such circumstances must be

narrow. There are no new ideas and few new faces, no new incidents, nothing to feed the mind. There are no politics, and no local news. Society either grows stupid, or, more frequently, talks of persons instead of things and becomes scandalous. Real society, the interchange of ideas with a few close friends, backed by a world of acquaintances, is impossible.

There can be no friendships where no man stays a year in any one place. There can be no acquaintances in a station of twenty people. You must either make them intimates or cut them dead, as in a ship, and one process is as ruinous as the other to society. That Indians as a class are singularly intelligent, is true. Men occupied with the Government of an alien race, linguists, administrators, and masters, could hardly be otherwise. But, though the training strengthens the mind, it does not fill it. An Indian's intellect runs, like the meat of an overworked ox, too much to bone. He can grasp any subject, but he has no fund of ideas, facts, incidents, and aspirations to pour out in the intercourse of society. We question if there are five men in the country who would point to the friendships they have made, the society they have enjoyed, as sweeteners of their cup of life in India.

And this society he seeks in a climate which, all medical chatter notwithstanding, most Indians believe to be the worst in the world. There has been of late years a sort of reaction upon this question. Because the country does not kill its visitors as it once did, it is pronounced healthy. Doubtless the mortality is very much lower. The frequency of visits home, the extinction of drunkenness, the diminution of some special forms of disease, and an excessive caution about health, have kept down the average of deaths. But a climate may be unhealthy without causing death. A climate which saps all the vital powers, destroys the capacity to work, and deprives its victims of the full possession of every faculty, is an unhealthy climate, and that is India. Who in this country ever feels real health, the delight of simple existence, the keen pleasure which in England follows exercise? Life in the tropics is for Englishmen a mere drag, a fight up the hill with a foe which only lacks just sufficient strength for final mastery.

And when worn and sick, suspicious of all men, the Englishman at fifty returns home, what is his position? Half his relatives are dead. The other half have forgotten him. He has left his children usually behind, but if not, they regard him almost as a stranger. He has nothing to do. Indian training is too special to leave full power for other work, but granted the capacity, where is the opportunity? English prizes of course must be foregone, and the Indian is too old to contest the ordinary race with his own sons. If he

can take an interest in politics, it is well, though an Indian is seldom a successful politician. If he can live in London, and stand the wear and tear of active London life, it is also well. But if not, he glides about at Bath or Cheltenham, or the thousand pretty village-towns scattered about England, conscious of wasted powers, without a purpose or a hope.

Is it so certain that India is still the best field for educated ambition?

CRITICAL NOTICES

OF

WORKS ON INDIA AND THE EAST PUBLISHED DURING THE QUARTER.

Lucina, the Prophetess. A Tale of India. By Sydney, Lady Morgan.
London : Charles Westerton, 1859.

AT the dawn of the period which we generally consider as the beginning of the last phase of our modern English Literature, when Cowper and Burns were striving to recall it to that realism and unartificial truth which had been buried under the falsehood of the period of the Restoration and the Revolution and had merged into a tame lifelessness under Queen Anne and the first two Georges, Lady Morgan wrote. Byron and Moore were not ; Wordsworth and his School were yet in the future except in so far as they were anticipated by Crabbe ; the French Revolution had just awoke the mind of Europe to young ideas. Born in Dublin in 1783, the daughter of an Actor and song-writer, with just sufficient education to quicken without dulling her native talent, Sydney Owenson was a poet and a novelist on a somewhat large scale. Ere she was out of her teens she had written "Kate Kearney," and had seen seven editions of her "Wild Irish Girl." In the former she anticipated Moore, and in the latter laid the basis of a reputation which opened to the Actor's daughter the most brilliant society of London, and gained for as a husband the well known physician Sir Charles Morgan, whom she first met in 1811 when on a visit to the Marquis of Abercorn. Moving with acknowledged grace and power in this society, and entering with Irish-like zest into all its pleasures, she yet found time to issue with wonderful rapidity, novels, sketches, travels and semi-moralising works, which make at least seventy volumes. "Kate Kearney" will probably survive them all, but there are few of them which do not manifest distinct traces of the possession by the writer of some of the characteristics of Irish genius. It was these characteristics which gave them a large sale and a favourable reception when they were issued, it is these that with even this generation consign them to oblivion. She never, save in detached passages, approached the power of her relative, Oliver Goldsmith. With a pension of £300 a year from the Civil List, Lady Morgan lingered on till last year, connecting like Rogers the literary present with the past.

SEPTEMBER, 1859.

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In her old age, she seems to have turned from the broad humour and playful satire of her other works to the more sober and elaborate subject and style of "The Missionary," published upwards of forty years ago. She was engaged in superintending a reissue of it only a few days before her death. Reduced from three volumes to one, and with the more attractive title of "Luxima, the Prophetess," her Indian Tale is now before us, published at this time in the hope that the new interest felt in India will ensure its sale. But the work is essentially one of the past, and has all the vices of the old School of three volume novels. Lady Morgan caught the new spirit of realistic truthfulness that was arising in literature in her early days only partially. In all that she wrote about her country and her people, she was as entertaining as Lever and as truthful as Miss Edgeworth or Mrs. S. C. Hall ; but beyond that she walked upon stilts, she indulged in unreal extravagancies and in an unnatural style, she shewed some of the worst vices of the Minerva Press School. Her Indian Tale is badly conceived, its incidents drag along with a painful slowness, its end is monstrously untrue to nature and probability.

Hilarion, Count d'Acugna, is a second Xavier. Sacrificing the splendours and power of his birth for the exercises of St. Francis, and gaining a reputation for sanctity which spread far and wide over Spain, he suddenly resolves to undertake a spiritual mission to India. In spite of the intrigues of the Jesuits, he is appointed Apostolic Nuncio in India and lands in Goa, accompanied by a young Jesuit who secretly acts as a spy on his actions and finally accomplishes his ruin. Received with the most demonstrative enthusiasm by the people of Goa who groaned under the tyranny of the Spanish Jesuits and the Inquisition, and with the utmost coldness by the Bishop and Grand Inquisitor, the Missionary determined to avoid the snares that were being laid for him by leaving the place. He chose Cashmir as the scene of his future labours, and soon found himself in a "budlow" of 12 oars on the Indus bound for Lahore, where Dara was at that time preparing to wrest the Empire from Aurungzebe. There, under the tuition of a Pundit, he devoted himself to the study of the dialects of Upper India. While there, Lahore was visited by a holy Guru on his way to Cashmir with his grand-daughter, Luxima, who had become a Brachmachira. As they performed sacrifice and discussed in public the doctrines of the Veds, Hilarion was stirred up to preach the truth even in the temple of Brahma. He witnessed the interest of Luxima in his words, was awed into love with her mystic beauty, and resolved to make the conversion of the Priestess of Cashmir the one object of his mission. Once converted, she might prove the redemption of her whole nation.

The course of the story may be conjectured after this. The Missionary loves and he is a priest. In the vales of Cashmir, described in prose as

Moore has done in verse, they often meet, and Luxima learns to love him in turn and to fancy that her love has made her a Christian. The greater part of the book is occupied with a somewhat tedious description of their intercourse. Throughout it is outwardly and professedly merely that of the new-born neophyte and the holy Missionary Father. In reality it is that of lovers, whom religious vows, and the dread of everlasting curses, have for ever separated. The vicissitudes of remorse and hope, the ever changing ever struggling passions in the breast of Hilarion, as he thinks now of his celibate vows, now of the fact that he is beloved, now of the glory of wedding a Brachmachira to Christ, and now of the course that nature and true religion alike point out, are on the whole well painted. At last all is discovered, Luxima is excommunicated by her grand-father and they flee, she that she may ever be with the man who has now her heart, he that he may give her up to a Goanese convent. After much suffering they meet with a trading caravan on its way to Tatta, in which is the Jesuit spy. There Hilarion is arrested by the familiars of the Inquisition, as one who had broken the vows of his order, ruined a neophyte and defamed the Jesuits. He and Luxima are bound and carried to Goa. The Pundit of Lahore now appears on the scene like a good genius. He frees Luxima from the convent of the Dominican sisters where she is confined, and when Hilarion is about to be burnt at an *Auto da fe*, she suddenly appears on the scene with the sacred mark of Brahma on her forehead, springs upon her lover's pile, and rouses the Hindoos by the cry of Brahma. They, eager to avenge the wrongs they had so long groaned under, and believing that their God addressed them from her lips, fall with fury on the Inquisitors, are joined by the sepoys in their pay, and almost beat off the Spanish soldiers, though finally defeated. In the *mêlée* the Missionary, clasping Luxima in his arms, escapes, enters a boat, and finally finds refuge in a cavern for himself and her. But it is too late. She had been stabbed with a poignard in the struggle around the pile, and she looks only for death.

"Luxima!" exclaimed the Missionary wildly, "Luxima, thou wilt not die! Thou wilt not leave me alone on earth to bear thy innocent blood upon thy head, and thy insupportable loss for ever in my heart!—to wear out life in shame and desolation—my hope entombed with thee—my sorrows lonely and unparticipated—my misery keen and eternal!—Oh! no, fatal creature! sole cause of all I have ever known of bliss or suffering, of happiness or of despair, thou hast bound me to thee by dreadful ties; by bonds, sealed with thy blood, indissoluble and everlasting; and, if thy hour is come, mine also is arrived, for triumphing over the fate which would divide us, we shall die, as we dared not live—together!"

Exhausted by the force and vehemence of an emotion which had now reached its crisis—enervated by tenderness, subdued by grief, and equally vanquished by bodily anguish, and by the still surviving conflicts of feeling and opinion—he sank overpowered on the earth; and Luxima, held up by the sympathizing Pundit, seemed to acquire force from the weakness of her unfortunate friend, and to return from the grasp of death, that she might restore him to life. Endeavouring to support his head in her feeble arms, and pressing her cold cheek to his, she sought to raise and cheer his subdued spirit, by words of hope and consolation. At the sound of

her plaintive voice, at the pressure of her soft cheek, the creeping blood quickened its circulation in his veins, and a faint sensation of pleasure thrilled on his exhausted nerves. He raised his head, and fixed his eyes on her face with one of those looks of passionate fondness, tempered by fear, and darkened by remorse, with which he had so frequently, in happier days, contemplated that exquisite loveliness which had first stolen between him and Heaven.

Luxima still too well understood that look, which had so often given birth to emotions, which even approaching death had not quite annihilated; and with renovated strength (the illusory herald of dissolution) she exclaimed—"Soul of my life! the God whom thou adorest did doubtless save thee from a dreadful death, that thou mightest live for others, and still he commands thee to bear the painful burthen of existence. Yet, oh! if for others thou wilt not live, live at least for Luxima! and be thy beneficence to her nation, the redemption of those faults of which for thy sake she has been guilty! Thy brethren will not dare to take a life, which God himself has miraculously preserved—and, when I am no more, thou shalt preach, not to the Brahmins only, but to the Christians, that the sword of destruction, which has this day been raised between the followers of thy faith and of mine, may be for ever sheathed! Thou wilt appear among them as a spirit of peace, teaching mercy, and inspiring love; thou wilt soothe away, by acts of tenderness, and words of kindness, the stubborn prejudice which separates the mild and patient Hindu from his species; and thou wilt check the Christian's zeal, and bid him follow the sacred lesson of the God he serves, who, for years beyond the Christian era, has extended his merciful indulgence to the errors of the Hindu's mind, and bounteously lavished on his native soil those wondrous blessings which first tempted the Christians to seek our happier regions. But, should thy eloquence and thy example fail, tell them my story! tell them how I have suffered, and how even thou hast failed:—thou, for whom I forfeited my caste, my country, and my life; for 'tis too true, that still more loving than enlightened, my ancient habits of belief clung to my mind, thou to my heart: still I lived thy seeming proselyte, that I might still live thine; and now I die as Brahmin women die, a Hindu in my feelings and my faith—dying for him I loved, and believing as my fathers have believed."

Exhausted and faint, she drooped her head on her bosom, and the Missionary, stiffened with horror, his human and religious feelings alike torn and wounded, hung over her, motionless and silent. The Pundit, dropping tears of compassion on the chilling hands he chafed, now administered some water to the parched lips of the dying Indian, on whose brow the light of the moon shone resplendently. Somewhat revived by the refreshment, she turned on him her languid but grateful eyes, and slowly recognising his person, a faint blush, like the first doubtful colouring of the dawn, suffused the paleness of her cheek. She continued to gaze earnestly on him for a few moments, and a few tears, the last she ever shed, fell from her closing eyes,—and, though the springs of life were nearly exhausted, yet her fading spirits rallied to the recollection of *home! of friends! of kindred! and of country!* which the presence of a sympathizing compatriot thus painfully and tenderly awakened—then, after a convulsive struggle between life and death, whose shadows were gathering on her countenance, she said in a voice scarcely audible, and in great emotion: "I owe thee much, let me owe thee more—thou seest before thee Luxima, the Prophetess and Brachmachira of Cashmere! and thou wast haply sent by the interposition of Providence to receive her last words, and to be the testimony to her people of her innocence; and, when thou shalt return to the blessed paradise of her nativity, thou wilt say—'that having gathered a dark spotted flower in the garden of love, she expiates her error by the loss of her life; that her disobedience to the forms of her religion, and the laws of her country, was punished by days of suffering, and by an untimely death; yet that her *soul* was pure from sin, as, when clothed in transcendant brightness, she outshone, in faith, in *virtue*, all women of her nation!'"

This remembrance of her former glory deepened the hues of her complexion, and illumined a transient ray of triumph in her almost beamless eyes: then, pausing for a moment, she fixed her look on the image of her tutelary god, which she still held in her hand—the idol, wearing the form of infant beauty, was symbolic of that religious mystic love, to which she had *once* devoted herself! she held it for

a moment to her lips, and to her heart—then, presenting it to the Cashmirian, she added, “ Take it, and bear it back to him, from whom I received it, on the day of my consecration, in the temple of Sirinagur ! to him ! the aged grandsire whom I abandoned !—dear and venerable !—should he still survive the loss and shame of her, his child and his disciple ! should he still deign to acknowledge as *his* offspring the outcast whom he cursed—the Chancalas whom—” the words died away upon her quivering lips, “ Brahma !” she faintly exclaimed, “ Brahma !” and, grasping the hands of the Missionary, alternately directed her looks to him and to Heaven ; but he replied not to the last glance of life and love. He had sunk beneath the acuteness of his feelings ; and the Indian, believing that his spirit had fled before her own to the realms of eternal peace, and there awaited to receive her, bowed her head, and expired in the blissful illusion, with a smile of love and a ray of religious joy shedding their mingled lustre on her slowly-closing eyes.

Very melodramatic, certainly, and very absurd. And to complete the drama and add to its unreality, the Missionary, the Apostolic Nuncio, the son of St. Francis, the rival of St. Xavier, became a Hermit or a Faquir, it is difficult to gather which. In the suite of Aurungzebe a European Philosopher visited Cashmir and heard there of a lone recluse, who “ prayed at the confluence of rivers, at the rising and setting of the sun.” He was one morning found dead at the foot of an altar he had himself raised to the deity of his secret worship :—

“ Beside him lay a small urn, formed of the sparry congelations of the grotto : on opening it, it was only found to contain some ashes, a cross stained with blood, and the dsandam of an Indian Brahmin. On the lucid surface of the urn were carved some characters which formed the name of “ Luxima !” It was the name of an outcast, and had long been condemned to oblivion by the crime of its owner.

The Indians shuddered when they pronounced it ! and it was believed that the Recluse who lived so long and so unknown among them, was the same who once, and in days long passed, had seduced from the altar of the god she served, the most celebrated of their religious women, when he had visited their remote and lovely valley in the character of a Christian Missionary.

Subjects of Examination in the English Language, appointed by the Senate of the Calcutta University for the Entrance Examination of December, 1860. Calcutta : C. B. Lewis. 1859.

THIS work, both in its subjects and general ‘ getting up,’ is worthy of its academic origin and objects. In its subjects it is altogether of a higher character than the preceding issue, and yet not so far removed above the understanding of youths as to be too difficult. The repeated reading of such works as Rogers’ *Pleasures of Memory*, Coleridge’s *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni*, De Quincey’s *Revolt of the Tartars*, Arthur Helps’ *Essays*, Craik’s *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*, and Mantell’s *Thoughts on Animalcules*, cannot fail to have a most elevating effect on the numerous schools all over Bengal and the North West. Mantell’s work is illustrated by a series of Plates, some of which have been engraved in the Industrial Art School, Calcutta.

Narrative of the Mutinies in Oude. (Compiled from Authentic Records.)
By Captain G. Hutchinson, Bengal Engineers, Military Secretary to the
Chief Commissioner, Oude. Published by Authority. Calcutta: Military
Orphan Press. 1859.

READERS will find in this work not merely detailed and authoritative information regarding the mutinies in the various districts of Oude, the names of those who suffered and the sufferings they underwent, but a better account of the state of the country before the outbreak than can be found elsewhere. That account shows us most clearly why the people of Oude, to whom we fancied we were bringing most acceptable deliverance, hated us so bitterly. It is not easy for the straightforward right-loving mind of an Englishman to comprehend the Asiatic, who loves darkness rather than the light, who would rather be fleeced and stripped by his own tyrants, than receive open justice and physical elevation, or at least peace, at the hands of his alien suzerains.

The theory of the native Government of Oude was most beautiful; it was simply paternal. The King, as the father of his people, had his Court apparently open to all appellants rich and poor, and he alone could punish with death. The Vizier held a subordinate Court, and the city Governor or Kotwal a Court for minor cases in the capital. The residents in the provinces received justice at the hands of the Chuckladars who collected the Revenues, and from their decisions there was an appeal to the Vizier or King. But what was the practice? The King, Wajid Ally Shah, soon found the perusal of public documents too laborious, and felt it quite enough to append the Seal of State to orders of which he was ignorant. But as debauchery made greater and greater demands on his time and strength, even that was made over to his minister. His withdrawal from public business only increased the extent of bribery which was represented as necessary to secure attention that he was never asked to give. His wives and concubines, his fiddlers and eunuchs, all shared in it, and, with the minister, constituted the monarch of Oude. This minister was, at the period of annexation, Allee Nuckee Khan, on a nominal salary of Rs. 10,000 a month. His wife ruled him as he the King, and his power he surrendered to one Moonshee Mahomed Hosein, who with his wife virtually superseded the King's Court of Dewan Aum, or Court of Appeal. The least corrupt minister was Maharajah Balkishen, the financier. With a salary of Rs. 5,000 a month, his Nuzzeranah amounted to at least six lakhs of Rupees a year, of which the King secured three lakhs and 75,000. The Maharajah was forced to serve under the Rebel Durbar, but old age and timidity brought on his death shortly before the final capture of Lucknow. Ally Reiza Beg was Kotwal, and on annexation was made

Extra Assistant Commissioner. He acted as rebel Kotwal, but wrote to Sir James Outram that he did so under compulsion. Rajah Dhunput Rae was Pay-master General, but even in Lucknow the bad management of the Pay office was proverbial. Accounts were never kept, and the Army when pay was due generally raised it on the *Kubz* system, which they preferred. That system is thus described : —

“ The Commanding Officer of the troops comes forward and stands security to the King for as much of the revenue as he can get entrusted to him to collect, often three or four times more than is required to pay his men all their arrears. It is a speculation into which the men heartily enter, always getting their Officer to stand security for as large a sum as possible. The Officer was entitled to 5 per cent. on all the money he collected, besides nuzzurs, or presents, he received on taking this contract, or *kubz*. His men were at once spread out in dustuks, or billeted wherever revenue was not paid up at once ; for instance, a forgetful Zemindar would have one or more Sepoys billeted on him to whom he must pay a daily sum, fixed according to his means, until he remembers to pay up the revenue in full to the Commanding Officer. Half of this daily tax the Sepoy considered the right of his Officer, who had assumed the responsibility of the contract, and faithfully gave it up to him.

By this arrangement, the troops effectually secured to themselves their pay, and any slight additions they could pick up ; the larger the sum to be collected, the more chances for all parties ; many Native Commanders succeeded in obtaining from victims absolutely unable to pay, probably from prior extortions of the chuckladar, bonds on the land, by which they were eventually able to eject the original landholder and take possession. This *kubz* could be carried on in another mode, and was done so by the Cavalry and Artillery Commandants, who would themselves remain in Lucknow sending out on contract their men and guns for the collecting of revenue ; the contractor went with the troops, and they took care he paid them out of the collections, all arrears due them ; whilst the Commandants, it may be presumed, did not find themselves forgotten.”

Another notable character in Lucknow was Juggurnath Bunnea who received the more dignified name of Shurfoodowla Gholam Ruza, on his conversion to Mahomedanism. He was nominally Assistant to the minister, but had also charge of the Huzoor Tuhsheel into which direct revenue payments were made ; the payment of all Begums and wives of sorts ; the supplying all khilluts ordered by the King ; and the contract of all city, bazaar, and town duties, prostitutes, and public buildings. The extensive city contracts he received under the British rule, were but a poor compensation for all such perquisites.

The provinces consisted of twenty-two Chuckladarees or revenue districts. Chuckladars were of two kinds, the Lakalamee or one who was under obligation to pay a fixed sum per annum and who received no salary ; and the Amanee, who received a fixed salary and paid into the Treasury all that he collected. They were the Barons of Oude. Out of Lucknow their sway was uncontrolled. Their subordinate agents levied the revenue attended by mercenary Nujeebs, and if they failed to coerce the victims, the King's troops were called in. The sole object of a Chuckladar was to get as cheap a tax-contract as he could, and repay himself by extortion carried to the utmost limit. A Nazim was simply a higher order of Chuckladar entitled to a salute of 11 guns, while the latter had seven. Such monstrous

anarchy as this was most pleasing and profitable to all the governing and military classes. Can we wonder that they hated us when we called order out of the chaos ?

But the successful extortion and tyranny of these classes must have been the ruin and misery of the masses from whom they squeezed their ill-gotten wealth ? Surely the people welcomed our rule as a deliverance ? Captain Hutchinson supplies an answer :—

“ Too weak to resist, lowest in the scale of extortion, the small land cultivator rarely retained of the fruits of his labour, more than sufficient to support Indian life ; and the only wages he could afford to those who shared with him this manual toil, was in Oude, usually, three and half seers of bajra (a very common grain) per diem, equal to about 6 lbs. weight English measure. Passing in a direct line from Lucknow to Shajehanpore, in September 1856, I went through many tracts where the old state of things remained untouched, and where men and children, leaving the plough, ran to catch a glimpse of one of that foreign race of whom they had often heard, but had never seen, and under whose rule they had lately, but most vaguely heard they soon would come ; in their simple mind, the news of the annexation raised but one new train of thought. What share shall I now retain of the fruits of my toil ? Will this new master take less than my old one ? He could not more ; to me therefore it may be good.

To such men a change of masters was objectionable or otherwise, simply as it affected their own life interests. They had no nationality, and had been too long depressed ever to combine and lift a finger to aid either the good or the bad master ; no doubt these petty landholders welcomed the annexation, very soon they saw a real chance of reaping a fair share of what they sowed, and they were not backward to declare their satisfaction ; many voluntary expressions of pleasure were daily made to me by such men, nor was it at all wonderful ; they could not be worse and might be better.

In former years, the small remnant of their crops that the district lord left them was sadly diminished by the extortions of many smaller lords, and even the very Passee cattle grazed on their lands untouched. Those Passees, those free-booters of the jungles, were too great adepts with the bow and arrow, for any poor man to drive their cattle away openly, though many a stone was slyly thrown at the unwitting beasts. I witnessed this myself, but the dread of the silent arrow was so great, that they begged me not to take any notice of them, they would perhaps scare the cattle away gradually.

The class of middlemen removed one stage above these emulated their superiors in aggression. The large Talookdars or Zemindars, though more merciful to their own tenants than the Chuckladars, were merciless to and ever at war with all else. The whole revenues of Oude thus raised were about one million sterling.

As soon as the annexation was effected, our Punjab system of Government was introduced, supported by an army of 20,600 men of whom only 800 were Europeans. To carry out the administration was a most difficult task among men to whom justice was a myth, uprightness a tradition. With the most earnest desire to do justly, an English Assistant Commissioner could not fail to make mistakes in settlement among an Asiatic population, who will not always tell who is the real owner of the soil even if they know it, who are alarmed by the very fact of enquiry, and to whom lying to an alien seems a virtue. The people, ordered by their own king to submit to us, did not manifest any great dislike to our rule at

first. The poorest among them had at least a chance of being benefited by it. The large landholders looked on, awaiting the results of a system of which they knew nothing.

"Soon however as disagreeable enquiries arose about their landed rights, each felt the enemy, and like the hedge-hog curled up accordingly : all were not equally dissatisfied ; many were left in undisturbed possession of their estates, but unavoidably and justly were called on to pay up those arrears of revenue which were due from them to the former administration. This they disliked and endeavoured to evade by every species of chicanery and procrastination. It followed, as a matter of course, that non-payment of revenue met with the usual treatment in our courts, and the lands were taken from the defaulter. Other wealthy men again, who did not owe any arrears to the late Government, still suffered from the faulty nature of their landed rights, losing many villages they had lately and forcibly seized *vi et armis*, and shorn of half their power, they saw with no kindly feelings, villages and lands return to the poor, but rightful owners, to eject whom had probably cost them the blood of their best friends.

From the foregoing sketch it may be readily understood, that from the very constitution of the various ranks of life in Oude, combined with events occurring after the annexation, all were, at the first burst of the mutiny, inclined either for active enmity or passive friendship, and that the European community could expect no assistance from the people in crushing the spirit of the mutiny, or stemming the current of rebellion."

Such was the attitude of the people of Oude towards us when the cloud burst in 1857. The coming of the storm with them was preceded and presaged by the now notorious Moulvee, known as Ahmed Alee Shah in Arcot his native place, who established himself with a band of armed followers in Fyzabad in February 1857. There he preached a *Jehad*, a religious war, against the Kaffirs, and after some trouble and bloodshed was apprehended by the Magistrate. In March Sir Henry Lawrence assumed the reins of Government in Oude ; at the end of April the 7th Oude Irregulars refused to use the objectionable cartridges. May was occupied with active preparations for the outbreak, and on the 30th the troops in Cantonments mutinied. The rest is well known.

To China and Back : being a Diary kept, Out and Home. By Albert Smith. London. Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

THIS book, like its author, combines the characteristics of showman and litterateur. Of the former it is a fair specimen, of the latter it is quite unworthy. It is intended as a companion to the writer's *Lecture in the Egyptian Hall*, and evidently he has compressed so much of his wit and ability into that, that he has had none left for the book. Even a clever fellow like Albert Smith will seem to be stupid when he pretends to write of a Settlement and a people whom he observed for but a few months. Leaving London at the end of the season of 1858, after a voyage of 20,000 miles he returned in July "with the Cattle-Show and Pantomimes." To those who

know the voyage well his Diary is tiresome, to those who wish for information about China or the English in it, it is disappointing even in its fun. To appreciate Albert Smith our readers must see and hear him at the Egyptian Hall. From some "Tea Leaves" which act as an appendix of whims and waifs of the journey, we select the following, some of the satire of which is not undeserved, though the whole sketch is a gross exaggeration of the peculiarities of Anglo-Indians as they are now. But we must remember Mr. Albert Smith lives on exaggeration and farce. He was never in India, knew nothing of its hospitality, went home with a bad 'set' evidently, and has a soul which cannot rise above the comic :—

OF INDIAN SNOBS.

"Sometimes I meet people who irritate me very much, and I wish it was allowable, in polite society, to throw something at their heads ; but I was most made so continuously angry by a lot of people I met coming home from India in one of the Peninsular and Oriental boats. You would have thought that India was the world, and England some small province, somewhere or another, used for brewing beer and preserving provisions. You would also have encountered the originals of those irritable old men in bygone five-act comedies, who swear, and bawl, and get red in the face, and talk emphasized trash all on one subject ; and you would have seen really nice women, originally, who had become so eaten up by a sense of some position or another, which gave them a poor little Calcutta precedence over one or two other ladies, that they would fidget and fuss and sulk for a week if they did not get the place at dinner that their station in the perspiring society of India afforded them.

The manner of all these people towards the servants of the ship was most atrocious. They looked upon them as so many niggers, to be driven and ordered about as occasion required ; and not a word of civility or acknowledgment ever passed their lips towards their inferiors. They were all helplessly, hopelessly, idle ; and could not even move a cushion from one chair to another without calling their "Boy !" whom they would afterwards keep tugging the punkahs for hours, until his arms must have been ready to drop off. But it was pleasant to know what rough checks all their whims would receive when they got to London. How they would be pushed about in the streets like any other average persons. How, in society, nobody would care one husk of a straw what they had been in Calcutta, unless they proved nice intelligent, agreeable persons in London. How those long-boring stories would be yawned down, and those imported sixth-hand anecdotes coldly crushed. How, above all, if they wanted anything done, they would be compelled to be commonly civil to our attentive household servants—even in the Brompton lodging, for which they had exchanged their big, bare, barn of a bungalow.

Very frequently we got up little concerts at night, on board the ship ; and to teach those Anglo-Indians that they were not such wonders, I wrote the following lyrical lesson —

GREAT FAILURE IN THE EAST.

"There's nae luck."

There is a land, a long way off,
Six thousand miles at least,
At which none yet have dared to scoff,
'Tis called "The gorgeous East."
Its gems, its spice, its woods we praise,
Its wealth—its native race—
But just the coat of tinsel raise,
And 'tis a wretched place !

Sing *Lalleballoo* and *jaggerbedam*,
 Sing *Pukkera dobie pore*,
 Sing *Cursejee, dirtyjee, jabberjehoy*,
 Sing *Chilly go wallah badore !**

Obedient to the tropic laws,
 The sun's a perfect lens,
 Which cholera, plague, and fever draws
 From jungle, quags, and fens.
 All day you gasp—all night you pant,
 And sweltering vigils keep,
 Lest poisonous gnat, or stinging ant,
 Should through your curtains creep.

Your house a *bungalow* is called,
 O'er whose gaunt space you roam :
 Its general tone is bare and bald—
 So unlike English home !
 There are no bells, so if you want
 Your servant—" *Boy !*" you call ;
 When p'rhaps he comes ; and if he don't,
 You still must sit and bawl.

These servants you will always find,
 Not overclean, or sweet,
 With tawdry rags about them twined,
 And fancy !—naked feet.
 Ungrateful, idle, silent, sly,—
 Though humble they appear,
 The dark expression of each eye,
 Is hatred quenched in fear.

The cookery is all dabby mess,
 Though meant to copy home :
 For all is stale, you must confess,
 Which round the Cape has come.
 The meats, preserved in air-tight pot,
 Oft go off with a bang !
 And at the best, have always got
 A most suspicious twang.

The beef and mutton's all so tough—
 You cannot hang your meat,
 You kill of what you want enough,
 That very day to eat !
 But odds and ends you can re-dress,
 To make a "curry" nice,
 And get so sick'ned of that mess,
 In its eternal rice.

The scorpion swarms about the house,
 The serpent—four feet long,—
 The spider, cockroach, rat, and mouse,
 About the bedroom throng.
 You eat ants wholesale—white and red—
 Or drink them in your tea,
 And often, wriggling in your bread,
 A centipede you see !

* This chorus is pure Hindustani, but the Author is not allowed to publish its meaning.

You order all in tones severe,
 Half bullying, most absurd,
 And "If you please," and "Thank you" here
 Are phrases never heard,
 Its "Bitters !" "Water !" "Pepper !" "Tea !"
 But vengeance will come yet !
 Just try that line at home and see
 What answers you will get.

You live in such a ring, confined
 To one small paltry state,
 That for good general talk, your mind
 Grows perfectly stagnate.
 When strangers come, you do not call
 On them—you're too great nob :—
 Which, by our *English* standard, seems
 Uncommonly like snobs !

And then your half-penny pretence,
 That shrouds your lack of wit,
 Of ball or dinner "precedence,"
 And where you are to sit.
 Oh ! Darling Snobs ! take my advice,
 And ne'er in England try,—
 Even, if very *very* nice,
 Such ultra-flunkery.

And worst of all, each steamer brings
 Some lovely English girls,
 Here to be sold, for wedding rings,
 To Chutney-livered churls.
 Who bawl, and swear, and make a fuss,
 And such dull stories tell,
 First rate at Poonah—but with us
 They don't go very well.

The whole is such a grand mistake,
 Of purse pride and red tape,
 That all should do their best, to make
 Its form a wholesome shape.
 The Company's done up, and won't
 Say much more now about it,
 So long live India—if it don't
 The world can roll without it.

Ishmael ; or a Natural History of Islamism, and its Relation to Christianity.
By the Rev. Dr. J. Mühleisen Arnold. London ; Rivingtons. 1859.

WE should be glad to hear that this book had a large sale, as the 'entire proceeds will be given towards founding a society for propagating the Gospel among the Mohammedans.' Yet we cannot but express our fears that if the establishment of such a society be dependent upon the proceeds of this book it will be a very long time before it is founded. "The work is published with a view to cherish, if possible, the Missionary spirit which has been called forth by recent events ; and to place some of the leading

truths of Christianity antithetically to the falsities and perversions of the Koran, so as to render the comparison available for actual Missionary operations among the numerous posterity of Ishmael." To effect this the sympathies of two classes ought to be secured, viz. the large body of the members of Christian Churches and those who are actually engaged in Mahomedan Missions. To secure the sympathies of the first, the book is too learned and makes too much parade of its learning. Ordinary readers will not, nay cannot, read it through. The great number of notes and references amounting to nearly fifteen hundred, and abounding in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, German, Persian and Arabic quotations, render the perusal exceedingly wearisome. But on the other hand, while there is not enough of solid information and original matter to render it absolutely essential to those actually labouring in the arduous task of Missions to the Mahomedans, it may be very useful as a compendious handbook. There is scarcely a fact mentioned but its authority is given. The Chapter on the character and influence of Islamism, and that on the General Survey and things to be done, are the most interesting, and contain some valuable hints and reflections. There is one class to whom we can fancy the book will be more than ordinarily useful, and through whom the author's object in publishing it may perhaps be ultimately gained. We mean the class of popular lecturers—men who have a great tact for popularizing subjects and impressing an ordinary audience with a profound sense of their intimate acquaintance with the topic in hand. We can fancy Dr. Cumming, for instance, reading this volume and getting materials which he would be able to work up again and again into sermons, or lectures, or even a book, and with his popular style and the weight of his name diffusing information and cherishing the Missionary spirit amongst thousands who would never know the source of his information. The force of the appeal is weakened by the attack on Unitarianism in the closing Chapter. With all his detestation of Mahomedanism the author seems, on the whole, to prefer it to Unitarianism.

A Memorial of the Futtehgurh Mission, and her Martyred Missionaries : with some Remarks on the Mutiny in India. By the Rev. J. Johnston Walsh. 1859.

THIS is a book of that class which lies beyond the range of ordinary criticism. Were we disposed to find fault we might point out many verbal inaccuracies, but the man is not to be envied who could read the book without being thankful that it was published. Written without artistic pretension, it is what it professes to be, a simple Memorial of the Mission and Missionaries of Futtehgurh. The Missionaries, Messrs. Freeman, Campbell,

Johnston and McMullin with their wives and two of Mr. Campbell's children, were amongst the band of one hundred and twenty-six in number that left Futtehgurh on the 4th of June 1857, in the hope of escaping the ravages of the fearful storm then raging in all its fury around them. On the evening of the 8th they struck on an island five miles below Bhitoor and about the same distance from Cawnpore. They made every effort to open communications with Sir Hugh Wheeler besieged at that very time in his own intrenchment at Cawnpore. They were unsuccessful—how useless for them even had it been otherwise we all now, alas, know too well. On the 12th June, having been four days on the island, they were fired at by a party of sepoy's crossing the bridge of boats, and a child, a lady and a native nurse were killed. In consequence of this they left the boats and took shelter in the long grass on the island. The same day they were captured by a boat load of sepoy's, taken over to the Cawnpore side, bound two and two together, and marched off to Nana Sahib. One of the party makes a final effort for their release and offers three lakhs of rupees for liberty and safety. The reply annihilates hope, it is *blood* we want and not money. Through the still calm hours of evening they march,—anxious, weary, fasting. At last some utterly exhausted sink down unable to proceed. The sepoy's close around them, and there, with nothing but a little water given them, they remain all night. At day-break they resume their march. Three carriages sent by the Nana take on the ladies who cannot walk further. Soon they reach the station where for about an hour they are shut up in a house by themselves. At seven o'clock in the morning they are marched out to the parade ground and there—man, woman, and child—are shot down like dogs.

A memorial to them and their work Mr. Walsh undertakes to erect. Providentially he was in America at the time of the outbreak. He is thus the sole surviving member of the Mission. His therefore should be the hand to erect this memorial, and with what faithfulness and sympathy he has executed his task, the work before us tells.

The history of the establishment and progress of the Futtehgurh Mission, interesting in itself, is peculiarly so as illustrative of the history of Missions generally. It is impossible for a Missionary to determine what shall be the peculiar character of his labours until he enters upon the very scene itself. Circumstances that he cannot possibly foresee and that are altogether beyond his control, determine, more often than not, the mode in which he is to do his work. Utterly absurd is the cry so often raised that Missionaries are to confine themselves to preaching and to that only, that, to use Livingstone's expression, they are to be 'men going about with Bibles under their arms.' Gladly as they would, if they could, devote their whole time exclusively to the glorious work of declaring the glad tid-

ings of salvation to men perishing for lack of knowledge, they yet are neither blind nor deaf,—so as to be unable to see the hand that guides them, or to hear the voice which says to them ‘This is the way, walk ye in it.’ See how this is verified in this Mission :

“In the year 1837-38, the North West Provinces of India were visited by a famine of fearful extent, and which for its virulence and long continuance is still known as the famine year ; though famine seasons are not unusual in India, as from the records kept by Government, it has been ascertained that in former times one occurred, on the average, almost every seventeenth year. It is almost impossible to form a conception of the fearful sufferings of the poor people during the famine year preceding the establishment of our Mission at Futtehghurh. The scenes, were so terrible and revolting, that those who witnessed them declare, that even to the present day, they cannot pass over the public road without shuddering at the remembrance of what they then saw. For miles the road on both sides was lined by famishing people, who had crawled from their homes to beg of the passing traveller a mouthful of bread. Their emaciated forms and death-struck appearance presented a tale of suffering which rendered language and supplication unnecessary. The dead and dying were together, whilst the living, surrounded by these and fearing the future, were clamorous for assistance. The whole of the larger Furruckabad district suffered, and whole villages were completely deserted and depopulated. The Rev. Gopee Nauth Nundy, who has borne such noble testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus during the Mutiny, has been in the service of the Mission from its commencement. During this famine he visited the villages and roads for the purpose of relieving the sufferings of the people, and collecting the children either abandoned by their parents or left orphans. He witnessed such scenes as, under other circumstances, seem almost incredible. Mothers would come to him with their little ones and offer them with tears in lieu of a handful of flour, eating which they would die happy in the knowledge that their children would be cared for. The author remembers hearing him say that, when he had gathered together a number of these starved children, he was really afraid ; for they were like furnished wolves, never satisfied and constantly demanding food, which he dared not give in great quantities lest it should cause death.”

Dr. C. Madden in the medical service of the E. I. Co. took charge of a number of these poor starving children and opened an orphan establishment, but his wife dying shortly after, he was unable to continue his labours and supervision, the asylum was broken up, and arrangements were being made for sending the children to Benares. At this time

“News came that an American Missionary was on his way up the river to form a new station ; and as Captain Wheeler, who was stationed at Futtehghurh, had also collected a number of orphans, he was anxious to have some one more suitable than himself to assume the responsible work of their future training and education. The Missionary referred to was the Rev. H. R. Wilson, Junior, on his way to join the Loodianah Mission ; and being so strongly solicited by both of these gentlemen to relieve them of their charges, and with the promise of ample pecuniary means, Mr. Wilson, with the concurrence of his brethren, consented to remain at Futtehghurh, if not permanently, at any rate until another reinforcement could be sent out. Under such circumstances as these was commenced the Mission at Futtehghurh, and from that period to the time when the dark and disastrous cloud of the revolt broke upon it in its wild fury, it was prospered of the Lord and blessed abundantly.”

Thus the Missionary became the superintendent of an orphan asylum. Who will blame him ? Certainly not He who took the little ones in his arms and blessed them. Mr. Wilson proved to be the right man for his

work, as those who know the circumstances of his undertaking it and are old fashioned enough in this enlightened age to believe in the overruling Providence of God, will easily understand.

"The task was no ordinary one, but encompassed with great difficulties. The children were addicted to almost every vile practice, and unaccustomed to restraint of any kind. It, therefore, required much patient and persevering labour to bring them into proper working order. In this Mr. Wilson possessed peculiar qualifications, and the system started by him and followed by others, was crowned with more than ordinary success."

So was established the Mission at Futtehghurh. See how this Institution for orphans gradually and naturally led to other things:—

"Our Christian village at Futtehghurh grew out of our asylum. From the very first of our operations there, it was designed, as the children of the asylum grew up and were married, to settle them in a Christian colony, and by furnishing them with suitable employment, retain them under Christian influences. These two objects, giving them a suitable education with religious culture, and providing them employment, characterized all our labours from the commencement of the asylum; for it was foreseen that unless these two objects were kept in view, our wards would after a certain period, break loose from us, and by exposure to the peculiar temptations of their situation, probably return to heathenism, and thus our labours would be lost and their souls placed in jeopardy. Accordingly, as our wards grew up and were married, we built for them houses on a separate piece of land, and these buildings have so multiplied as to entitle the place to the name of a village, which has been called *ISAIPUR* or Christian town. * * * * * The support and employment of our native Christians has always been to us a subject of much thought and solicitude. Their position as outcasts cut them out of all the usual channels of employment, and made it obligatory on us to devise something which would enable them to earn their own support. This was not a pleasant position for us to fill, but as it seemed necessary, we were willing to do anything to advance the interests of the Mission and our native Christians, by whatever name it might be called, and by whatever unpleasantness it might be accompanied; and, accordingly, we introduced several branches of manual labour in connection with the asylum for our wards, the first of which was the manufacture of woollen carpets, and afterward that of tents. Both of these were successful, and the tent department flourished beyond our expectations, and furnished the means of permanent support to the villagers and wards of the asylum. The heaviest part of the management, involving the secular part of the labour, was taken by two of the young men who acted as assistants, and filled their post with much satisfaction and success. The above is a historical fact; and the plan pursued, however environed with objections and difficulties, was the only feasible one that could be adopted to meet the case, and we believe eventuated in much good to our people and church."

Was not this growth natural? First the Missionary is seen superintending an orphan asylum, then establishing and organising a Christian village, then introducing trades, becoming schoolmaster, builder, carpet-maker, tent-maker, in fact anything that the peculiar circumstances demanded. Would he have been acting more Christlike if when the care of these orphans was offered him, or if when the subsequent opportunities of usefulness presented themselves, he had stood aside and said "Oh these are duties I cannot undertake; I came to preach the Gospel, I will go and give them an address if you like but I cannot do more than that." There may be some who will blame them for engaging in these duties but there is one—the one who told us the tale of the Good Samaritan—who will,

instead of condemning, say "Well done, good and faithful servant." And his 'well done' will far outweigh the sneers and adverse verdicts of men.

But it must not be supposed that the Missionaries' efforts were confined to the care of these orphans, and to the fulfilment of the duties that arose from them. In addition to these duties they carried on energetically the special work for which they came to this country. Accordingly we find that as soon as possible they commenced preaching, and apparently with no small measure of success. In the year 1841 a church was organised, the number consisting of ten, of whom four were natives. From that time to the year 1857 the number gradually increased until it reached over one hundred, although as some were dismissed to form and help weak churches at other places, they never had more than eighty native members at one time in fellowship with them. With bazaar preaching regularly carried on, with itinerancies in the cold season for the purpose of evangelising the districts round about, with the translation of tracts and the preparation of school books, with several vernacular schools established or carried on under the superintendence of the Mission, with the conduct of a High School for imparting a knowledge of the English language and the higher branches of study, and with the management of schools expressly for the children of native Christians, it may be concluded that the best energies of the men were devoted to the work they came to do.

An interesting episode in the Mission is the connection with it of the Mohá Rajah Dhulip Singh. Succeeding in the fourth year of his age to the throne of his father, Runjeet Singh, the Lion of the Punjab, his dominion was destined to pass away from him ere yet he was of age. With the Sikh wars and their result—the annexation of the Punjab to the British dominions, our readers are familiar. A guardian was appointed by the Government for the young Mohá Rajah, and Dr. (now Sir John) Login was selected to fill this onerous post. The following particulars respecting the conversion and baptism of the young prince will be read with pleasure, though the quotation is long.

"In the early part of 1850, Dr. Login, accompanied by his charge, marched with tents from Lahore to Futtehgurh, which was the place chosen by Government for the Mohá Rajah to reside. Nor was the selection of a tutor of less importance, and we rejoice to say that it was equally as happy as the choice of a guardian. Mr. Walter F. F. Guise, who occupied this post, possessed peculiar qualifications for the discharge of his duties, and he laboured hard and most patiently to impart the best advice and instruction in all matters, both of a worldly and religious nature. But his greatest power consisted in the influence of an example worthy of the Mohá Rajah's imitation, and in the beautiful harmony of his Christian character, which was the greater because of its simple and meek characteristics. These, more than his instructions, were instrumental for good. Quiet, but persevering—patient, and yet with strong determination, he exerted himself to bring his pupil, who had never been accustomed to restraint of any kind, much less to study and books, to a willingness to hear and learn; and to do this it became necessary to coax and humour the young prince, and even to follow him from place to place. Every inducement

was held out if he would learn, and all kinds of plans adopted, which in the end proved successful and the little ex-King at last formed better habits, and a more decided taste for study.

"As he expressed a desire to have some one of good birth and talents for a companion, Bhajan Lál, one of the young men educated in our City High School, and a Brahmin, was chosen for this purpose. This young Brahmin soon became a great favourite with the prince, and so won his regard as to enjoy his entire confidence. Whilst in our school, Bhajan Lál acquired a fondness for the Bible, which he read in his leisure moments at the Mohá Rajah's palace. This was noticed by the prince, who began to enquire about the book which so much interested his chosen companion. He was told; and Bhajan Lál at the Mohá Rajah's request, promised to read and explain the word of God on condition that it should not be known. Anterior to this, however, a process had been going on in his own mind by which he became alienated from the Sikh religion, and prepared for the reception of Gospel truth; for such was the impression made on his mind by the extortion of the Sikh priests, who accompanied him from Lahore, and their great unwillingness to leave their own country, the Punjab, that disgust and almost an entire withdrawal of affection was produced. Their mummerly and oppression were the more impressed on his attention, by the complete contrast furnished in the example and spirituality of Christians, whose friendship was not only undoubted, but dictated too by purer feelings than lucre and selfishness. Being thus prepared for a purer faith, he could not but admire the religion of the Bible, which has more reference to the heart and inward life than to the body and outward rites and ceremonies. The reading of God's word, as taught and explained by a heathen youth and Brahmin, led him to give up his form of idol worship and to express a desire to break his caste. But as this was such a very important step to take, and the Mohá Rajah was so very young, he was advised to take it into longer consideration now, and to wait until he could know and understand more of the religion of Jesus. He did so, and such was his improvement and knowledge, and his faithful attendance on the means of grace, that on the 8th of March, 1853, he was baptized and received into the Christian church. The ceremony was performed at his own palace by the Rev. W. J. Jay, the Military Chaplain of the station.

"The baptism of our young friend, the Mohá Rajah, was witnessed by all the Europeans and by a few native friends; and the sight was one of deep interest to all, but especially to the members of our own Mission, some of whom had been engaged in teaching him the way of life; for he had not only been taught by the Missionaries, but instructed also by a tutor who was a member of our church, and a heathen young man who was a Graduate of our High School. Through these instrumentalities he was led to embrace Christ as his Saviour, and received a member of the Christian Church, and we could not but feel particularly interested in his baptism."

The conduct of the young prince was such as to warrant the belief that the act thus described was something more than a mere profession. He was willing and desirous of identifying himself with those through whom he had himself received such benefits. At Lahore and Futtehgurh he established Relief Societies for the poor, and placed them under the control of the Mission at both places. The expense of these Societies averaged not less than three hundred dollars a month, and besides being a liberal donor to all the Mission operations, he established a number of village schools with the view of interesting and identifying himself more in the ways of doing good.

There are many topics touched on in the course of the book that we should have much liked to notice had we space, such as, the Christian village system and the development of a more manly, self-reliant and

Christian feeling in the converts, manifested in the organization and success of a fund for the relief of widows and orphans of Native Christians (the rules for the regulation of which we would commend to the notice of any who may be endeavouring to establish similar funds). We should have liked too to notice the fact, of which, were they given to boasting, the members of the Mission might well be proud, that they had so succeeded in instilling into their converts' minds the idea of Christian benevolence that the Native Christians (and we draw special attention to the fact) were in the habit of contributing regularly on an average *one-eighth* of their incomes to various benevolent and religious societies. Well might the author say, "how many there are in our own land with much better means, and more enlarged views of duty, who do much less."

But we must close. No Mission perhaps was more prosperous. None had been more blessed. In 1856 a new Church, a neat and chaste structure, was built, and all promised well. Then arose the terrible storm of 1857. Around them and in their midst it raged, and for a time utterly scattered them. The beautiful Church was destroyed. All the Missionaries were murdered, many of the members suffered—some of them were blown away from guns by the Nawab of Furruckabad, and when a Missionary visited the place in January to enquire about the native Christians he found the Mission grounds the head-quarters of Sir Colin Campbell, and ten thousand British soldiers encamped in and around the premises.

No one will read the book without an earnest wish that the author may soon see around him in the spot to which he has returned to recommence his labours, a band of men as devoted, zealous and successful as those to whom he has raised this affectionate memorial of their integrity and worth. Just one word to the author. Should another edition be called for, we would recommend him to revise it for the purpose of correcting verbal errors that have crept in through the evidently hurried manner in which the book has been written. Especially would we urge upon him the proper use of *will* and *would*, the perpetual recurrence of which for *shall* and *should* grates most harshly upon an Englishman's ears.

Speeches of the Managers and Counsel in the Trial of Warren Hastings.

Edited by E. A. Bond, Assistant Keeper of the Manuscripts in the British Museum. Vol. I. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury. London : Longman. 1859.

THESE Speeches have been issued in their original form as spoken, at the suggestion of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the former Ministry of Lord Palmerston. The plan of the work embraces the

Speeches of the Managers of the Commons in support of the Charges, the answers of the Counsel for the Defence, and the replies of the Managers. As the trial proceeded the evidence was printed and filled nine folio volumes. The whole of the texts of the Speeches will occupy three volumes in addition to the one before us. The discussions between the Managers and Counsel relative to forms of proceeding and admission of evidence, are not to be published. Reports of the Speeches were taken down by a short hand writer from Mr. Gurney's office, who was commissioned to take exact notes by the Prosecution. A nearly complete set of these notes is preserved in the Library of Lincoln's Inn. The report of Mr. Burke's Speech was wanting, except in the form as revised by himself, which differs considerably from the original as spoken. But an extended transcript of it was found in the office of the descendants of Mr. Gurney, and hence Mr. Bond's text. Hastings' solicitors also employed a short hand writer to report the proceedings for their own use, but the work was done very inaccurately. An imperfect set was acquired by the British Museum in 1848. The first volume now published contains Mr. Burke's Speech delivered from 15th to 19th February 1788; Fox's, Grey's and Anstruther's; Burke's Observations on the Evidence on the first Charge; the Speeches of Adam and Pelham; and Sheridan's Speech in summing up the Evidence on the 2nd Article of Charge relating to the Begums of Oude, continued from 3rd to 13th June 1788. Thus the Articles of Charge comprised in the present volume are connected chiefly with Bengal, Oude and Benares. The whole is introduced by a sketch of events from the year 1760, to render the speeches more intelligible to the purely English reader.

Warren Hastings was installed Governor of Bengal in 1772, and two years after, Governor General. From the autumn of that year to September 1776 the Members of Council—General Clavering, Colonel Monson and Mr. Francis—being a majority, uniformly thwarted and reversed his measures. By the death of Monson in that year, however, and the introduction of Mr. Barwell who supported him, Hastings was enabled to use his casting vote in all questions that were discussed, and so obtained the ascendancy. But when Francis returned to England in 1780 weakened in health and wounded in his duel, he was more the evil genius of Warren Hastings than ever he had been in India. The Court of Directors in 1755 approved of Francis' conduct and that of his colleagues, and censured the acts of their Governor General in the strongest terms. Lord North, then at the head of the Ministry, agreed with them, and strove to obtain from the East India Proprietors an address to the Crown for his removal. Colonel Maclean, the agent in whose hands he had placed his resignation to be given in under certain circumstances, now did so, and on the 18th June 1777, Hastings was informed that it had been accepted. But he had now power in Council, and had written in May of that

year to his agent withdrawing from him the power he had given him, and the Judges of the Supreme Court decided he was right in remaining. But the time came for the renewal of the Company's privileges, and in 1781 the Commons appointed a Select Committee to take into consideration several petitions received against the Supreme Court. Henry Dundas, the great Lord Advocate of Scotland, presided. The question of Hastings' resignation came before them, and they decided unfavourably respecting it.

Lord North resigned in 1782 and it was expected that his successor, the Marquess of Rockingham who had been Hastings' early patron, would be favourable to his interests. But Burke was a Member of the Government ; he had been Private Secretary to the Marquess during his first Ministry, and he made the recall of Hastings the condition of his continuing in office. Francis was at his ear, and he had a kinsman, William Burke, Agent for the Rajah of Tanjore, who urged him on. Accordingly on the 15th April 1782 Dundas brought forward 112 resolutions condemning the whole course of Government in the three Presidencies, and on the 30th May the House resolved that it was the duty of the Court to recall Hastings, "the grand delinquent of all India," as Burke called him. On the death of the Marquess of Rockingham, Lord Shelburne succeeded, and on his resignation the coalition of Lord North and Fox. Driven out on their India Bill, which was rejected by the Lords, a new Ministry was formed under Pitt, who in August 1784 carried the Act which constituted the Board of Control. In the Debates on these Bills, Hastings was again and again attacked.

Meanwhile the Governor General returned from India, and on the 20th June 1785 Burke gave notice that he would make a motion respecting his conduct. On the very first day of the Session of 1786 Major Scott, Hastings' devoted Agent, reminded him of the notice. It was made, copies of papers called for, and at last on the 4th April 1786, war was declared, and 22 Articles of Charge were produced. On the 1st May Hastings was heard in his own defence at the Bar of the House. Pitt's adhesion to the cause of his enemies was secured, though he was not very active in his enmity. In 1787, after that famous speech of Sheridan, of which no record has been preserved but which is said by those who heard it to have eclipsed all previous displays of eloquence in the House, the Impeachment was resolved on. By a majority of 120 to 52 Francis was, to Burke's great chagrin, rejected as one of the Managers for the prosecution :—

"The names of the Committee of Managers were, Right Hon. Edmund Burke, Right Hon. C. J. Fox, R. B. Sheridan, Hon. T. Pelham, afterwards second Earl of Chichester, Right Hon. W. Windham, Sir Gilbert Elliott, Bart., Charles Grey, afterwards Earl Grey, William Adam, Sir John Anstruther, M. A. Taylor, James Viscount Maitland, afterwards Earl of Lauderdale, Dudley Long, General J. Bur-

govne, Hon. George A. North, afterwards Earl of Guilford, Hon. Andrew St. John, Colonel Fitzpatrick, Roger Wilbraham, John Courtenay, Sir James Erskine, afterwards St. Clair, Bart., and Right Hon. Fred. Montagu.

The preliminary proceedings concluded by Mr. Hastings being brought to the bar of the House of Lords, and admitted to bail. The commencement of the trial was appointed for the second day of the ensuing session.

The Counsel retained by the Managers were Dr. Scott and Dr. Laurence, with Mr. Mansfield, Mr. Piggott, Mr. Richard Burke (brother of the Manager), and Mr. Douglas. The Counsel retained by Mr. Hastings were Mr. Law, afterwards Lord Ellenborough, Mr. Plumer, afterwards Vice-Chancellor of England and Master of the Rolls, and Mr. Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. The Solicitors for the Prosecution were Messrs. Wallis and Troward. Mr. Shaw acted for Mr. Hastings.

By request from the House of Lords to the King, Westminster Hall was fitted up for the trial; the body of the Hall being occupied with a wooden structure for the purpose. The Court was so arranged as to correspond exactly with the House of Lords. A throne was erected to represent the presence of the King, and was occupied by the Lord Chancellor. Places were allotted to the members of the House of Commons, and on the opposite side were seats for the Peers. Boxes were erected, one on either side the throne, for the accommodation of the King, should he desire to attend, with his suite, and for the Prince of Wales and royal family. The Queen, the Prince of Wales and others of the royal family, were present on the first day of the trial, the 13th of February, 1788. The Lords went in formal procession from their House to the Hall, attended by the Judges.

The proceedings opened with the usual proclamations. Mr. Hastings appeared with his bail, and knelt before the Court. He was arraigned by the Lord Chancellor, and the Articles of Charge, the answer and replication, were then read; in which two days were occupied. On the third day, the 15th of February, Mr. Burke opened the Prosecution in a speech which occupied four days in its delivery, and which is the first of the series comprised in the present work.

The trial itself, from the opening of the proceedings to the vote of the Lords of acquittal on the last of the charges, extended over seven sessions of Parliament, from February, 1788, to April, 1795, and occupied one hundred and forty-eight sittings of the Court, together with several days' debates on the verdict on the several Articles of Charge in the House of Lords.

Of the twenty articles of impeachment presented at the bar of the House of Lords only the first, second, fourth, sixth, and portions of the seventh and fourteenth, relating to Benares, the Begums of Oude, to presents or bribes, and to contracts, were proceeded on. In the course of the trial many points of constitutional law and precedent were evolved, occasioning long arguments on either side, and frequent adjournments of the Lords to their own House for their consideration. Of these, and of other incidents of the trial, it appears unadvisable to attempt to give a narrative in this Introduction. A complete history of the proceedings was published at the time by Debrett, and has been regarded as accurate and impartial. It extends to considerable length, forming an octavo volume of nearly eight hundred pages of double column."

Such is a skeleton of the scene which Macaulay has sketched so gorgeously in his pictured pages.

Sir G. C. Lewis has done both history and literature a service in sending forth these speeches in their present authentic form to the world. Recent events give them a new value, and enable us to estimate at their proper worth the motives of the Prosecution and the services of the Impeached.

1. *My Friend's Wife ; or, York, You're Wanted.* By John Lang, Esq.
2. *The Secret Police ; or, Plot and Passion.* By John Lang, Author of "*Too Clever By Half*," "*Forger's Wife*" &c. &c. London : Ward and Lock. 1859.

IN these brochures we see at once the strength and the weakness of Mr. Lang. As an evidence of the former there is a clever dialogue, a keen appreciation of the weak side of a certain class of character, and not a little French melodramatic power. But the latter painfully predominates in the abundance of caricature, the improbability of incident, the unnaturalness of all but a few of the actors, and above all the total absence of any moral element or healthy tone. Of both stories, as of nearly all Mr. Lang's novels, it may be said that they are sufficiently interesting to sell, and illustrated outwardly in a style to attract railway travellers and the lovers of the lower kind of melodrama. "*My Friend's Wife*" is Mrs. Bink, the pretty wife of a Bengal Civilian, with three children. Lieutenant York was one of her most enthusiastic admirers when in a Mofussil Station, and when after the close of the campaign he found himself on board the Steamer for England, he was delighted to discover that Mrs. Bink was also on her way home, and still more so to be asked by her husband, who could not accompany her as he expected a Commissionership, to shew his wife *and children* attention. "And children"—ay, there it is! and of the annoyances to which these children subjected Mrs. Bink's devoted admirer, and the ludicrous incidents called forth in the course of the overland route, this little volume of rubbish tells the story, and does not tell it so well as to lead us to advise any one to spend half an hour in reading it. Mrs. Bink is the only well-drawn character, and there are few who do not come across at least one specimen of the class on their way to England.

"*The Secret Police*" is decidedly a higher effort. It is an attempt at the melodramatic as the former is at the comic. The story is well known from the play "*Plot and Passion*" which Mr. Tom Taylor in conjunction with Mr. Lang dramatised from its incidents. Fouché and his '*Cytherean Court*' are introduced to us, and the main interest centres in an effort made to discover the author of certain Junius-like letters written against Fouché and Napoleon. Marie St. Cyr, a lady of exquisite beauty, is engaged to procure clear proofs of the authorship, by winning the love of the writer, who, aware of his betrayal, has fled with his sister to London. There as the Countess de Calmet, she finds out the author, Jerome Lagrange, and induces him and his sister to accompany her to Paris where they are given over to Fouché. But as the Minister is about to send his prey to prison, Marie St. Cyr avows her love for him, and threatening Fouché with a disclosure of certain secrets,

forces him to free her lover. Of course they are married ; they take up their abode at Dresden and there give shelter to Fouché when, as a fallen Minister, he is forced to flee from France. In their house he dies.

We fear Mr. Lang is incorrigible. There is hardly one of his works from the perusal of which we do not rise with the regret that he has so abused his wonderful powers.

A Treatise on Problems of Maxima and Minima, solved by Algebra, by Ramchundra, late Teacher of Science, Delhi College. Reprinted by order of the Honourable Court of Directors of the East India Company for circulation in Europe and in India, in acknowledgment of the merit of the author and in testimony of the sense entertained of the importance of independent speculation as an instrument of national progress in India. Under the superintendence of Augustus De Morgan, F. R. A. S., F. C. P. S., of Trinity College, Cambridge ; Professor of Mathematics in University College, London. (Pp. 217) London : W. H. Allen and Co.

THIS is one of those books which provoke rather than deserve remark. It is a reprint heralded into the world by a preface of about twenty octavo pages by the Professor of Mathematics in University College, and published by order of the Court of Directors "in acknowledgment of the merit of the author" and "to promote native effort towards the restoration of the native mind in India."

The original work was published in Calcutta in 1850, and noticed in the pages of this *Review** in a way which Ramchundra is pleased to style "very unfavourable," and like many others with even less grounds of complaint, he rushed to his own defence through the columns of the *Englishman*. We are not aware that newspaper complaints and defences, so notoriously common in certain of the Calcutta Newspapers and so disgraceful to the press, ever bring any amends to the writers of them, or that the Editors find that in so satisfying a depraved appetite for gossip they increase the sale of their papers in certain quarters,—but we presume that if Ramchundra had taken the hint offered in our pages with a sincere desire for his good, and shewn that we were correct in expressing our conviction, 'that he was capable of far better things than are achieved in the work before us,' he would have gained much in the opinions both of "Calcutta Reviewers" and of Mr. De Morgan.

Ramchundra is by birth a Hindu, and was born at Paneeput in 1821. He was educated in Delhi, and in 1844 appointed teacher of European Science in the Oriental department of the College there ;

* *Calcutta Review*, Vol. xiv. ; Miscellaneous Notices, p. xxxii.

there he seems to have very usefully and creditably employed his talents in compiling and translating into Urdu works on "Algebra, Trigonometry, &c." up to the Calculus. "These translations," he relates, "were introduced into the Oriental department as class books; so that in two or three years many students in the Arabic and Persian departments were to a certain extent, acquainted with English Science." He also formed, a society consisting chiefly of the higher students for the diffusion of knowledge among his countrymen, and they, in imitation of the *Spectator*, started a bi-monthly, the *Fawâedânnâzireen* (useful to the reader) at two annas a number, "in which notices of English science were given, and in which not only were the dogmas of the Mahomedan and Hindu philosophy exposed, but also many of the Hindu superstitions and idolatries were openly attacked. The Mahomedans published in Urdu a refutation of the motion of the earth on the principles of the Aristotelian philosophy, mostly copied from the *Myboodee*. His friends refuted it. In addition to the bi-monthly they started a monthly magazine, the *Moohib-i-Hind*. In this they were encouraged and aided by Sir John Lawrence, and other English gentlemen. It was however discontinued, and in 1852 the bi-monthly also ceased to exist, after it had been carried on for more than five years. Here was work, peculiar work no doubt, but as deserving of commendation and reward as the solution *in extenso* of ever so many mathematical problems, had the *policy* of the Court of Directors only permitted the reward of such real services. Nor had Ranchundra the disadvantage of being a Christian at that time, to have stood in the way of it. He and his friends were condemned by the Hindus as infidels and irreligious, "But" he goes on to say "as we did not advocate Christianity but only recommended a kind of Deism, and as we never lost our caste publicly, by eating and drinking, all our free discussions did not alarm our Hindoo friends. When in private meetings, our friends, seeing us so warmly advocating English science and knowledge, taunted us by saying we will become Christians, as such and such pundit had become, then we considered this as an insult, and stated in reply, that the pundit referred to had not received any English education, and that he was ignorant, and was therefore deceived by the missionaries, whom we considered as ignorant and superstitious as our own uneducated friends." Once a learned Mahomedan came to him with an Urdu Testament, "and having read some portion of St. Paul's Epistles, spoke greatly against the apostle, and the missionaries in general, because that St. Paul teaches that circumcision is of no use for Salvation." His object was to get a man who was acquainted with English literature and science to inveigh against Christians and their religion. The wily Mussulman had not properly measured his man, and the deistical Hindu, as truly ignorant of that in which true religion consists, and quite

as greedy of praise as his opponent, replied 'that for his part he considered not only Christianity, but also Mahommedanism, and all bookish religions, as absurd and false.' "Upon this" he says "all Hindus and Mahommedans present paid me the compliment of being a philosopher, and departed with marks of approbation and good-will." This narrative is not uninteresting, and as a genuine specimen of native inner life, is not without its value in helping us to understand the light in which Englishmen are regarded as Christians by natives, even when so highly educated as to renounce the absurdities of the Hindu mythology.

After finishing the book which is the subject of this notice, Ramchundra had become a believer in the Gospel. Mr. De Morgan however does not "feel authorized to introduce into a work published by the late and present Government of India what might originate a discussion on a most difficult question of Indian policy," and therefore he omits Ramchundra's observations on the bearing of Government education as affecting the Christianity of the English in the eye of the native. Before becoming a believer in Christianity he says "there were two erroneous notions in my head (and which I believe must ever be in the heads of nearly all native youths educated in Government colleges and schools, as long as the system of instruction continues to be pursued as it is till now)." These were, (1) that *the English themselves did not believe in Christianity*, because they did not, as a Government, exert themselves to teach it, and, (2) that a person believing in one God does not require any other religion. His errors were dispelled thus:—"Once a Brahmin student," he relates "was sent by an English officer from Kotah to the Delhi College, and was recommended to the Principal's notice. This stranger in Delhi waited to see the church during Divine Service. The Principal, Mr. Taylor, also requested me to go with the Brahmin student to see the Divine Service in the church, if I liked. And thus, out of mere curiosity, we went there, and saw several English gentlemen whom I respected as well informed and enlightened persons. Many of them kneeled down and appeared to pray most devoutly. I was thus undeceived of my first erroneous notion, and felt a desire to read the Bible. Mr. Taylor recommended me first to go through the New Testament." Here we can scarcely help interrupting Ramchundra to ask whether if this act of Mr. Taylor's had occurred under the regime of the present Governor General he would not have been called upon to give an account of his conduct in thus abetting the missionaries, and so far fostering religious enquiry among the native teachers under him? Ramchundra however took the advice so wisely given. He proceeds;—"I commenced it, and read through it with attention; and thus I became aware that salvation is not merely in knowing that there is one God, and that polytheism and idolatry are false, but that it is in the name of our

most blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ ; and in this manner I was cured of my second error ;" and "at last I was persuaded that what is required for man's salvation was in Christianity and nowhere else." The final step of baptism was difficult to take ; "for," he adds "by this I was sure to lose caste and dissolve all family connection," &c. ; on the 11th May 1852 he and late Sub-Assistant Surgeon Chimmun Lall were, "by God's special grace, brought to submit to baptism by the late Rev. Mr. Jennings." Chimmun Lall and Mr. Taylor were among the victims of the Delhi atrocities. Ramchundra was at first concealed by his Hindu brothers, and afterwards escaped to the village of Matola. Here he was lodged by a Zemindar, though in great danger of being betrayed. "Here" he says "I daily used to persuade the Zemindars that it was wrong that the English were gone for ever, by telling them the vast resources, the power, and the knowledge of the English nation." Who knows how much we may have been indebted to arguments like Ramchundra's in many parts of India during the late revolt for the protection of many,—both European and native Christians ? Had there been more such,—had there been *even a few* native Christians in the ranks of the once vaunted Indian army, how much bloodshed might have been spared ? Even though disbelieved, a native's declaration on our behalf is specially calculated to shake the confidence of his countrymen in any erroneous estimate of their own and our relative powers. At Matola, Ramchundra was informed upon, and had a narrow escape for his life. He fled to the jungle and traversed it to the British camp at Delhi, which he reached 12th June 1857, where he was engaged as an English translator of the daily news from the city. He is now Head Master of the Government school there.

We make no apology for giving these details of the life of the author in noticing a mathematical book. To the mind of any one but the merest tyro in science they form the most interesting part of the work before us. We have quoted the author's own words from the feeling that they contain the most unvarnished piece of native biography we have met with. The most sceptical must believe it. It is the manifestation of a spirit which it would rejoice every true well-wisher of India to see pervading its masses. After reading it, we turned with real interest in the author to the work it precedes, but must confess to disappointment. In his preface the author 'flatters himself that his labours will be of some use to those mathematical students who are not advanced in their study of the differential calculus.' This at once led us to expect a preliminary dissertation however brief, on the nature of *Maxima* and *Minima*. But not a word of it. The young student is not even told that the terms are not used absolutely, but only in reference to the values of the functions immediately adjacent to those to which the names are applied. If the work is intended for students who require to be

instructed in the *reduction of equations*, in *finding the area of a triangle, the circumference, and area of a circle*, the *summation of the squares of the first n digits*, &c., which Ramchundra has carefully treated* of, we are certainly of opinion that definitions, with some illustration of the terms *maximum* and *minimum* at least, were also required. And as the work is styled a "treatise," we had a right to expect some criteria † by which to judge when a function does or does not admit of such maximum or minimum values, and a general analysis of the method he proposes to follow. Had the author proceeded on such a plan, and followed up an outline of the principles by a few illustrative examples and as copious a collection of exercises as he pleased, his object would at least have been comprehensible, and to some extent his book might have deserved the attention of the teacher and the student.

Mr. De Morgan himself, though evidently bent upon making matters look the best, glosses over the fact that it is merely a collection of solutions, as well as he is able, by saying,—“It was Ramchundra’s object to found an elementary work upon his theorem, for the use of beginners, with a large store of examples. As to the method which he has adopted, Europeans must remember that his purpose is to teach Hindoos, and that probably he knows better how to do this than they could tell him.” We have always held a very high opinion of Professor De Morgan both as a logician, and as a writer on mathematical subjects, but we are forced to differ from him here. Whatever may be the aptitudes of the Hindu, we never have been struck by his skill in the pedagogic art. It is a thing too alien to his traditions and experience to expect. Education has not, for centuries past at least, if ever, appeared to him in the light a Pestalozzi or a Stow would view it. To the Hindu, if we keep out of sight the passing of a creditable examination and the obtaining a lucrative situation, knowledge is the first and last object; mental power is what he has perhaps never dreamt of obtaining. It would be strange indeed if he attempted to present his knowledge in such a form as tended to train the mind of his pupils or readers. We do not mean by these remarks to reflect on Ramchundra. He may be a very able teacher for ought we know, but we presume, as Professor De Morgan has done on another matter, to point out to young Hindus what we consider one of their weak points, and which can only be strengthened by the exercise of self-denial and self-reliance,—seeking, as students, to master their difficul-

* Pp. 1—11.

† In questions producing quadratics, x being the variable and r the value of the function, there will be no *maximum* or *minimum* value when the root is of the form

$x = ar + \sqrt{a^2 r^2 + b}$, since the radical remains positive whatever value is given to r .

ties by independent thought, without having recourse to the vicious system of consulting *keys*, and such mental soporifics, and, as teachers, to inculcate *principles*, rather than destroy the minds of their pupils by allowing them to burthen their memories by ever so much committed by rote.

Without even a definition, Ramchundra commences his first chapter consisting of 55 examples selected from well known English works on the calculus, involving equations of the first and second degrees only. Nearly every one of these is solved twice. The first method is that given in some of our ordinary school books, the second, which the author is pleased to term a *new method*, is neither more nor less than the solution of a quadratic by first *taking away the second term*, and then solving the equation thus rendered a *pure quadratic*. So far as the solution of an equation is concerned then, the process is as old as the time of Cardan; and Ramchundra himself confesses that he had found it employed in English works on Algebra. It was no discovery then to employ it for the determination of maximum and minimum values of functions, since, if these are found by *one*, they will also be found by *any* solution of a quadratic. But had he compared a few of his solutions, he might have seen that when the function is written in the form—

$$F(x) = x^2 - 2ax + r = 0,$$

$F(x)$ has always a *critical* value (is a maximum or minimum) when $x = +a$, that is, when the root is equal to half the co-efficient of the second term with its sign changed. Having proved this general proposition, all that was necessary in order to solve the problems in the first chapter, was to reduce the proposed question to the type form of the function, and halve the co-efficient of the second term changing its sign. As it stands, *every* problem is first reduced to an adfected quadratic and solved at length, the quadratic is then deprived of its second term and again solved.

So much is made of this second solution that Professor De Morgan remarks:—"The constant occurrence of *the same solved without impossible roots*," and the transformation by which it is effected, will remind the English mathematician who has his half century over his head, of the old '*pure quadratic*,' and the victory which was supposed to be gained when the '*adfected quadratic*' was evaded by attention to the structure of the given equation. Ramchundra and Dr. Miles Bland, &c., &c., are here precisely on the same scent, both making much of the same little." Ramchundra does not seem to have been ignorant of the *general* solution of the equation, for in a supplement, (p. 178) he deduces it from the ordinary adfected quadratic. And though he does not put the statement in words, he shews that the quadratic is a maximum when its roots are equal.

In the second and third chapters he applies this principle to the determination of the roots of functions of the third and fourth degrees. Here

he deserves credit for an ingenious and original application of the familiar principle in the theory of equations that if a be one of the roots of the equation $F(x) = 0$, $F(x)$ is divisible without remainder by $x-a$. Making a negative and indeterminate, Ramchundra divides the cubic $F(x)-r$ by $x+a$. Making the remainder vanish, he obtains an equation between r and a , and the quotient is a quadratic which, in order that the function may have a critical value, must have *equal* roots. The same principle is applied to equations of the higher degrees, the problem in its most general form being to *determine the value of r so as to render a pair of the roots of $F(x)-r$ equal*. But the execution of the solutions is clumsy, and the constant repetition of the same processes in their minutest details is schoolboy-like, if not pedantic. Professor De Morgan evidently allows this to be a defect, and he begs the reader to excuse Ramchundra, by remarking that, "the excessive reiteration of details, and the extreme minuteness of the Algebraical manipulations, are excellent examples of that patience of routine which is held to be a part of the Hindoo character." A person may take a fancy for fencing by observing the expertness of a good swordsman, but he will never become a fencer from merely watching the skilful play of another,—he must do something himself. Ramchundra's minute manipulations are all very necessary practice for the learner, but he has left nothing for his reader to trace,—every step, however self-evident, is carefully indicated. We see how he deals with the problem, but we are not left to find out or supply a single process. Our thinking powers find nothing to call them into action. To solve the last problems we are not even required to remember what has been repeated in a hundred before.

The work has been reprinted in England under the following circumstances. In 1850 Ramchundra visited Calcutta and was introduced to the Hon'ble J. E. Drinkwater Bethune, whom he presented with 36 copies of the first edition, and from whom he received Rs. 200 as a donation. These copies were forwarded to England for distribution among Mr. Drinkwater Bethune's friends, and among others a copy was sent to Professor De Morgan. He saw, or thought he saw, merit in it, worthy of encouragement both for its own sake and for the promotion of native independent speculation as an instrument of national mental progress, and accordingly in 1856 brought the matter to the notice of the Court of Directors through Colonel Sykes, the Chairman. The Court made inquiry, and reported back to Professor De Morgan, requesting him to point out how Ramchundra might be brought under the notice of scientific men in Europe. The author himself was at the same time presented with a Khillut and Rs. 2,000 by order of the Court, and Mr. De Morgan recommended the circulation of a reprint of the work in Europe and India. The reprint is a very careful one

by that most able mathematician, in which the errata of the first edition are corrected, and the inaccuracies and failures of the author generally indicated. The statement of the Professor's views as to how the circulation of Ramchundra's work in Europe is to be the 'most effective method of developing Hindu talent,' is however very indistinct, and so far as we can judge, most inconclusive. It does not help us in groping for a solution to the great problem of the philosophy of Hindu mind—a problem to which we fear statesmen, no less than missionaries, have given but too little attention,—but solved to some extent it must be, in its contrasts and analogies to that of the Anglo-Saxon, if ever we are to know either how to govern well and attach the natives to us, or to Christianise and raise them in the scale of thought and civilization.

We cannot see how this publication will awaken from the sleep of ages that mind which we long to see aroused to energetic action, and impelled as by a Divine energy in the race of civilization, thought, and true virtue. Professor De Morgan states that he has no sympathy with those who forget "that there exists among the higher castes of this country" "a body of literature and science which might well be the nucleus of a new civilization, though every trace of Christian and Mahomedan civilization were blotted out of existence,"—who forget that there exists in India the Sanscrit language with its systems of logic, metaphysics, astronomy, and mathematics, its poetry and drama. And then, as if it were all that was necessary to prove every thing he desires and convince the most sceptical, he goes on to tell us that there were able Hindu mathematicians before the seventh century. We have no patience with the thread-bare arguments of Young Bengal, that because his ancestors (if they really were so) who in the Punjab wrote the Vedas nearly three thousand years ago and in Malwa, the Brahma Sidd'hanta and Vija Ganita at a later period, were to some extent civilized and had acquired literary tastes when western Europe was, so far as she herself now knows, shrouded in mental darkness, *therefore*, irrespective of what has been done since, or is done now, he ought to be revered and flattered to his face, even by those who, having once got the torch of knowledge in their hands, have never let it drop nor languish as all heathen nations in the world's history have. "In India" says Mr. De Morgan "speculation died a natural death." "The Hindoo became the teacher of results which he could not explain, the retailer of propositions on which he could not found thought." In other words, "he fed himself and his pupils upon the chaff of obsolete civilization, out of which Europeans had thrashed the grain for their own use." Greece did not present such a lamentable spectacle of routine and indifference to thought. Her power of speculation only ceased when she ceased to be a nation. Her latest speculations before the taking of Constantinople, as Pro-

fessor De Morgan affirms, were like her earliest, *inquisitive*, seeking after the unknown, the undiscovered.

We must now conclude. We have acknowledged what merit the work seems to possess. Its inaccuracies of expression have been passed over. The publication of such a book, and in an expensive form, we do not consider likely to have much, if any effect, in re-creating native mind in India. It may flatter an individual to his hurt, but little more. No scientific man will be greatly delighted with it. The publication is not a method that will ever succeed in exciting native thought. And we believe that if there is a God who rules above, no unreal or sham mode of action will ever succeed in renovating India to any extent intellectually or morally. We verily believe that a conscience, as well as an intellect, needs to be awakened; and we do trust that native Christians, like Ramchundra, with some mental power, will redouble their efforts in one form or another, whether in science or morality, to bring about such a re-creation of mind and soul in this country.

The Religious Condition of the Chinese: with Observations on the Prospects of Christian Conversion amongst that people. By the Rev. Joseph Edkins, B. A., Author of a Grammar of the Shanghai Dialect, and of the Chinese Colloquial Language, commonly called Mandarin, &c. London: Routledge. 1859.

TEN years in China, an acquaintance with the literature and language of the Chinese, a practical knowledge of their colloquial dialects, and the pursuits and aims of a Missionary, are no mean qualifications for one who would write regarding the Religions and Peoples of the Celestial Empire. When to these are added a quiet common sense, and a power of observation, both resembling Livingstone's, we may expect the work which is their fruit to be as trustworthy as it is interesting. Such is the character of this little work, which originally appeared in the columns of an English newspaper. It meets a want in our English books about China, and meets it well. With Wingrove Cook, and Meadows, and Mr. Edkins, and, we may add De Quincey's Tract, the truth of which the recent disaster has so wonderfully illustrated, we may be sure we have materials for a picture of China as it was and as it is.

We have an account of the three great religions of China, and of the others which may be considered as foreign to it,—of the Nestorian, Jesuit, and Protestant Christians, of the Jews and of the Mahomedans. The first consist of Confucianism, Taouism and Buddhism, and the strange fact that the Chinese believe in all three at once, is explained not merely by the truth that they are superstitious and wanting in conscientiousness, but that these three systems are supplemental to each other, so that to poor human nature they form but one. Confucianism supplies the *moral* element; the only worship connected with it

is that of ancestors, which is founded on the duty of filial piety. Taouism is *materialistic*. The soul which is but a pure form of matter is fitted for immortality by undergoing a sort of chemical process which etherealises it. Its gods are the stars, and deified hermits, magicians and seekers after the philosopher's stone and plant of immortality. Buddhism fills up with the complement of the *metaphysical*. To it the world of sense is unreal ; its gods are personified ideas ; its worship is the negation of worship, an abstraction of mind which renders prayer unnecessary. But at the same time the people shew a preference for one over the others of these, while admitting them all in theory. Taouism with its easily understood doctrines and material ideas is their religion, and in their relation with the State it may also be called the State religion, with its god of war, its god of literature, its tutelary gods of cities and towns, all of whose temples are visited on certain great occasions by the officers of Government. But looking at the governing class as such, in themselves, theoretically or rather esoterically Confucianism is the only State religion. The conversation which Ex-Commissioner Yeh had with Mr. Wingrove Cooke, while occasionally partaking of the latitudinarian belief in the three systems, shews him to have been a genuine Confucian. Buddhism again still retains a little of its exotic character ; and its influence, apart from its great confraternity of monks, is seen chiefly in the way in which it modifies Confucianism. It is, however, not so respectable, and does not afford such a scope for those who have energy and enterprise, as the ethical creed. Most Confucianists adopt the *rites* of Buddhism as the practical part of their creed.

From all this the difficulty of convincing the Chinese of the truth of Christianity is apparent. The missionary may prove its Divine origin, and his hearers will assent, but will not allow that it excludes other systems, that their own three are not also divine, and, *quoad* themselves, much better. The same difficulty, though in a modified form, has been found in India.

"Christianity was said, by some of the early Romish missionaries, to have been introduced into China by the apostle Thomas. This statement, they said, there was evidence for in the traditions of the Chinese. The Buddhists speak of a celebrated ascetic named Tamo as having come from India by sea, early in the sixth century. His full name in Sanscrit was Bodhidharma. There is no want of particular information respecting him as to his religious opinions and his biography. There were at the time 3,000 Hindoos in China helping to propagate the Buddhist faith. The early Romish missionaries, having very insufficient information on Chinese history and religions, caught at the name Tamo as a Chinese form of the word Thomas, and the description of his personal character, as a severe ascetic and worker of miracles, decided them in regarding him as identical with the Christian apostle.

Whether Christianity was preached in that country before the time of the Syrian Christians we do not know. The Jews arrived there much earlier than the Nestorians. If there were also teachers of Christianity, all historical traces of them are wanting till the Tang dynasty. What we know of the Nestorian missions extends from A. D. 636 to 781, the period included in the Chinese monument erected

by the converts of those missions, and containing a short history of them, with an abstract of the Christian religion. That they should have afterwards declined and disappeared was not from want of zeal in the first missionaries. For the first century and a half they extended themselves rapidly. Their bishops and archbishops were appointed from Persia, the head-quarters of the missions. It was the Syrian missionaries that first taught Christianity to the Mongols, and introduced among them the art of writing. The present Mongolian alphabet, which is that used by the Manchhoos in China, is a modification of the Syrian. Prester John was a Tartar prince, who became the neophyte of the same zealous missionaries. Like the other Oriental churches, the Nestorians gradually lost their ardent faith and evangelistic enthusiasm. Their missionaries ceased to visit China, and the converts there gradually diminished, till the last remains of them were incorporated in the Catholic missions. Confucian authors speak of three foreign sects as having existed in the seventh century in China, the Roman (Ta-tsin), the Manicheans, (Mani) and the Mahomedans. By the "Roman" they mean the Nestorian Christians, who belonged, at the time they reached China, to the Eastern Roman empire, and who assumed the name that they found already in use in China to designate the part of the world from which they came. It is curious to find traces of the Manicheans in China. The word Mani can scarcely mean any other religionists than they, and church history tells how widely they were spread in the time of Augustine. A circumstance still more curious is, that Manes derived part of his system from the Buddhists. So Neander tells us. Resident in Persia, he had Christianity on the west, Buddhism on the east, and the system of Zoroaster in his own locality. His religion was derived from these three sources. Referring to Chinese history of a time very little later, we find notices of his sect, of the Parsees or fire-worshippers, of Christianity in the Nestorian form, and of Buddhism, existing side by side. Buddhism only was become the popular faith through all China. The other three were but striving for existence, and in a few centuries they entirely died out.

The next attempt made to introduce Christianity was by the Papal missionaries of the Mongolian period. One result of the extraordinary career of Zinghis Khan was the opening of the way for travellers to and fro across the vast plains of Central Asia. What was impracticable while the nomade races of Tartary were without a head, and while Asia was split into small kingdoms, became easy of accomplishment when the short-lived empire of the Mongols was formed. It was then that the Polos resided for some time in China, and that our own Sir John Mandeville served as a soldier for several years under the Emperor of China. It was then, also, that Archbishop John of Peking, a missionary from the Pope, attempted, during a lengthened residence, to establish a permanent mission in the metropolis of the Grand Khan."

Then came Jesuitism, and the disciples this system sent forth to China have not been surpassed by any, for high scientific culture and devotion to their religion and order. The character of their converts is superior to what it is in India and some other heathen countries. In the province of Kangsoo alone there are 75,000 converts, chiefly villagers, while the whole number in China is a million. Few converts are now made from the surrounding heathen, and so dangerous is it for their European missionaries to be seen in the interior, that their presence is carefully concealed by their flocks. The colony of Jews at Kai-Fung-Foo has dwindled down to 200, unable to read the Law, and fast adopting the rites of the heathen around them. But the Jews of London recently resolved to open a communication with them for the purpose of educating some of their youths in Europe. The Mahomedans consider them as a sect of their own religion. In the northern provinces the followers of the false prophet compose a third of the population. Though the most lax of all believers in Islam, they still keep fast to

the one great unitarian truth, 'God is God,' and will adore none but *Chin-Choo*, the true Lord.

Mr. Edkins considers the prospect of the introduction of true Bible Christianity into China as highly encouraging :—

"The number of conversions that have taken place in the free ports since the war of 1842, will well bear comparison with those of other countries where missionaries labour. Among the native preachers that have been trained to assist the foreign missionaries, there are some devoted men and eloquent expounders of Bible truth. At Amoy, five hundred converts abstain from worldly business every Sabbath-day, and meet for praise and prayer in God's house. Near to Ningpo there are some interesting little communities that have sprung up amidst the village population through the operations of native catechists. In the region called Sanpoh, noted for the roughness of its inhabitants, the labours of these men have been so far aided with the blessing of God that the nucleus of two or three bodies of village Christians has been originated, which are likely to thrive in respect of numbers and of zeal. In the neighbourhood of Shanghai, missionaries have frequently succeeded in effecting a residence in several cities and towns. On two occasions the British consul has, at the instance of Chinese government officers, recalled one of his countrymen to Shanghai. But several residences of some months in duration have been effected, and the rite of baptism has been administered to converts in three cities and several villages as the result of these rural efforts. At the present time the work of conversion progresses in an increasing ratio."

It is useless to speculate as to the effect that the Third China War, now impending, may have on Missions in China. Sober faith points to a bright future, but meanwhile there is the sowing in tears, and it may be long ere the harvest appear.

Chronological Account of India, showing the principal events connected with the Mahomedan and European Governments in India. By Charles John Burgoyne, Esq. In Two Parts. London : W. H. Allen and Co. 1859.

THIS is a work of little pretension and of as little use. Beginning no earlier than A. D. 873, it gives the dates of the principal events in Indian History subsequently, slightly analysing these events. To the mere English reader it may be of a little use ; but the student of Indian History will find nothing in it to aid him. The chronological lists in the Bombay Annual Directories are much more useful. What is a real desideratum at the present moment is a Dictionary of Indian Dates descending to the minutest details of Administration as well as History, on the plan and with even more than the fulness of Haydn's Dictionary. In such a work it ought to be as easy to find the date of the passing of an Act by the Supreme Government, or of the erection of an important public building in Calcutta, as that of Sultan Mahmood's Invasion or Nadir Shah's sack of Delhi. The work should also contain tabular lists of dynasties, Governors, Lieutenant-Governors and Governors General, Presidents of the Board of Control and Court of Directors, and general statistics of all India. We trust such a Dictionary of Dates will be shortly published. It will be invaluable.

LIST OF WORKS ON INDIA AND THE EAST PUBLISHED
DURING THE QUARTER.

(*In addition to those already noticed in this Number.*)

- Essays on the Indian Army and Oude. By the late Sir Henry Lawrence, Bart., K. C. B., Chief Commissioner of Oude. Serampore : *Friend of India Press*.
- Indian Missions viewed in Connexion with the Mutiny and other Recent Events. By the Rev. J. Murray Mitchell, LL. D. Nisbet & Co.
- The Experiences of a Landholder and Indigo Planter in Eastern Bengal. Aberdeen. John Smith.
- The Inam Commission Unmasked. By Robert Knight, Editor of the *Bombay Times*.
- A Few Notes on a Recent Trial, illustrative of Mofussil Judicature, by a Bengali Zemindar. Calcutta. *Englishman Press*.
- The Universal Review for June.
Article V.—The Resources of India and its Colonization.
- The Edinburgh Review for July.
Article VII.—Dr. Cureton's Syriac Gospels.
- The Quarterly Review for July.
Article VI.—The Islands of the Pacific.
- Bentley's Quarterly Review for July.
Article III.—Lord Cornwallis.
- Westminster Review for July.
Article V.—The Government of India, its Liabilities and Resources.
- British Quarterly Review for July.
Article I.—Correspondence of Marquis Cornwallis.
- Wall Street to Cashmere. A Journal of Five Years in Asia, Africa, and Europe, comprising Visits, during 1851-2-3-4-5-6, to the Danemora Iron Mines, the "Seven Churches," Plains of Troy, Palmyra, Jerusalem, Petra, Seringapatam, Surat ; with the Scenes of the recent Mutinies (Benares, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Delhi, &c.), Cashmere, Peshawur, the Khyber Pass to Afghanistan, Java, China, and Mauritius. By John B. Ireland. With nearly One Hundred Illustrations, from Sketches made on the spot by the Author. Sampson Low and Co.
- Hints to the Amateur Gardeners of Southern India. By A. T. Jaffray. Madras.
- The English in India. Letters from Nagpore written in 1857-58. By Captain Evans Bell.

- Syria as a Sanitarium ; or Outline Sketches of a Tour in that Country in 1858, by Dr. Maillardet, Madras Medical Establishment.
- Campaigning Experiences in Rajpootana and Central India during the Suppression of the Mutiny in 1857-58. By Mrs. Henry Duberly, Author of "A Journal kept during the Russian War." With Maps. Smith, Elder & Co.
- Personal Narrative of a Voyage to Japan, Kamstchatka, Siberia, Tartary and various parts of the Coast of China in H. M. S. "Barracouta." By J. M. Tronson, R. N. with Charts and Views. Smith, Elder and Co.
- Colonial Administration of Great Britain. By Sydney Smith Bell of the Supreme Court of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope. Longman Photographs of an Eastern Tour.
- A Cruise in Japanese Waters. By Captain Sherard Osborn, C. B., Royal Navy, Author of Leaves from an "Arctic Journal," "Quedah," &c. Edinburgh. Blackwood.
- The Cruise of the Pearl round the World in 1857-8-9. With an Account of the Services of the Naval Brigade in India. By the Rev. E. A. Williams, M. A., Chaplain of the Pearl. Bentley.
- The Rose and the Lotus ; or Home in England and Home in India. By the Wife of a Bengal Civilian. Bell and Daldy.
- "Lucknow." The Newdigate Prize Poem, recited in the Theatre, Oxford, July 6th, 1859, by Anthony S. Aglan, Scholar of University College. Oxford. T. and G. Shrimpton.
- The Pasha Papers. Epistles of Mohammed Pasha, Rear Admiral of the Turkish Navy, written from New York to his Friend, Abel Ben Hassen. Translated into Anglo-American from the original MSS. To which are added sundry other Letters, Critical and Explanatory, Laudatory and Objurgatory, from gratified or injured Individuals in various parts of the Planet. New York : Charles Scribner.
- Speech of the Hon'ble W. B. Reed, (American Plenipotentiary to China) at the Board of Trade of Philadelphia, on Tuesday, 31st May, 1859. Messrs. C. Sherman and Son.
- An Elementary Treatise on Artillery adapted to instruction in Camp or reference in the Field With Plates. Bombay : Chesson and Woodhall.
- Hand Book of Australia. By W. Fairfax, Melbourne. London : W. Fairfax and Co.
- Wanderings in India. By John Lang. London : Routledge.
- Up Among the Pandies ; or a Year's Service in India. By Lieut. Vivien Dering Majendie, Royal Artillery. London : Routledge.
- Adventures of a Mounted Trooper in the Australian Police. By J. Burrows.
- A Letter to Colonel Durand, C. B., on the Reorganization of the Indian Army, &c. By Sir Bartle Frere, Commissioner of Sind.

Our Finances. By George Campbell, C. S. Lucknow.

The Date Tree, a Prize Essay on its Cultivation and the Manufacture of its juice into Sugar. By S. T. Robinson, Esq.

A Discourse occasioned by the Death of the Rev. A. F. Lacroix, Missionary of the London Missionary Society. By Alexander Duff, D. D., LL. D., Free Church of Scotland Mission, Calcutta. C. B. Lewis.

The Calcutta University Calendar, 1859-60. Calcutta : Bishop's College Press.

An Introductory Lecture Addressed to the Students of the Calcutta Medical College on the 15th June, 1859. By Charles Archer, M. D., Surgeon, Bengal Army : Professor of Ophthalmic Medicine and Surgery in the Medical College. Calcutta : P. M. Cranenburgh.

The Muse in India, by Indicus. Calcutta : G. P. Roy and Co.

Claims of Christianity in India. By Dr. J. Bryce.

A Visit to the Philippine Isles in 1858-59. By Sir John Bowring, Governor of Hong-Kong and H. M.'s Plenipotentiary in China. With numerous illustrations. (*In the Press.*) Smith, Elder and Co.

Heathen and Holy Lands ; or Sunny Days on the Salween, the Nile and the Jordan. By Captain J. P. Briggs, Bengal Army. Smith, Elder and Co.

The Indian Amateur's Photographic Album. Published monthly by W. Johnson, Bombay.

No. 26. Contains—

- 1 View of Ghorebunder.
- 2 Ruins at Bassein.
- 3 Group of Parsis.

No. 27. Contains—

- 1 Convent of the Augustinians of Goa.
- 2 Hindoo Banians of the higher class.
- 3 The Musjid of Dada Hazir, Ahmedabad.

Proposed Ship-Railway across the Isthmus of Suez. By J. Brunlees and E. B. Webb. Reed and Pardon.

Von Siebold's Mariner's Guide to Japan.

Dr. Williamson on the Wounded from the Mutiny of India.

Stocqueler's History of British India.

The Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, Vol. XVII., Part 1.

Art. 1. Lieutenant J. P. Frye on the Urrya and Kondh Population of Orissa.

Art. 2. Chronology of the Medes from Deioces to Darius. By J. W. Bosanquet, Esq.

Art. 3. The Indian Travels of Apollonius of Tyana. By Osmond De Beauvoir Priaulx, Esq.

- Art. 4.* Prof. H. H. Wilson on the Travels of Hienouen Thsang.
 Christianity Contrasted with Hindu Philosophy. An Essay in five books, Sanskrit and English with practical suggestions tendered to the Missionary among the Hindus. By James R. Ballantyne, L. L. D., Professor of Moral Philosophy and Principal of the Government College at Benares. London: James Madden.
- A Persian Translation of Marshman's History of India by the late Moulvee Abdool Ruheem.
- Notes on the Transport of Troops by Sea. By Charles J. Kirwan, L. R. C. S. I., Assistant Surgeon, H. M.'s 13th Light Infantry.
- A Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of Calcutta at the Primary Visitation of George Edward Lynch, Bishop of Calcutta, Metropolitan in India and Ceylon.
- The Christian Victory over Evil, a Sermon preached at St. Paul's Cathedral on the 26th July, 1859, by the Bishop of Calcutta.
- Lessons on Unfulfilled Prophecy by the Rev. George Lovely, A. B. Junior Chaplain, Old Church, Calcutta.

PARLIAMENTARY AND OFFICIAL PAPERS.

- CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.—Fourth Report of H. M.'s Commissioners containing Correspondence and Statistics relative to the Examination for the Civil Service in India and Home Service, with lithographic specimens of Hand-writing.
- Papers relative to Waste Lands in New Zealand.
- New East Indian Tariff and Correspondence upon it.
- Reorganization of the Indian Army—Papers relating to the subject.
- Memoirs of the Geological Survey of India. Vol. II. Part I. Calcutta.
- Report of the Superintendent of the Geological Survey of India and Director of the Geological Museum, Calcutta, 1858-59.
- Copy of Minute by the Hon'ble Major General Sir James Outram, dated the 17th day of August, 1858 (on Lord Canning's Confiscation of Oude.)
- A Return of the Regiments of the Bengal and Bombay Armies which mutinied.
- A Copy of the Evidence taken before the Court appointed for the Trial of the King of Delhi.
- Finance Accounts (East India.)
- Papers regarding the Principality of Dhar.
- A Copy of Financial Despatches between the Government of India and the Secretary for India respecting New Loans required for India, and of all Notifications of the Government of India concerning the Public Debt.

Copy of Despatches from the Government of Madras relating to the Resumption of Lands held in Enam and of the Reply of the Court of Directors, 1st September 1858.

Papers on Railways, &c., (East India.)

Minute of Major Moore, on the Alleged Debts of the Nizam to the British Government, dated 7th November 1853. Memoranda of Colonel A. Cotton on a Railway from Beikul Harbour to Hyderabad and on the Godavery, Kistnah and Coleroon Annicuts.

Reports from the Local Committees on the Consignments to the Madras Exhibition of 1857.

Madras Exhibition of 1859, of the Raw Products of Southern India.—On the Cotton of the Gigantic Swallow Wort (*Calotropis Gigantea*) as also on the Silk Worm and Silk Manufacture in Bengal, Bombay, China, Madras and Mysore.

Selections from the Records of the Madras Government, No. LIX. Administration Report of the Madras Public Works, 1857-58.

General Report on the Administration of the several Presidencies and Provinces of British India during 1857-58, Part II. and Appendix.

Report on the Land Revenue Administration of the Lower Provinces, for 1857-58.

Selections from the Records of the Bengal Government, No. XXX. Report on the Districts of Pooree and Balasore, by H. Ricketts.

Acts and Orders issued in the North Western Provinces during the year 1857, republished from the *Agra Government Gazette* by order. Allahabad.

Appendixes to the General Report on Public Instruction in the Lower Provinces of the Bengal Presidency for 1857-58, Vol. II.—Calcutta : C. B. Lewis.

Report on the Administration of the Province of Pegu for 1858-59. By Lieutenant Colonel A. P. Phayre, Commissioner and Agent to the Governor General, Rangoon. Pegu Press.

Report by the Sudder Board of Revenue on the Revenue Administration, N. W. Provinces for 1858-59. Calcutta : C. B. Lewis.

First Annual Report of the Christian Vernacular Society for India.

Decisions of the Zillah Courts of the N. W. Provinces recorded in English in conformity to Act XII. 1843, from April to December 1857. Allahabad, Government Press.

The Commercial Annual or a Tabular Statement of the External Commerce of Bengal during the years 1857-58 and 1858-59. By P. Bonnaud. Calcutta. Military Orphan Press.

Report of the Calcutta Municipal Commissioners, 1858.

CRITICAL NOTICES
OF
WORKS ON INDIA AND THE EAST PUBLISHED DURING
THE QUARTER.

Personal Narrative of a Voyage to Japan, Kamtschatka, Siberia, Tartary, and various parts of the Coast of China ; in H. M. S. "Barracouta." By J. M. Tronson, R. N. With Charts and Views. London : Smith, Elder and Co. 1859.

WE turned to this volume with some eagerness, for information regarding Kamtschatka, Siberia, Tartary and the Coast of China. But we have been disappointed. The Author was Surgeon on board the *Barracouta*, a paddle-wheel steamer of 6 guns, which, as part of Sir James Stirling's Squadron, scoured the China Seas and North Pacific in search of the Russians, during the War of 1854-55-56. As a professional man, and with such opportunities, we might have expected a work, if deficient in interesting narrative and description, at least filled with the fruits of scientific observation. But there is neither. The countries visited were new, the tribes met with comparatively unknown, the whole character and results of the Government of Russia in Eastern Asia, undescribed. To the mere Surgeon, with the most ordinary acquaintance with the science of his profession, the Botany, Geology, Ethnology and Dialects, would have offered some new facts. But instead of this we have an inferior description of the outskirts of Japan, published at a time when Lord Elgin's expedition has laid it fully open and thrown all past attempts into the shade ; a dry account of the movements of the various vessels of the fleet and their occasional intercourse with the French, a bald description of the oft-described Hong-Kong and Shanghai, and of a few Russian Settlements, and a singular ignorance of the whole history of the East, and European adventure in Eastern seas and lands.

Confining ourselves to the chapters which treat of Siberia, Russia and Tartary, we may be able to extract the few facts which are either interesting or new, and arrange them in such order as to render them of value. The Russian possessions in Eastern Asia we may divide into these three. Kamtschatka, Siberia and Tartary, and Seghalien. From these the Russians are bringing an influence to bear on the roving tribes of Mongolia, and on the whole of Eastern and Central Asia and China, which, in spite of the fears of

many, we cannot but regard as most beneficial. Two things distinguish them as settlers and civilisers, a stern adherence to their faith and desire to propagate it, and a power, by their patient endurance, hardy zeal, scientific skill, easy adaptability to all circumstances, and great linguistic attainments, of extending their possessions and assimilating peoples to their rule.

The Peninsula of Kamtschatka is between 700 and 800 miles in length, and its greatest breadth is 280 miles, narrowing towards the South to Cape Lopatka towards the volcanic chain of Isles known as the Kuriles. From the range of mountains which runs through the country, many of the peaks of which are volcanic, the three principal rivers take their rise, the Bolcha, Avatska and Kamtschatka, the last of which is navigable for 200 miles. Its banks are so fertile as to be capable of rearing cattle and growing timber. Three distinct races inhabit the peninsula. The Koriaks in the north are a wandering and warlike people who live on deer's flesh and use the animal to draw the sledge. The Tchutski resemble them in language, but dwell more within the Arctic circle. The Kamtschatdales are true Mongolians, but timid and unenergetic. There is a mixed race of natives and Russians, for whom there are Churches and Schools. The thermometer in June ranges between 38° and 64° . The first visitor was a Russian Merchant who was driven on shore near the river Kamtschatka in 1648. In 1697, a Kossack officer, Atlasoff, reached Anadirsk from Yakutsk, and two years later he penetrated to the above river and built Verchnei Ostrog. The Settlement increased amid many troubles, till in 1731 the natives revolted and taught the Russians a lesson which they have never forgot—to be mild, to conciliate without lowering themselves. Bolsheretsk was henceforth garrisoned, and now there are other four forts of which Petropolovski is best known. The natives pay their *Yasak* or tribute, which is not heavy, in skins, ranging from the sea otter—the most expensive, to the common ermine—the least valuable.

Of Siberia, Mr. Tronson describes only Ayan, and the Coast of Tartary down to the South of the Amoor. On the appearance of the *Barracouta*, the Russian flag was lowered and the place of course deserted. We took possession of it on the 10th July 1855 in the name of the Allies. The following description gives a general idea of a Russian Settlement on the Siberian Coast :—

“The town is in a valley, running east and west ; the greater number of the houses are built on the northern side, on an easy rising ground. Near the harbour are the Government store-houses, strongly built of logs, and roofed with iron painted red ; the windows being glazed, and barred with iron. A covered colonnade runs along the outside of the houses, and there is a flag-staff and platform for sentries to stand in front. Next to the store-houses was a large log-house in an unfinished state ; a little further on, the hospital stood, in a low field, wet and swampy : a very unfit place, and most unhealthy. I cannot conceive how such a place could have been selected, when there were so many dry spots of good elevation to be had, in the vicinity of the barracks. The hospital was two stories high, with commodious wards and

dispensary ; the doors were covered with the skins of reindeer, which tended to modify the extreme rigour of the climate.

A narrow stream running through the valley, divided the town in two parts : the southern side contained rude huts and houses, and a barrack for Cossacks ; the houses on the north were in rows, each house detached : many of them had small gardens in front. The Russian barracks were not at all in a creditable state ; the building was a large wooden structure of two stories, the under one for the men : inclined benches for beds ran along the centre, beneath which were small cavities for the reception of the soldiers' kits and working utensils ; the upper story was divided into small rooms, warm and comfortable ; some of them still furnished, and no doubt lately occupied by officers. The priest and physician resided near the barracks in a neat double house. The town was supplied with a very fine draw-well, roofed over, and in close connection with a bake-house, and there were some stores or shops, with various commodities, from Cognac brandy to Sheffield cutlery. A very handsome Greek church stood at the end of the town, in the prettiest part of the valley, and near to a shaded grove ; the interior was neat, and similar to that at Petropolovski ; and it was supplied with a peal of bells. Every precaution was taken by the senior officers of the squadron, to protect the sacred edifice from violation.

The Governor's house, situated on a rising ground near the church, was a long and low structure, with a small garden in front, surrounded by a paling ; a porch with a door projected from the front of the house. Entering by the porch, on the right, was a large office, with desks and shelves ; many boxes of useful materials lay scattered about—thermometers, charts, garden seeds, &c. A door on the left led to a comfortable sitting-room, fitted with modern furniture and a very good stove ; a folding-door communicated with the drawing-room which was furnished with sofas, lounges, &c., covered with green damask ; the walls being painted of a corresponding colour. There were bagatelle-boards, billiard-rooms, and other comforts, in a great measure necessary in a country where the winter is long and severe and social intercourse very limited. The upper part of the house contained a suite of bed-rooms ; the windows being double-framed and glazed in the interspaces. A brick was placed with some salt piled upon it : I suppose, for the purpose of absorbing moisture and keeping the glass clear ; papers and periodicals in the Russian language were strewed in various rooms : I observed in one of the store-houses a *shwan pan*, or instrument used by the Chinese for calculating.

The Government store-houses were filled with navy stores, oils, paints, ropes, and some packages of furs ready for transport to St. Petersburg. A small river steamer, nearly ready for launching, and filled with bales of paper and canvas, lay on the shingled beach above the harbour ; this was blown up, being Government property, and most likely destined for the river Amoor. Another vessel on the stocks, far advanced towards completion, was spared ; Captain Frederick having learned that it was the private property of the Superintendent of Ayan. I may here remark, that the contents of the store-houses and of the private houses were respected by the squadron ; though, on the evening after our departure, the rights of hospitality were grossly outraged by the crews of some whalers which entered the port, and who pilaged the stores. This fact was known to the inhabitants on their return to their homes."

The Amoor, on which the Russians are now raising a vast colony, seems to be like the Ganges, difficult of access from the sea, but, once gained, navigable from Nicolaiewsk at its mouth, to Nertchinsk 1,500 miles up. On the great bar there is not more than two fathoms of water, and the sand-banks are yearly increasing in number and extent. Its length is reckoned at 2,800 miles.

"The Amoor, or Seghalien Oula, rises in lat. 50° N. and long. 110° E., by two sources : one in a sharp bend of the Davurian Mountains near a small fort of Doroninsk ; the other lower down near Nishney Oulkhounsk, after a winding course to the north-east. It also receives a small branch from the south-east extremity, a

small river taking its rise near the Lake Baikal; the two streams uniting, pursue a course nearly due east, to Nertchinsk, where it is 600 yards wide and very deep. Passing this place in the same direction, it alters its course to the north, and afterwards bends eastward, meeting a large tributary at Baklanova, which comes from the south, and is named the Argun. This splendid stream, 900 miles in length, passes through the rich pasture land of Mongolia. The Amoor now flows easterly, passing the small town of Yacca, and receiving many tributaries; it changes its course gradually to the south-east, passing through deep mountain valleys, and gains its southern limit in lat. $47^{\circ} 48'$ N., and long. 132° E. From this point it ascends in a north-easterly direction, receiving the Songari from the south-west, a river which drains a great part of Manchouria; many smaller tributaries increase its volume, including the Usuri from the south. It also receives the River Zia, near Seghalien-Oula, as it approaches the mouth or outlet, which is situated in lat. 53° N., and long. 142° E., and is three miles wide. Here the stream divides—being obstructed by the opposite coast of Seghalien and the many sandbanks which beset the gulf—into two lesser streams of great force; one pursuing a southerly direction to the Sea of Okhotsk, the other towards the Gulf of Tartary."

Since Nertchinsk was founded in 1658, this most valuable river with the land stretching to its south was an object of desire to the Russian Government, and by the treaty of 1858, vast territory to the South is now theirs. Under General Mouravieff as Governor General, the Russian population of the Amoor Province has immensely increased, and a new system of sending Military colonists and persons banished to Siberia, is laying the foundation of a new Empire in Asia. At present there is a valuable trade, which every year must develop into larger proportions, between the Amoor, and China, Japan, the Sandwich Isles and San Francisco. American traders "speculating in notions" are to be found all along the coasts of Siberia and Tartary. In land, all restrictions on the overland trade between China and Russia have been removed. Great tea-caravans from the North of China every season traverse the road to Kiahtka, and from the Western provinces to Semipolotinsk. A man may now travel from St. Petersburg to Pekin, comfortably, for £80, and read the *Amoor Messenger* or *Siberian Gazette*. The Grand Duke Constantine has just sent out another Scientific Expedition under M. Mainnow, to explore still further the debateable land between the Amoor and China.

But little is known of Russia's new territory, the island of Seghalien or Tarakai, opposite the mouths of the Amoor, long considered a peninsula. It is about 600 miles in length, and in some places of no greater breadth than 20 miles.

"The country is hilly, wooded, and fertile; a range of hills runs from Cape Sorotoko, or Aniva, in a northerly direction. Coal is found in many parts of the island, especially about Jonquiere Bay, where it crops out. Many streams from the highlands fall into the Sea of Okhotsk on the east, and the Gulf of Tartary on the west; and two large rivers empty themselves into Aniva Bay. Vast numbers of salmon frequent the mouths of these rivers; and a Japanese fishing establishment belonging to the government, supplies many of the Japanese ports with well cured salmon.

Of the northern part, two-thirds belong to Russia, and it is peopled by Ghilacks, and not, as supposed, by Ainos: the latter race, the Aborigines of Yezo, occupy the southern third of the island, which is in possession of the Japanese. The Ainos

are of short stature, with broad faces of Mongol type ; they live in small huts, and exist on fish and the indigenous fruits and roots of the country: they closely resemble the Kurile Islanders. They are badly treated by the Japanese, who have driven them from their homes in Yezo, to seek peace on the rock-bound shores away from Japanese settlements. They would gladly exchange their rulers for the kinder administration of government which the Russians usually exercise towards conquered races."

As Christians and as men we cannot but view the progress of Russia in these vast territories with gratulation. She, the youngest and freshest of the European races, seems destined to share with the Anglo-Saxons in the regeneration of the East. It may be hers to expel the Ottoman from Europe, to humble his pride in Asia, to lead the Mongolian to the truth after which he has so long struggled, and to civilise all but Southern Asia. To us that has been given ; and there is little fear that either of us shall ever cross the Himalaya to attack the other. In China, Japan and the Pacific let us meet as generous rivals.

Collection of Rhymes, Hymns, and Tunes, for Bengalee Christian Infant Schools. [Printed for the Calcutta Christian School Book Society.] Calcutta : Printed at the Bishop's College Press. 1859.

THE natives of Bengal have, by their own confession, very imperfect ideas of music. To write music, is now to them a term synonymous with attempting an impossibility. Even their professors of song have little idea of any thing further than teaching the notes of the gamut, a few vocal modulations, and the stereotyped unchanging tunes which have been handed down from past generations, adapted to words applicable to the various seasons of the year and the different hours of the day. The composition of a new tune is beyond their capacity. In the art of singing they allow that they are excelled by the inhabitants of the North West.

The ancient Bramhuns understood more of music ; and from the article in the Asiatic Researches, (Vol. III.) on the Musical Modes of the Hindoos, it would appear that they had a method of writing music, very different from that in use among us, yet sufficiently clear to hand down their songs to future generations. "The flexible language of the Hindoos," says the writer "readily supplied them with names for the seven *swaras* or sounds, which they dispose of in the following order, *Shadja* ষড়্জ, *Rishabha*, ঋষভ, *Gandhara*, গান্ধার, *Modhyama*, মধ্যম, *Panchama*, পঞ্চম, *Dhaivata*, দৈবত, *Nishada*, নিষাদ. But the first of them is emphatically called *swara*, স্বর, or the sound, from the important office which it bears in the scale ; and hence by taking the seven initial letters or syllables of those words, they contrived a notation for their airs, and at the

same time exhibited a gamut, at least as convenient as that of Guido. They call it *Sicaragrama*, স্বরগাম, (corrupted by the Bengalees into Sareegam,) or *Septaca*, সপ্তক, and express it in this form,

“ Sa, Ri, Ga, Ma, Pa, Dhi, Ni,”

In writing music, a separate system of notation like our own, was not adopted. Thus, if *Sa* represents A ; Sa, Ma Pa simply written thus, would represent A. D. E. “ Since every Indian consonant includes, by its nature, the short vowel *a*, five of the sounds are denoted by single consonants, and the two others have different short vowels taken from their full names. By substituting long vowels, the time of each note is doubled. Other marks are used for a further elongation of them. The octaves above and below the mean scale, the connection and acceleration of notes, the graces of execution or manner of fingering the instrument, are expressed very clearly by small circles and ellipses, by little chains, by curves, by straight lines horizontal and perpendicular, and by crescents, all in various positions. The close of a strain is distinguished by a lotus-flower. But the time and measure are determined by the prosody of the verse, and by the comparative length of each syllable, with which every note or assemblage of notes respectively corresponds.” This system of writing music almost prevents the possibility of using chords, of which the Bengalees, we believe, have no idea.

Native Christians, converts from Hindooism, have brought with them the tunes they learned as idolaters, and have composed hymns adapted to them ; so that the notes with which they formerly celebrated the dark deeds of their idol gods, are now applied to hymns of praise to the only true and living God. But in the mode of singing there is no improvement ; nor can any be expected until we are able to introduce among them the principles of music as taught in Europe. An attempt of the kind was made very soon after the first introduction of Hindoos into the Christian Church, when Dr. Marshman, Mr. Ward, and even Dr. Carey who had but little of poetry in him, translated some of our English hymns into Bengalee, which for some time were used almost exclusively in the native church. To these Mr. Chamberlain added a great many more. But as the number of native converts increased, their genuine productions, adapted to songs more suitable to their taste than English tunes, took the place of those hymns, which have gradually fallen into disuse.

If any improvement is to be made in the singing in native congregations, it must be by the introduction of European music. This will be found no easy matter among the older members, who, with their characteristic adherence to long prescribed customs, will still show a preference for the notes and tunes their fathers sung. But children may be brought up to a new system of tastes, and a different ear for music ; and

with the view of accustoming them in early years to European modes of song, the book now before us has been published. Here the interesting, simple, instructive songs of the infant school have been translated into as simple and easy Bengalee, and set to tunes familiar to every English child. In addition to these, we have a number of devotional hymns, adapted to the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows of the Christian of maturer years.

The book is well adapted to the object in view, and will doubtless be introduced into every Christian school. One on a more extensive scale, including some of the tunes and hymns of purely native origin, is still a desideratum ; and such a book is, we believe, in course of preparation.

Christianity contrasted with Hindu Philosophy. An Essay in Five Books, Sanscrit and English : with Practical Suggestions tendered to the Missionary among the Hindus. By James R. Ballantyne, LL. D., Professor of Moral Philosophy, and Principal of the Government College, Benares. London : James Madden, Leadenhall Street. 1859.

IN the advertisement prefixed to this volume we are told

"This Essay, slightly modified subsequently, was submitted in competition for a prize of £300, offered by a member of the Bengal Civil Service. The prize was divided, and a moiety was adjudged to this Essay, the judges being gentlemen appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of London and Oxford. In the terms of the prospectus, the prize was offered "for the best statement and regulation in English, of the fundamental errors (opposed to Christian Theism) of the Vedanta, Nyaya, and Sankhya Philosophies, as set forth in the standard native authorities, in the Sanskrit language, treating of those systems ; together with a demonstration (supported by such arguments, and conveyed in such a form and manner as may be most likely to prove convincing to learned Hindûs imbued with those errors), of the following fundamental principles of Christian Theism, viz.

First.—Of the real, and not merely apparent or illusory, distinctness of God from all other spirits, and from matter ; and of the creation (in the proper sense) of all other spirits, and of matter, by God, in opposition to the Vedanta.

Second.—Of the non-eternity of separate souls, and their creation by God, in opposition to the Nyaya and Sankhya.

Third.—Of the creation of matter, in opposition to the tenet of its eternity in the shape of atoms (as maintained in the Nyaya and Vaiseshika Schools), or in the shape of Prakriti (as maintained by the Sankhya).

Fourth.—Of the moral character and moral Government of God ; and of the reality and perpetuity of the difference between moral good and evil with reference to such dogmas of the above systems as are opposed to these doctrines."

Few men are better able to write on such a theme than Dr. Ballantyne. Evidently possessing a decided taste for philosophical studies, he has had very favourable opportunities for acquiring a competent knowledge of the Hindu systems. Added to this, though a Government servant and writing as the Principal of the Government College, Benares, he had the moral courage to publish in 1854, and what is still more to

his honor, to republish in 1859 (in an appendix to the work under notice) the following, indicating the object which he had, and which every one ought to have, in educating the natives of this country.

"In designing an educational course, if we are to go to work methodically, systematically and profitably, regard must be had to the end and to the means. Where no distinct end, or not the same end, is kept in view by those who take part in a discussion, agreement as to the means is pretty well out of the question. And how can we hope, as Bacon says, to achieve the course if we have not first distinctly fixed the goal? It may be said, indeed, that there are more goals than one, inasmuch as we do not expect all our pupils to go as far as the one who goes the furthest. Be it so; but let us first settle the goal for that *one*, and then the various stages which the others may content themselves with reaching, will all lie along that more extended course. Shall our absolutely ultimate end, then, be the production of a first-rate engineer, or of a valuable revenue officer, or of an accomplished native Magistrate? * *With this I am not prepared to be satisfied. My proposed end is the making of each educated Hindoo, a Christian, on principle and conviction.* This end, as I propose here to indicate, implies everything that the amplest course of education can comprise."

We are prepared then to listen to Dr. Ballantyne on this subject, satisfied that he is willing and able to do both parties justice. Nor are we disappointed on a perusal of his admirable Essay. It may not contain much that is new or that cannot be obtained from other books, but it possesses the merit—no slight one—of putting in a small compass the chief points at issue between us. After a brief introduction (to which we shall presently return) he gives a general view of the Hindoo systems of Philosophy.

"The three systems, the Nyaya, Sankhya and Vedanta differ more in appearance than reality, and hence they are, each in its degree, viewed with a certain amount of favour by Orthodox Hindoos; assuming, each of them, implicitly the truth of the Vedas and proceeding to give on that foundation a comprehensive view of the totality of things, the three systems differ mainly in their severally regarding the universe from different points of view,—viz., as it stands in relation severally to *sensation, emotion, and intellection.*

The Naiyayika, founding on the fact that we have various *sensations*, enquires what and how many are the channels through which such varied knowledge flows in. Finding that there are five very different channels, he imagines five different externals adapted to these. Hence his theory of the five elements, the aggregate of what the Nyaya regards as the causes of affliction.

The Sankhya, struck with the fact that we have *emotions*,—with an eye to the question *whence* our impressions come,—enquires their *quality*. Are they pleasing, displeasing, or indifferent? These three qualities constitute for him the external; and to their aggregate he gives the name of nature. With the Naiyayika he agrees in wishing that he were well rid of all three; holding that things pleasing, and things indifferent, are not less incompatible with man's chief end than things positively displeasing.

Thus while the Nyaya allows to the external a substantial existence, the Sankhya admits its existence only as an aggregate of qualities; while both allow that it really (eternally and necessarily) exists.

The Vedanta, rising above the question as to what is pleasing, displeasing, or indifferent, asks simply, what *is*, and what *is not*. The categories are here reduced to two—the *Real* and *Unreal*. The categories of the Nyaya and the Sankhya were merely scaffolding for reaching this pinnacle of philosophy. The implied foundation was everywhere the same,—viz. the *Veda*; and this, therefore

* The Italics are our own.

we shall find is the field on which the battle with Hindu Philosophy must ultimately be fought.

The Nyaya, it may be gathered from what has been said, is conveniently introductory to the Sankhya, and the Sankhya to the Vedanta. Accordingly in Hindu schools, where all three are taught, it is in this order that the learner, who learns all these, takes them up. The Nyaya is the exoteric doctrine, the Sankhya a step nearer what is held as the truth, and the Vedanta the esoteric doctrine, or the naked truth.

This view of the matter suggests the distribution of the following work. A separate account of each of the three systems is first given; and then a summary of Christian doctrine is propounded, in the shape of aphorisms, after the fashion of the Hindu Philosophers with a commentary on each aphorism, combating whatever in any of the three Hindu systems is opposed to the reception of the Christian doctrine therein propounded. A systematic exposition of the dogmas of Christianity seems to furnish the likeliest means of inviting the discussion of the essential points of difference—any points of difference in philosophy that do not emerge in the course of such an exposition being, we may reasonably assume, comparatively unimportant to the Christian argument."

Here then we have the plan of the book. Accordingly we have some twenty pages taken up with a necessarily very brief and condensed, but interesting, sketch of the three systems. Passing over any notice of the Nyaya and Sankhya systems, we come at once to the Vedanta system, and as this is the most refined, the highest system—the one that, in fact, embraces the others—any remarks made against it must *a fortiori* tell against the others. We give the first paragraphs.

"The Vedanta theory arrives at the limit of simplification, by deciding that nothing really exists besides *one*, and that this one real being is absolutely simple. This one simple being, according to the *Vedanta*, is *knowledge* (jnana),—not the knowledge of anything, for this would imply a contradiction to the dogma that nothing exists except knowledge simply. This conception, of the possible nature of knowledge, is quite at variance with the European view, which regards knowledge as the synthesis of subject and object. According to the *Vedanta* there is *no* object, and hence it follows that the term subject is not strictly applicable, any more than is the term substance, to the one reality. Both of these terms, being indicative of a relation, are inapplicable under a theory which, denying duality, does not admit the conditions of a relation. Soul, the one reality, is accordingly spoken of in the *Vedanta*, not as a substance (*dravya*) as it is reckoned in the *Nyaya*, but as the *thing*, or, literally, 'that which abides' (*vastu*). Let us enquire how this conception may have been arrived at, consistently with the seeming existence of the world.

Suppose that God—omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent—exists. Suppose, further, that, at some time or other, God exists and nothing else does. Suppose, in the next place, as held long in Europe, and still in India, that nothing is made out of nothing (*ex nihilo nihil fit*); and suppose, finally, that God wills to make a world. Being omnipotent, He *can* make it. The dogma "*ex nihilo nihil fit*" being, by the hypothesis, an axiom, it follows that God, being able to make a world, can make it without making it out of *nothing*. The world so made must then consist of what previously existed,—i. e. of God. Now what do we understand by a world! Let it be an aggregate of souls with limited capacity and of what these souls (rightly or wrongly) regard as objects—the special or intermediate causes of various modes of consciousness. Taking this to be what is meant by a world, how is God to form it out of Himself? God is omniscient, and, in virtue of his omnipresence, his omniscience is everywhere. Where is the room for a *limited* intelligence? Viewing the matter (if that were strictly possible) *a priori*, one would incline to say '*nowhere*.' But the *Vedantin*, before he had got this length, was too painfully affected by the conviction, forced upon him, as on the rest of us, by a consciousness which will take no denial, that there *are*

limited intelligences. "I am ignorant" he says ; and if he is *wrong* in saying so, then (as a Pundit once remarked to me) his ignorance is established just as well as if he were right in saying so. "Holding then that the soul *is* God, and confronted with the inevitable fact that the soul does *not* spontaneously *recognize* itself as God, there was nothing for it but to make the fact itself do duty as its own cause, to say that the soul does not know itself to be God, just because it does not know it,—i. e. because it is ignorant,—i. e. because it is obstructed by ignorance (*ajñana*.")

"At this point let us suppose that our speculator stopped, but that a disciple took up the matter and tried to make something more palpably definite out of the indefinite term *ignorance*. Were it not, he argues, for this *ajñana* of which my teacher speaks,—the soul would know itself to be God,—there would be nothing but God, there would be no world. It is this *ajñana*, then, that *makes* the world ; and this being the case, it ought to have a name suggestive of the fact. Let it be called *prakriti*, the name by which the *Sankhyas* speak of their unconscious maker of world. Good, says another ; but recollect that this *prakriti*, or "energy" can be nothing else than the power of the all-powerful, for we can admit the independent existence of God alone ; so that the *ajñana* which you have shown to be entitled to the name of *prakriti* will be even more accurately denoted by the word *Sakti*, God's "power," by an exertion of which power alone can the fact be accounted for, that souls which are God *do not know* that they are so. The reasoning is accepted, and the term *Sakti* is enrolled among the synonymes of *ajñana*. Lastly comes the mythologist. You declare, says he, that this world would not even appear to be real, were it not for *ignorance*. Its apparent reality, then, is an *illusion* ; and for the term *ajñana* you had better substitute the more expressive term *Nyaya*, "deceit, illusion, jugglery." The addition of this to the list of synonymes being acquiesced in, the mythologist furnishes his *Nyaya* with all the requisites of a goddess, and she takes her seat in his pantheon as the wife of *Brahma* the Creator."

And now let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter—

"The supposed root of all evil—the belief that ought besides the "one" exists—is to be got rid of, we are told, by a right understanding of the great sentence. "That art thou," i. e. "Thou—whosoever thou art—art the one." When this diction has been rightly understood and accepted, the acceptor of it, changing the "thou" to the first person, reflects thus—"I am the one." This is so far well ; but he must finally get rid of the habit of making even *himself* an object of thought. There must be *no* object. What was previously the *subject* must now remain alone,—an entity, a thought, a joy ; but these three being one only—the existent joy—thought."

What shall we say to a scheme like this ? To our Western, practical, and, as of course we think, common-sense notions, the mere statement of it would suffice for its refutation. The concluding paragraph seems to us to be as complete a *reductio ad absurdum* as possible. Think, what would be the effect of preaching such a Gospel as this to men ? Stand on the exchanges, in the market-places of the world, and as you see the strained and eager countenances, the haggard looks of the boiling crowds of Mammon worshippers, lift up your voice and shout ;—"Oh ye burdened, anxious, labouring multitudes—you have not and you want, or you have and you want more, your souls are not at rest, and your hearts are troubled—but listen, understand rightly the great sentence. 'That art thou, i. e. Thou—whosoever thou art—art the one,' and the root of all evil so far as you are concerned is got rid of." Go to the slaves of America, and as you see them writhing under the lash, mocked, flogged, tortured, cursing the white

man for his fiendish cruelty, or so instructed that they had not spirit even to mutter the unspoken curse—preach to them ;—“ Oh ye trembling, cowering, shrinking wretches, you mourn over your hard lot and long for the relief of death and the quiet of the grave—but hark, understand rightly the great sentence, ‘That art thou,’ and evil is subdued, all is well.’ Call together the thieves in some great city—the forger, the coiner, the pickpocket, the house-breaker, and try to reclaim them from the crime that has already deep stamped its impress on their faces ;—“ Oh ye house-breakers and thieves, ye smashers and young prigs, listen, ye are at war with your race, very Ishmaelites are you—your hand is against every man, and every man’s hand is against you, but understand rightly the great sentence ‘that art thou—or in other words—believe that thou, whosoever thou art, art the one,’ and then all will be well, the root of all evil will be got rid of.” Go to some penitentiary, and as you see the outcasts, the Magdalens of society, some perhaps the victims, some who have been the abettors of the social evil, stand up and preach. But no, stop ! Cease this mocking of the ills and wants of humanity, add not scorn and bitter insult to their woes. Open the prison doors if you will, and bid them go free, but do not stand grinning through the dungeon bars at the fettered wretches imprisoned there. And yet such is the highest philosophy of the Hindus ! We ask our readers ;— as you read it, can you prevent the words of Holy writ from forcing themselves into your minds. “They became vain in their imaginations and their foolish heart was darkened ; professing themselves to be wise, *they became fools.*”

After this brief sketch of the three systems we have the Essay itself. It is written in both English and Sanskrit, and is divided into Five Books. Book I. contains ‘A Partial Exposition of Christian Doctrine.’ Book II. ‘The Evidences of Christianity.’ Book III. ‘Natural Theology.’ Book IV. ‘treats of the Mysterious Points in Christianity ;’ Book V. of ‘The Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature.’ To illustrate the mode in which the author treats his subject and discusses the different points in the systems hostile to Christianity, we extract the opening paragraphs of the 1st Book—

“ A Partial Exposition of Christian Doctrine.

“ May God, the giver of all good, the Saviour of those who believe on Him, accept this my humble effort in His service, and may the hearers of it, those skilled in the *Vedanta*, the *Saukhya*, and the *Nyaya*, with discriminating judgment examine it carefully.

In the first place the writer states the subject of the proposed work.

Aphorism I. Now the enquiry regards the means of the attainment of the chief end of man.

(1.) Next he states the definition of the chief end of man.

Aphorism II. Man’s chief end is to glorify God, and enjoy him for ever. (1.) What is God, will be stated in the fifth aphorism. If it be said that it is impossible to glorify God because man cannot add in the slightest degree to the Glory of

God, we reply ;—Not so,—because by glorifying God we mean the acknowledging of this perfections, and behaving suitably to them, by trusting, loving, and obeying him.

(2.) To enjoy God [to experience the joy of his presence] is to be the object of this special favour here and hereafter.

(3.) But the *Nyaya* [Book I. Sec. 22] says that the chief end of man is the absolute cessation of pain ; and the *Sankhya* [Book I. Sec. 1] says that it is entire liberation from all the three kinds of pain : why, abandoning that simpler view, is this new definition made? If you say this, then take this in reply :—Since such a *summum bonum*, implying nothing more than a state of nonentity, and unconnected with any sort of moral action, might satisfy beasts indeed [such as tortoises or dormice,] but not men, therefore ought a different definition of the chief end of man, *e. g.* as above laid down, to be accepted.

(4.) But then, it may be said, the Vedantins say, that all pain having sureceased on the final intuition of deity, the chief end of man consists in the soul's then spontaneous manifestation of the joy which is its own essence, and in its mergence in deity. Why then, disregarding this, need anything higher than this be sought? If you say this, then hearken :—Since there is no evidence that there is such a chief end of man as is imagined by the Vedantins, the chief end of man had to be enquired after, and it is that which was stated before. Moreover, the opinion of the Vedantins shall be subjected to examination in the concluding Section of Book II.

(5.) But then, it may be asked, where is the evidence of this, too, which you have asserted, viz., that man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him for ever? We reply : say not so ; because the evidence of this is the plain argument that, if there is an omnipotent Ruler of all, then the supposition that man's chief end can be irrespective of His favour, would be incongruous.

(6.) Well, granting that there is an omnipotent Ruler, still what evidence is there that there exist any means of obtaining His favour? With an eye to this, we declare as follows :—

Aphorism III. The word of God, which is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, is the only rule to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy Him. (1.) If it be asked how the sentences which stand in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament are the word of God, we reply that they are so because they were composed by the makers of the books under the influence of God's power. And, in respect of this, the operation of God's power is in three ways : to explain,—1, God sometimes suggested to the writers the words as well as the matter ; 2, and sometimes the matter only, which was put into language by the writers according to their own genius ; 3, and at other times He guarded the writers from errors of memory, etc., to which they might have been liable in narrating a matter with which they had been previously acquainted.

(2.) If it be asked how a communication could be made without words, then hearken : We do not now undertake to explain this ; but that there actually are means of revelation such as it is impossible to explain to others who are debarred from knowing through such means, we cite an example to show. Our illustration is as follows :—In a certain village, the whole of the inhabitants were blind from their birth, and one of them obtained his sight by means of a surgical operation. His companions having learned that he was able to describe what was going on at a great distance even better than they themselves could tell what was going on close beside them, desire him to say by what means it was that this knowledge reached him. He endeavoured to declare it to them, but he found his endeavours useless. They could not in any way understand how a knowledge of the shape of objects not within reach of his hand could enter by the front of his head ; but that such knowledge really did belong to the man, those who candidly investigated the truth of his words became assured. The application of the illustration to the matter illustrated is obvious."

In this style does the author bring forward the various subjects of the different books, answering such objections as one may suppose an intelligent and candid Hindoo to put. We need not follow him step by step through the discussion, as we have but little space left to notice one or two remarks

in the introduction. Suffice it to say, we have read the book through carefully and with great interest; it is admirably adapted for the purpose for which it was written; it is likely to be of essential service, and our earnest hope is that the author's wishes respecting it may be fully gratified. As we have given the opening, we likewise give the closing, paragraphs of the book.

"Let us now recapitulate the matters that have been laid down in the several sections of this treatise. In Book I. is an account of the leading points in the Christian religion. In Book II. is an account of the arguments for the truthfulness of the Christian Scriptures. In Book III. it is shown that this world was made by an intelligent worker, possessed of power transcending that of mortals. In Book IV. it is shown that as these are learned, from the books which reveal God's will, things different from the visible, and which we cannot explain,—so, too, are there in God's created world things seen and yet mysterious, and by us at present inexplicable. In Book V. it is shown that as the mysteries, because of which it is imagined that the Christian Scriptures ought not to be believed, are analogous to the mysteries which exist in the visible world, and which yet do not cause men to disbelieve in the world; therefore, they ought not to be brought as objections against the Scriptures, the truthfulness of which is established by the evidence already adduced [in Book II.]

Thus strong reasons have been stated for the probability that the Christian Scriptures are true; and if they *are* true, it is quite clear that tremendous consequences must attend the rejection of them. We wind up, then, the present discussion of the leading points in Christianity, by indicating to those who desire to know the whole truth of these Scriptures, the method of satisfying that desire of knowledge.

Aphorism VIII. Search the Scriptures;—Search the Scriptures.

(1.) The repetition is to indicate [as it will do to the reader of the *Sankhya* Aphorisms], that this is the conclusion of the section.

(2.) "Search," &c. That is to say, they are to be studied diligently and candidly, not with the intention of finding objections, but with the desire of finding the truth. Further, at the time of thus studying, let him with sincerity and humility pray to the Lord of the universe, saying, "show me the truth who am seeking to know it, and the way in which I ought to walk." Amen.

Here ends the Fifth Book of the elucidation of the Christian Religion."

We are sorry that Dr. Ballantyne has in his introduction accepted without remark, and not only so, but apparently endorsed, the statements made in the quotation he has given from the Bampton Lecture of the Reverend John Penrose in the year 1808. "I borrow," says he, "these passages from Mr. Penrose instead of attempting to convey the same sentiments in my own words, the more readily, because the testimony thus borne to the importance of certain branches of learning, as subservient to the cause of Christianity, is not so liable as my own testimony, in respect of Hindu Philosophy, might perhaps seem, to the suspicion of a bias received from a favourite pursuit.*" We know not how to reconcile the author's evident

* We cannot but think that there is ground for the author's supposing he has laid himself open to that suspicion. One or two passages in the Essay somewhat startled us, and it was only by remembering the object of the Essay, and calling to mind its general tone and spirit, that we felt relieved. We certainly differ most widely from the learned author in his interpretation of the text;—"In Him we live, and move, and have our being." He protests against the charge of Pantheism being brought against the Vedantists on the ground of their saying, "All is God," for when they say so they do not mean every thing we see around

approbation of the sentiments of this quotation with the Essay he has written. On commencing the book this opening passage of the introduction struck us as being offensive in the highest degree ; and we did not expect to find so thoroughly Christian a spirit pervading the book as we found. We feel, therefore, all the more bound to protest against both the statements and opinions expressed in this extract from the Bampton Lecture for 1808. Speaking of missionaries, Mr. Penrose says ;— ‘In some cases (e. g. that of the Jesuits), as we have seen, they accommodate Christianity to the idolatries of those to whom they preach. In others, they forget that the same causes which make religion necessary to mankind, attach men to the religion in which they have been bred, and that every rude attack serves only to bind them to it more closely. These errors seem not to imply any particular imputation of blame to individual missionaries, but naturally to result from the constitutional imperfection of mankind. Throughout India, and other unconverted countries, they probably will extend to all teachers of Christianity, whether of native or of European extraction.’ Now there might be some excuse for Mr. Penrose believing this to be the fact in the year 1808, but Dr. Ballantyne has no right, fifty years after, to exhume these statements, and in the year 1859 to let it go forth to the world on his authority that throughout India and other unconverted countries probably, all teachers of Christianity, whether of native or of European extraction, “accommodate Christianity to the idolatries of those to whom they preach.” Dr. Ballantyne ought to have known that such a statement is absolutely untrue, and he ought to have said so. Then as to the lecturer’s opinion as to the best mode of propagating Christianity. “It is not so much to the exertions of missionaries that we must look for the future propagation of Christianity as to the general dissemination of knowledge. When (the heathen) shall add to the possession of our Scriptures, the sagacity to understand their meaning, and the judgment to appreciate their value, they will believe the doctrines that are taught in them.” Of course Dr. Ballantyne has a perfect right to adopt Mr. Penrose’s views as to the best mode of extending Christianity. Into a discussion of that subject we have no wish now to enter. But we would ask him, has he not met with natives of this country, who have our Scriptures, who have the sagacity to understand their meaning,

is God, but ‘all that is *real* in this visible is the God who is invisible.’ “I have discussed this again and again with learned Hindoos, and I here state my conviction that those who condemn the Vedantists as Pantheists on this particular ground, would in like manner condemn St. Paul, if, not recognized as St. Paul, he were to re-appear declaring explicitly what was implied in his asserting of God that in Him ‘we live, and move, and have our being.’” Surely it is a very different thing to say with Paul ‘God is *everywhere*,’ and to say with the Vedantist, ‘*everything* is God.’ If the latter be not Pantheism, it is something so very like it that we cannot perceive the difference.

and the judgment to appreciate their value, and yet who do *not* believe the doctrines which are taught in them? If he has not met such, we have. And there is nothing that has made us feel more powerfully the fact that man's unaided efforts will never convert the heathen. We have talked with many educated Hindoos, men who have a competent knowledge of English, who have read the Bible, studied the evidences of Christianity, are tolerably well read in English literature. They will acknowledge candidly the errors of Hindooism,—the superiority of Christianity, and, even the *obligations* of Christianity; but yet they feel perfectly easy and uncondemned though they confess, at the same time, they do not submit to it. It may be said that an Englishman will do the same—will acknowledge his belief in the truths of Christianity and will not submit to them. True, he may acknowledge that he *ought* to submit to them and that he does not; but he will acknowledge too that he is doing wrong in not submitting, and there is just one of the many points of difference between him and a Hindoo. *A Hindoo does not feel that, if he does not try to do what he says he ought to do, he is sinning.* There seems to be no connection between his intellect and his conscience. Something more, then, is needed besides “the sagacity to understand the meaning of the Scriptures and the judgment to appreciate their value.”

As for the practical suggestions tendered to the missionary amongst the Hindoos, they may be briefly summed up thus. “Be learned men. Master the Hindoo systems of philosophy, don't satisfy yourselves with getting a mere smattering of them.” All well and good, if missionaries can do so, let them by all means,—but they have not much need to trouble themselves if they don't succeed in this matter. To say nothing of the length of time that it would take any man to master the Hindoo philosophy, it is not every one that has the taste for that kind of study, and of those whose tastes do lie very decidedly in that direction we question very much whether they are the men who, generally speaking, would make good missionaries. We cannot help thinking that a great deal too much fuss has been made about the natural acuteness of the Hindoo mind. We are almost taught to fear them as though they are very marvels of sagacity—the real fact being that even with well educated natives an apt illustration (which, of course, *cannot prove* but only *throws light upon* a subject) is far more effective than the most cogent argument. The practical suggestions we should rather see given and adopted would be;—“Master the colloquial language—study the everyday habits of the people—be able to speak to them in their own common daily talk—throw conventionalisms to the winds—make the people feel that you are their friends by seeking their good in every way, physically, intel-

lectually and spiritually—don't expect to convert the people in a day. God has waited nearly two thousand years before sending them the Gospel, don't be disappointed or feel impatient if the Master sees fit still to do his work in his own time. Preach on, *nothing doubting*, and in *due time* you shall reap, if you faint not."

With the few exceptions now made, we can heartily thank Dr. Ballantyne for his book. It cannot fail to be useful. Our earnest wish is that it may succeed in the very highest sense, in helping on and hastening the complete establishment of Christianity in India.

A Familiar History of British India, from the Earliest Period to the Transfer of the Government of India to the British Crown in 1858. For the use of Colleges and Schools. By J. H. Stocqueler, Esq., Author of the 'Handbook of India,' the 'Life of the Duke of Wellington,' the 'Military Encyclopædia,' &c., &c. London: Darton and Co., Holborn Hill. 1859.

THE patient industry which renders a compilation valuable is wanting in this book. We did not expect much from the author, but the little we did look for, we fail to find. Written with the ostensible object of superseding other histories (Murray's more particularly, which, in his introduction, the author is at pains to convict of numerous omissions) this Familiar History of India is an unnecessary addition to our literature, and really of no value whatever. Within the space of 196 small pages, Mr. Stocqueler has contrived to compress an account of the country from the earliest period to the present time. The topography of India, its natural productions, its different religions, the habits and manners of its peoples, the Hindoo mythology, the progress of European discovery by the Portuguese, Dutch and English—all this and much more is contained in the first twenty-two pages! This does credit to Mr. Stocqueler's literary ingenuity. The early history of the country he does not dwell on, because "there is no profit to be found in the story of a tissue of barbarities." We have always thought that the early history of a country was particularly interesting and valuable, and from the study of the early history of the Roman and other Empires of antiquity, and even from that of the Mogul Empire in this country, we have derived both profit and pleasure. The story of the rise and progress of the British Empire in the East, has been so frequently told, that we need not dwell on it here. Clive and Hastings are with us household words. The careers of these two founders of our Empire, true heroes of historical romance, are sketched by Mr. Stocqueler more fully, and form the most interesting chapters in his book. The episode of Nuncoomar's trial and judicial murder is taken advantage of, and gives the author an opportunity of de-

fending the character of the Chief Justice, Sir Elijah Impey. The evidence in favour of, and against Impey, has long since been analyzed by a keener intellect than Mr. Stocqueler's, and in spite of his strongly expressed opinion that the course of the Chief Justice, was "pure, upright and courageous," we still believe with the greatest of living Essayists that "he put a man unjustly to death in order to serve a political purpose," and that "no other such judge has dishonored the English ermine, since Jeffreys drunk himself to death in the tower."

Missionary enterprize and colonization come in for brief notices, and Carey, Marshman and Ward may be considered extremely fortunate in obtaining something less than half a page all to themselves. The following extract pays a well merited tribute to the exertions of those eminent men. "In spite of all obstacles, they became the pioneers of an accurate knowledge of India—its products and resources, the language, customs and superstitions of the people—which is now the stable basis of our rule. With no advantages of academic training, graduates of no college, doctors of no science, with their habits formed on the usages of ordinary artisanship, they came out to India to tell the people of the mission accomplished by Jesus of Nazareth at Jerusalem; and, without their seeking it, they were led into various courses of research, that issued in their being the agents in diffusing a greater amount of accurate knowledge regarding the people, their languages, habits, and religion, than had ever been accessible to European students before."

Mr. Stocqueler is frequently inaccurate in his statements in small things, as well as in great. As an example of the first kind we may mention that *Sola Topce* is translated "sun hat." Now every tyro knows or ought to know that *Sola* does not mean "the sun." It is merely the native name of a plant indigenous to the country (the *Oschynomene Paludosa*;) extensively used for the purpose of making hats. He commits a much more important mistake, and one that ought to be rectified in any succeeding edition, should such a calamity ever occur, when he tells us that the battle of Chillianwallah was a defeat. This is the first time that we have ever seen this statement published in so many words; that Chillianwallah was a most disastrous victory we are perfectly willing to admit, but that it was a defeat, we doubt. How could that be a defeat which left the British Army in possession of the field, after one of the bloodiest contests that even Indian history can exhibit? Was that a defeat which compelled the Sikhs to leave their guns on the ground, and retire within their entrenched Camp at Rusoolpore? Allowing a very wide latitude for description, the battle of Chillianwallah *might* be put down as "a drawn battle," but no surviving officer of the then existing Bengal army would regard the term as complimentary. That Krishna was eminently a lively

deity and "spent his youth among the dairy maids—frisking on earth with Dorcas and Mopsas," we see no reason to doubt; but that the name of this Hindoo Apollo, is *Irish* for the "Sun," this is a philological fact with which we are first made acquainted in the pages of our author. That Lord Lake was familiarly known to the natives under the name of *Lik*; that the British soldier "is of a carnivorous habit," and that the British infant "imbibes wholesome nourishment from his mother," no one will dispute.

But in the face of whole sentences of puerilities such as these, we confess that we feel rather indignant when we find that Lord Dalhousie's magnificent administration is quietly disposed of in *two* pages, and that the reign of a Governor General second only to Warren Hastings is crammed into a space little more than that allotted to a description of Delhi in the time of Aurungzebe. A bird's eye view of the Mutiny concludes this history. It is satisfactory to find that Sir John Lawrence's merits are prominently brought forward, and that not a single word is spoken in favour of the present Viceroy. There is thus one redeeming feature in the book.

On the whole, this history was not required. It is infinitely inferior to Murray's—bad as that is—and others of the author's predecessors, whose "deficiencies," he modestly asserts, he supplies. As a publishing speculation we have been told that it is a success, but so is Zadkiel's Almanac. That however did not prove the truth of his astronomical predictions. Written in haste, and under great pressure, this Familiar History, had it been published with the *imprimatur* of Routledge, would no doubt have formed an interesting addition to their popular Railway Library. But as a history, it is adapted neither "for the use of colleges or schools," nor even for young gentlemen at Hanwell in whose education, the author informs us, he has been permitted to assist.

A Cruise in Japanese Waters. By Captain Sherard Osborn, C. B., Royal Navy. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1859.

THOSE of our readers who are familiar with 'Quedah' and 'Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal,' and with the more recent work, "Captain McClure's Discovery of the North-West Passage" which Captain Osborn edited and to which Captain McClintock's Franklin Expedition has given a new interest, need not be told that 'A Cruise in Japanese Waters' is an exquisite book. The same accurate information, the same interesting narrative, the same descriptive style, the same sailor-like frankness, and the same manly goodness, distinguish its pages, as have gained for his former works, their popularity. Contributed originally to *Blackwood's Magazine* we

are glad to have the records of this Cruise, and of an event perhaps the most momentous in the history of Eastern Asia, in a durable form.

The first chapter opens with a gratulation, which was natural, on the conclusion of the treaty of peace between Great Britain and China at Tientsin. Subsequent faithlessness, and barbarous counsels, have for a time dimmed the bright anticipations which every man in the squadron felt as he sailed down the Peiho, but only, we trust, to make them more likely of permanent realization. But the subsequent treaty with Japan has been carried out, and the 'hermetic' empire opened to the civilising influences of the West. It is as a life-like picture of the Capital and people of Japan, as a truthful record of the conclusion of a treaty with its Court by one who took a large share in the preliminaries, that Captain Osborn's book is of value.

Throughout he manifests an intimate acquaintance with the history of the Islands, and with the exploits of European nations in Eastern Seas. Destitute of all attempt at art in its composition, the highest art is shewn in the combination of a description of Japan as it now is, with its past history, and the incidents of Lord Elgin's embassy. There is no confusion, no difficulty in remembering the facts, or in imagining scenes which have all the freshness of novelty, and the interest of an opposite yet a high type of civilisation :—

"Japan, or, as the natives pronounce it, Nipon, consists of three large islands, Nipon, Sikok, and Jesso, and a host of smaller ones, extending from latitude 29° north to latitude 45° north. Nipon, which gives its name to the empire, and is the abode of the court, was doubtless the centre from which its present civilisation emanated. It appears that the whole group was inhabited long prior to the commencement of its authentic records. Whether first colonised by refugees from the mainlands of China and the Corea, or by a people who came direct from Babel by a north-about route, as old Kæmpfer maintains, can be of little importance. Travellers, like ourselves, may rejoice that, if it was the confusion of tongues which led to the peopling of Japan, the wanderers thither carried with them a full, rich, and pleasant-sounding language, superior to the wretched discordance of their neighbours in China.

It will be going back far enough into the ancient history of Nipon to say, that 650 years B. C., when Rome was still in its long-clothes, a hero, known as the Divine Warrior, invaded and conquered it from the West. Simmoo, for so he is named, firmly established a dynasty which has flourished to the present day, in a line of 120 successive male and female monarchs. Of their reigns, far better records exist than the oldest European empire can boast. The early monarchs combined in their person the double offices of high priest and generalissimo. Chinese historians, with their usual modesty, assert that Jih-pun, as they call Japan, was voluntarily tributary to the Celestial emperor; but it is doubtful whether the imperial air of "subjugation perfected" ever sounded in the ears of Japanese tribute-bearers, unless in the same surreptitious manner at it was once played over a British ambassador in more modern days.

Marco Polo was the first who brought Japan to European ken under the name of Zipangu, and he was at the Chinese capital in 1278, just after Kublai-Khan with his Mongol hordes had overrun China. Envoys had been sent, we are told, to speak plainly to the Emperor of Japan. "Lest," says Kublai-Khan, "that the true state of things be not as yet known and understood in your land, therefore I send to acquaint you with my views. Already philosophers desire to see all mankind one family: I am determined to carry out this principle, even though I should be obliged to do so by force of arms: it is now the business of the King of

Nipon to decide what course is most agreeable to him." ¶The Mikado, or Nipon king, did not enter at all into the philosophical views of his powerful neighbour, and behaved very unlike a tributary monarch. He was assisted in the management of secular affairs by a Zia-goon, whose office had become hereditary, as a sort of assistant emperor; and while the Mikado zealously performed his part of praying for the success of his armies, the Zia-goon set a valiant example to the people, who victoriously repelled Kublai-Khan's invading forces. But henceforth the Zia-goon retained the increased powers with which he had been intrusted, and the spiritual and temporal emperors became joint authorities. No sooner were the Chinese and Mongols driven off, than the Japanese retaliated by ranging in their barks as pirates or buccaners up the coast from Swa-tow to the Shantung promontory. In 1350 we find Chinese records of extraordinary levies and defences to meet the marauders, and expel them from different points in their possession. A century later, the Chinese, with their usual patient endurance of misery, were still suffering from these freebooters. They are described by writers of 1459 as a fierce people, naturally cunning: they would always put on board their ships some of the produce or merchandise of their own country, and also weapons of war; with these they would stand off and on, and so they could parade their goods, and call them "tribute to the crown," until a favourable opportunity offered, when they would take arms and make a wild inroad on the coast. In 1540, these Japanese pirates had become so formidable that the Chinese historian says their extermination was impossible."

At Ningpo the early Portuguese adventurers must have met with the Japanese. Fernando Mendez Pinto tells us he sailed in one of their homeward bound junks and reached Kanega-Sima, an island on the south extreme of Kiu-Siu. Thence he carried back to the West the first news of the re-discovery of Marco Polo's Zipangu. Received in Japan in 1542 Xavier soon achieved triumphs for Christianity which were proved by subsequent persecutions, and by the expulsion of the Portuguese, to have been far more real than those in India and other lands. His 50 churches and 30,000 converts are, if an exaggeration, near the truth. Good Will Adams, the pilot of the Dutch India Company's fleet, after many dangers reached Japan on the 12th April, 1600, the first Englishman who lived there. He was the means, by the influence which he soon gained, of concluding a treaty between the Emperor and our King James I. After 13 weary years, in August 1613, the East India Company's *Clove*, commanded by Captain John Saris and bearing a letter from the King, reached Firando. Then too the Dutch Factory was established at the same place, and by political dishonesty, by misrepresenting the objects of the Portuguese, by submitting to have their faith insulted and themselves dishonoured, the Dutch became the only European nation with whom the Japanese would trade. Political reasons had led the English to withdraw for a time, but on the East India Company attempting to re-occupy their former factory, the Dutch, forgetting the good services to themselves of Will Adams, led the Japanese to refuse our trade because our King, Charles II. had married the daughter of the King of Portugal! From that date till 1831, no nation disturbed the serenity of Japan or the dishonourable selfishness of the Dutch. Sir Stamford Raffles, with that wide wisdom which he always so eminently manifested, made two vain

attempts to break down the monopoly. In 1831 America sent back some shipwrecked Japanese sailors, but her ship, the *Morrison* was repelled with violence. In 1849 the Japanese so far forgot themselves as to retain some American seamen shipwrecked on their coast. They were soon glad to liberate them and in 1853 the American expedition under Commodore Perry forced a treaty from them. In a few months, the Russian war began; the vessels of the Russians and the Allies sailed among their islands, and Sir James Stirling in 1854 obtained a worthless treaty.

But now there was to be no longer such child's play. The *Furious* and the *Retribution* with the little yacht, the *Emperor*, intended as a present for the Taikoon, are off Yedo.

"Shade of Will Adams! at last the prayer of the earnest old sailor, that his countrymen might reap wealth and advantage from commercial relations with Japan, was about to be fulfilled! Two hundred and fifty-eight years had elapsed since he, and his half-wrecked ship, had lain nigh the very spot in which we were; and now his countrymen had come in earnest. They held the empire of the East, and had won the wealth of all the Indies; and the arms of England, and the skill of her Ambassador, had thrown down all the barriers set up by China against foreign trade or intercourse. Great Britain, in those two hundred and twenty-five years which had intervened since her cessation of commerce with Japan, had carefully paved the way to the point at which it was no longer possible to tolerate the exclusiveness of an important and wealthy empire; and an English squadron and an English Ambassador were now off the capital of Japan, the bearers, it is true, of a message of good-will, but yet to show, in a way not to be mistaken, that the hour had arrived for Japan to yield to reason, or to be prepared to suffer, as the Court of Peking had done, for its obstinacy.

* * * * *

The city of Yedo, and its two southern suburbs, Sinagawa and Onegawa, curve round the bay for nearly ten miles; and subsequent comparison of our remarks upon its extent landward, with a native plan now in the possession of Mr. L. Oliphant, Lord Elgin's private secretary, confirmed the belief that the area of Yedo might be considered as a square, every side of which was seven miles long. Of course the whole of this area is not closely built over; indeed, in no capital that we know of has more care been taken to preserve fine open spaces, especially round the palaces of their emperor and princes, and the neighbourhood of their temples and tea-houses, both of which are the constant resort of all classes in Yedo. Within the limits of the city are several hills of moderate elevation, as well as gentle slopes; in all cases they were but thinly built upon, and extensive gardens, with many magnificent trees, principally adorned their sides. On a hill which rises from the heart of the city and from a mass of densely crowded buildings, the imperial palace is built with a crenellated wall, half-hidden by green banks and shady trees, within whose limits the ruler of this kingdom is immersed for life, as the sad penalty of his high position. The houses look very neat and comfortable, and are principally of wood, stone and brick being avoided as much as possible, in consequence of the frequency of earthquakes. No walls enclose the city, whose site is admirably adapted to admit of almost unlimited increase in extent, without interfering with drainage, supplies, intercommunication, or ready access to the waters of the bay, which insures to those living upon its shores cleanliness, sea air, and an easy highway. A river, the Toda gawa flows through the heart of Yedo; we could see one fine bridge spanning it near its mouth, and there are two others farther up. Besides the Toda-gawa, some smaller streams intersect the town and suburbs. The absence of all imposing edifices, and the general want of elevation in the ground upon which the city stands, render the view from the sea by no means imposing; but its extensive sea-front, the throb of life evident in the fleets of boats and vessels passing and repassing, the batteries and guns which frowned upon us, the hum as

of a multitude at hand that was borne to our ears when the breeze came off the land, all impressed us with the fact that we were at anchor off one of the largest capitals of the world."

On Tuesday, 17th August, 1858, the first British Ambassador to Japan, since Captain John Saris of the *Clove*, entered Yedo. For 14 days did Lord Elgin and his suite reside in and roam about the sacred capital :—

By the 24th August all difficulties connected with the final signature of the Treaty were removed, and as if more firmly to cement the renewal of the old alliance between these two powerful island empires of the East and West, the Japanese Government consented, for the first time in the history of Japan, to fire on that occasion a royal salute of twenty-one guns, which we, of course, undertook to return.

The daily conferences which had taken place between the high contracting parties had been always held in the British Embassy, when an immense deal of bowing, prostration, and such like acts of Japanese politeness, were undergone by our indefatigable friend the Lieutenant Governor and his myrmidons. The Japanese Commissioners usually arrived about one o'clock in the afternoon, lunched with the Embassy, and then proceeded to business. At first they desired to introduce to the conferences the usual following of reporters and spies ; but a polite firmness on the part of Lord Elgin brought them to reduce it to one secretary and their loyal interpreter, Mori-hama. Lord Elgin, we heard, pointed out to them, that even when thus diminished in numbers, they were in the proportion of five to one, and that, under such circumstances, Japanese interests need not suffer—to which the Commissioners replied, that the appointment of so many Commissioners was the highest compliment that could be paid to the well-known ability of his Lordship, and that they desired to weigh justly and fairly all his propositions, so far as their humble abilities would enable them. It is but just to add that Lord Elgin made no secret of the reasonable and impartial spirit with which all the negotiations were carried on by them ; and that he never had a more agreeable task than that of conferring with these Japanese gentlemen upon measures which would be mutually beneficial to both countries. All they sought for was a sound reason for any privilege, and proof that it was not likely to be injurious to Japan : in some cases they acknowledged that such and such a demand ought to be conceded—that there was no reason against doing so but ancient prejudice ; and then they asked for time to enable their rulers and people to accommodate themselves to the new order of things. "Give us three or four years," they said ; "by that time we shall be ready." This will explain those clauses in the Treaty, in which specific periods are given for certain concessions.

The Japanese admiral, the *ex* or duplicate Governor of Nangasaki, and the third senior Commissioner, Fghono-Kami, were men of very superior ability and attainment. The latter especially was most industrious and curious as to all that related to England or America ; his note-book was always in hand, recording the name of everything he saw or heard of—occasionally he would sketch articles, ascertaining their dimensions or the mode of their manufacture ; and his observations upon their defects or merits were always intelligent. He was a wit likewise ; and when any hitch occurred, whether in the conferences or elsewhere, he would rescue all parties from the dilemma by saying something which resulted in a hearty laugh. Mori-hama the linguist was a host in himself ; and from the specimen the Commissioners afforded of the diplomatic skill of the servants of the Taikoon, there was no doubt that many would be found qualified to represent Japan at our own court, or elsewhere in Europe. Indeed we heard the wish expressed, in more than one quarter, to visit Europe and the United States."

Since that time the ratified treaties have been exchanged, a British Consul, who will soon have the full powers of an accredited Ambassador, has been settled near Yedo, and other Consuls at other ports, and all bids fair for a trade which will enrich the West and civilise Japan. As in China, there is a war party opposed to foreign influence, but hitherto

it has been powerless. In six weeks a Japanese Embassy will sail in the American ship *Powhatan* accredited to Washington. Already is there a brisk trade between Nagasaki and Shanghai, and the P. and O. Company's Steamers regularly ply between the two ports. The cockney may now book at Southampton for Japan. Missionaries have settled there, and though the process will be a slow one, we must yet see the singular powers and vast ability of its people elevated and consecrated by Christianity.

Periodical Literature, English and Anglo-Indian. In two Lectures delivered at Seetabuldee. With a Synopsis of two Lectures on Chemistry. Serampore. Printed at the Tomohur Press for the Author. 1859.

THESE Lectures constitute part of a course delivered in connexion with the Ordnance School of Nagpore by Captain W. F. B. Laurie; Colonel Boileau on 'Topography'; the Rev. H. P. James, the Chaplain of the Station; and by the Rev. A. White and J. G. Cooper, Scotch Missionaries. The plan is a somewhat new feature in Anglo-Indian Stations, where generally the race, or the theatre, or the ball alone have sufficient attractions to call out 'society.' It is seldom that the Presidency cities are without one or more courses of popular lectures in the cold season, but Nagpore and Kurrachee have hitherto been the only provincial stations where such have been successfully carried out. The educated element in the society of almost every station is generally sufficiently strong to make such lectures not only profitable but interesting, and an agreeable change in what is now the dull routine of station life even in the cold season. There are few places where a Chaplain, or Missionary, or Doctor, or Staff employé may not be found, fitted to discuss topics of either a purely literary or professional character in a light and attractive manner. In many cases the mere attempt to prepare a lecture would develop the ability.

Captain Laurie's lectures give a resumé of the history and extent of English and Anglo-Indian periodical literature compiled from sources which are frankly acknowledged. He naturally manifests that ignorance of detail, and is guilty of those omissions, which the professional *litterateur* could alone perfectly avoid. While a history of Anglo-Indian Literature has yet to be written, these lectures may be accepted as contributions towards it. Captain Laurie is especially complimentary to the *Calcutta Review*, although on more than one occasion we have not spared his literary productions:—

"Let us at once pass on to the establishment of the *Calcutta Review*, the first number of which appeared in May, 1844; and the foundation of which, without fear of contradiction, may be styled the greatest event in the history of Indian Periodical Literature. Sir Henry Lawrence is among the great names associated with this periodical. It has now arrived at its 64th number; and in its

mental vigour we see nothing but growth, while in its powers to amuse and instruct there are certainly no signs of decay. The variety of information this *Review* has presented to the Anglo-Indian world is truly amazing. In the last number there is an Article on Carey, Marshman and Ward, the Missionaries of Serampore, a trio almost matchless in zeal and the glorious attempts to conquer Ignorance and Superstition; and, in sternness of purpose, not unworthy to take a place beside the fine old Roman triumvirates. The article is brought about by the appearance of a Life of these three men, by John Marshman, son of the great Missionary, and for so many years well known in connexion with the *Friend of India*."

The rapid changes of India are fast removing the only men who possess a detailed personal knowledge of the authors and works and periodicals of Anglo-Indian Literature. In ten years more it will be impossible to write a trustworthy record of its rise and progress.

India and Christian Missions. By the Rev. Edward Storrow, of the London Missionary Society, Calcutta. London: John Snow. 1859.

THIS is, without exception, the most truthful book on Indian Missions published for purely English readers, which we have met with. The facts are told, and told in their bare nakedness, and the language in which they are set has so little of the glitter of rhetoric, that no reader can rise from their study with a false impression of either the success achieved or the obstacles to be overcome. Nor is a spirit of mere resignation, of apathetic indifference, or of hopeless despair, to be found in any page. The conclusion to which the reader necessarily comes is that, while absolutely little has been done; compared with the progress of Christianity at other periods in similar circumstances, and with the obstacles which oppose its advance in India now, a fair amount of progress has been made.

In the first chapter on "the People" statistics are so arranged and so compared with those which must be known to every English reader, that the imagination at once grasps so as to keep for ever the full extent, constituent elements and distinguishing characteristics of the whole population.—Hill Tribes, Hindoos, Mahomedans, East Indians and Europeans. Their geographical location, and political position are as clearly outlined. The following we believe to be somewhat under the truth in the case of both 'European civilians' and East Indians.

European soldiers	80,000
European civilians	20,000
East Indians	80,000
Protestant Native Christians	125,000
Syrian Christians	150,000
Roman Catholic Native Christians	620,000
					1,075,000

The second chapter on "the Obstacles" so puts the peculiar moral degeneracy and mental weakness, and their reciprocal action on each other, of the Asiatic, that the Christian Saxon who has had no experience of the Asiatic type of humanity may obtain at least a glimmering notion of the material on which the Missionary has to work. The only Englishman who has formed an accurate idea of the Oriental, without leaving his own fire-side, is Thomas De Quincey. His wondrous creative and imaginative power, and his accurate knowledge of history, have led him to this. In his papers on Ceylon, China, and Christianity as an organ of Political movement, a knowledge of Asiaticism is shown such as only Lord Dalhousie and the Marquis Wellesley among Eastern rulers have ever manifested. Like all his class, Mr. Storrow over-paints the social state of "the weak and poor ryot."

"The rich scruple not to use against them open force and secret fraud, and they are powerless alike against both. Nine-tenths of the families of India live on less than ten shillings a month. If all that they possess, to the very clothes they wear and the houses they live in, were sold, it would not produce sixty shillings for each household. They live under a despotism far more searching and relentless than that of Robespierre, and seldom without an ever recurring struggle with debt and starvation. All independence and manly thought is wrung out of the people: they are too depressed to give heed to religious questions, and if they venture to embrace the faith of Christ, they know that sooner or later the zemindar or his myrmidons will teach them what it is to bear the cross.

The English reader will at once think of the slaves described in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." All this is from an English point of view, and must be considerably modified. The Mutinies have shewn that the Ryots prefer the oppression of the Zemindars to the 'justice' of our cursed regulations. It is the oppression of our Courts that is felt, it is they that occasion perjury, bribery, chicanery and opposition to the truth.

The chapter on "the Agencies" gives a fair picture of Missionary life somewhat differing from the romantic ideas formed of it by the people in England after platform speeches. The following conveys a good idea of the general style of the book, and brings out facts that good men even in India are apt to overlook.

"The total number of European and American missionaries is 440, and of native ministers and catechists 730. This is just about one-third of the Protestant missionary agency employed throughout the entire heathen world. But let us compare this agency with the extent and population of India. Were all the missionaries equally distributed amongst the people, there would be one for every 400,000, that is, in the proportion of six for London, one for Liverpool, one for Glasgow, six for all Scotland, and one for each of the counties of Durham, Essex, Hampshire, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Suffolk and Sussex, or the whole of North Wales. Viewed geographically, there is one missionary for every 3000 square miles, or for an area as large as each of the counties of Lancashire and Lincolnshire; exactly two for the whole of Yorkshire; one for Devonshire and Oxfordshire, or Durham and Norfolk, united; and little more than two and a-half for the whole of Wales.

It will be obvious that vast portions of the empire must be left without any Chris-

tian instruction whatever.* The Rajputana States contain a population of 18,000,000—nearly as large a number as England—and there is not a missionary amongst them. The kingdom of Hyderabad contains 10,000,000 of people—as many as dwell in both Scotland and Ireland—and no missionary labours there. Nepaul has more than 2,000,000 inhabitants; Gwalior has 3,000,000; and in neither of them is there a missionary. Again, there are many provinces as large as several of the European states, where less than six missionaries labour. Oude, with her 3,000,000 people, has three missionaries. Nagpore, with 4,500,000, has two. Scinde, with 1,500,000, has one. Rohileund, with 6,000,000 has four. These are the most destitute; but a long list of districts and revenue divisions might be added, containing more than 500,000 people, where not more than one solitary labourer is striving to “turn the wilderness into a fruitful field.”

Nor are the larger towns of India better supplied. The following list, though brief, and capable of large extension, suffices to prove this:—

Cities.	Population.	Number of Missionaries.
Jypore	300,000	None.
Hyderabad	250,000	None.
Lucknow	300,000	Two.
Dacca	200,000	Two.
Delhi	200,000	Two.
Patna	200,000	One.
Surat	160,000	None.
Poonah	100,000	Two.
Ahmedabad	100,000	None.
Barcilly	110,000	Two.
Moorshedabad...	110,000	Two.
Gwalior	90,000	None.
Indore	70,000	None.

How painfully these facts remind us of the small amount of effort that has really been put forth for the evangelization of India.”

Till 1816 there were scarcely 20 Missionaries in all India at one time. The average number from that date till 1833, was not 100. During the last 60 years the number has not been 150, and of native agents not 300. The average number since 1706, when Ziegenbalg and Plutschow landed at Tranquebar, is not quite 80 European and 150 native agents.

“The Results” are seen in the gradual dissemination of European ideas in native society, in the presence of 75,000 natives in the Mission Schools, in the termination of suttee, infanticide, human sacrifices, and, to some extent, of perpetual widowhood; in the spread of deistic belief which is a step from Puranism to the Truth, in the silent progress of female education; in a diminution of the attendance at and abominations of religious festivals and in actual conversions.

In the year 1793, Mr. Lushington, a director of the East India Company, stated publicly “that were 100,000 natives converted, he should hold it as the greatest calamity that could befall India.” We have now 125,000 converts attached to our Protestant missions, and the number is yearly on the increase. Sharon Turner, in

* I have left out of view in the preceding remarks the native agency attached to our missions, not from any desire to undervalue it, but to afford the reader a definite view of what European and American Christians have contributed toward the conversion of India. Our native agency is most valuable. We must look to it for an increase of our strength, more than to Europe; and if it be judiciously trusted and depended on, it will be found to justify that trust.

his "Sacred History of the World," attempts to show, that the close of every century of our era but one, has witnessed a large increase in the number of professing Christians. Similar progress has been made in India. We have not the power of ascertaining the growth of the native church throughout the whole empire; but the following table, carefully prepared by the Rev. G. Pearce, of Calcutta, shows the gradual progress of missions in Bengal:—

From	1793 to 1802	27	converts.
"	1803 " 1812	161	"
"	1813 " 1822	403	"
"	1823 " 1832	675	"
"	1833 " 1842	1045	"
In	1843 and 1844	(two years)	485	"

Since then a large increase has taken place.

'The Prospects' are not extravagantly drawn, and 'the Duties' are effectively enforced. The argument as to *time* is well put.

But the complete triumph of Christianity in India will not be speedily won. The progress of all that is good and true among men is, alas, always slow. Pure religion has been in the earth 6,000 years, and it has ever had its apostles and witnesses; but yet, how circumscribed is its dominion, and how wide the empire of superstition! It is 1800 years since Christianity commenced her divine mission, yet, in spite of her light, her love, and her power, there are more Roman Catholics than Protestants; as many Mussulmans, more Hindus, and twice as many Buddhists! It took 250 years to convert the Roman empire to Christianity, though the work was begun by the apostles of our Lord and Saviour, and it contained fewer people than India. How many centuries it has taken to lift England up to her present elevation! and yet, through them all, there has not a single generation passed, but noble, kingly, and holy men have been struggling to get quit of some great evil, and to nourish and mature some great principle or some useful law. And yet there has been progress. Yea, from the very beginning, the good work has grown, and never was the position of Christianity so triumphant and powerful as it is now. The oak is not seen to grow, but it spreads wide its branches, and strikes deep its roots nevertheless. All this is in harmony with principles underlying the Divine government, which it would be well for men more deeply to ponder, and more firmly to believe. God is never in haste. He waits in unbroken tranquillity and calmness for the consummation of His designs. What though to us the end seems to tarry? He has an eternity to work in, and He knows that no failure can befall His plans. It is a law of our world's existence, confirmed and illustrated by history, by nature, and by science—a law, too, which holds in other worlds, if we interpret rightly the incidental allusions scattered by revelation in her stately march, like the kingly gifts and decorations of a great monarch, distributed in some far distant province of his empire, prized but half understood—that whatever is good and great is very slow of growth. And is it not also a law gloriously vindictory of the Divine government and prerogative, that these shall live long, as though endowed with the favoured gift of immortality. In obedience to these laws, may it not be that the past 6,000 years, during which superstition has seemed to reign unchecked, and the truth has seemed like a wanderer without a home, are an insignificant period, when compared with the cycles of ages during which Christianity shall be triumphant, and the world exult in its purity, its love, and its light? Analogy would suggest, that we should not be surprised if all India be not speedily converted. Certain localities, even districts and large towns, may probably be won to Christ very soon. It would not be surprising if thousands of intelligent men in Calcutta, or tens of thousands in the rural districts of Bengal, Chota Nagpore, Tinnevely, or Travancore, where the gospel has been widely preached, were at once to offer themselves for baptism. A greater preparatory work has been done in these places than is usually supposed. But what has the Church done for India as a whole, that she should expect the speedy coming of her Lord to take possession of this province of His empire? What are the signs of her travailing in birth for souls? What costly sacrifices has she made in this war? Where are the hosts that she has sent forth to the battle? Alas, she has sown sparingly, but expects

to reap plentifully, and looks for the triumph when she has just set the battle in array !

The book has one fault. It is written as though Hinduism and Hindus alone were the objects of Missionary effort. We speak not of Mahomedans, shewn by their history to be, till the set time comes, almost as hopeless as the Jews who are still under the curse. But what of the Dravidian races, the despised Mlechhas, the Hill tribes, the Sonthals, Coles, Khonds and Karens. It is among them that labourers are wanted, from them that Christianity has now its greatest triumphs in the East. Yet in Northern India, English Missionaries systematically ignore their existence. The Germans alone labour in Chota Nagpore, and the Church Mission alone thinks of the Sonthals, and sends them but two Missionaries. This little fact should never be forgotten. One native apostle has done as much for the Karens of Tonghoo, in five years, as 440 Missionaries have done for all India in fifty. They have gathered 20,000 converts into the Church. He has done as much, and in addition, his converts support their own village Churches and Schools. With the Hill tribes of India and of Burmah the work is only *constructive*. Why are they neglected ?

Seven Months' Leave of Absence in the Straits Settlements, Ceylon, Madras and Bombay, in the years 1851 and 1853. Calcutta : Thacker, Spink and Co. 1859.

ANGLO-INDIAN tourists so seldom favour the world with a record of their experience, that we are glad when we find one of their number breaking through the established custom, and giving us an account such as we have before us. Many of the author's fellow exiles must have visited some of the places he describes, yet few have ventured to rush into print, and make a book as he has done, and on the whole not an unreadable one.

Fatigued after a seven years' residence in the plains, the writer (a Bengal Civilian, we presume) towards the end of 1851 starts for Ceylon and the Straits, and gets back to Calcutta at the beginning of the following year, having seen and noted down in his four months' trip, as much as any one who had preceded, or who has since followed him, in the same track. The remaining three months of his tour are taken up with a visit to the Madras and Bombay Presidencies made towards the end of 1853. Why the book has appeared so late we cannot imagine ; no doubt the author can assign very good reasons, but we have no preface to explain the extraordinary delay which has intervened between the writing in 1851 and 1853 and the publishing in 1859. We have seen it remarked somewhere "that there should be no hurry in printing what is written." The author

would appear to have subscribed to this dictum, yet a tedious incubation of six and eight years respectively is not calculated to add freshness to any book, much less to a book of travels. In the Straits, at Singapore and Penang, there is much to please and delight the visitor. The harbour of Singapore is one of the finest in the world, and here ships of all nations are to be seen at anchor, from the stately British frigate to the uncouth Chinese junk. The town as seen from the sea is very beautiful. "It there shews itself to be, as it is, placed, like a nest in a sort of valley formed by nearly a circle of green hills, all about the same size, and beautifully rounded off in appearance by plantations of nutmegs growing in regular succession up their slopes." No man is completely happy, and no place however beautiful and gifted by nature is without its drawbacks. Singapore forms no exception to this rule, and the Java wind which blows over the island is the principal *bête noir* of the inhabitants. Our author would appear to have found nothing injurious in this particular wind, but we can assure him that its unhealthy properties are well known at Singapore, and fever arising from exposure to its baneful influence is not an unfrequent occurrence.

From Singapore to Penang is, in a steamer, but a few days. This small island having an area of about 160 square miles, has many remarkable natural features about it. Its hill is the principal. The ascent is steep, but as far as we remember it, practicable enough and easily managed on ponies, which are always procurable. It rises to a height of about 2,700 feet above the level of the sea, and when you reach the summit, "the scene is grand and varied, ocean, 'mountain, plain and forest all lending their aid on the largest scale, and in 'nearly equal proportions to beautify it; the air is clear and pure, and just 'sufficiently cold and fresh; the stillness is profound and almost unbroken, 'not a bird or insect is to be seen or heard, and the occasional chatter of a 'monkey tends perhaps only to render the stillness more apparent." The hill of Penang would form an admirable sanitarium, and it has struck us, as it has the author, that it is less resorted to by invalids than it used to be some years ago. The scarcity of house accommodation, and the great expense of all the necessaries of life, form objections to its use, but the influx of a sufficient number of visitors in pursuit of health, would remedy the first inconvenience, and increased demand for necessaries would soon bring prices to their proper level. Penang on the whole is not sufficiently appreciated even now. To reach it "the voyage is six days and may be made 'less. The landing is accomplished without difficulty of any kind—a carriage would take you in an hour to the foot of the hill—ponies may be 'placed there to meet you, an hour's easy ride will take you up, or you 'can get a chair for an invalid, and in little more than six days from the day

'you left the close, damp, relaxing atmosphere, the monotonous flats and 'blinding glare of Calcutta, you would find yourself in the bracing Hill 'climate, glorious scenery and perfect quiet of the hill of Penang." The author might have told us the story of our acquisition of this island. How a gallant Captain of the mercantile marine, having visited the Rajah of Queda, caught a sight of his lovely daughter; how having seen he became enamoured of her, and married her forthwith, receiving as her dower Pulo Penang; and how for a consideration, he gave up his right and title to the island, to the British Government, who transformed it into Prince of Wales' Island, a name by which it is much less generally known than by its original native appellation.

In Ceylon we travel pleasantly along with our author from Galle to the modern capital Colombo, Kandy, and Newera Ellia. The horses of the mail cart from Galle to Colombo would appear to have been own brothers to the unhappy animals so well known to Indian travellers, in their *dak* journeys. Gibbing, kicking, biting horses they were, and only to be convinced of the necessity of moving by the use of an injurious instrument of torture known as the "twitch," or even burning straw judiciously applied. When once in motion the pace was killing, and a seven miles stage done in something less than three quarters of an hour, makes us regret that these miserable quadrupeds did not at once recognize the position, and have done with it. Kandy, the ancient capital of the old kings, is about 70 miles from Colombo, and a thousand feet above the sea level. The author's description would certainly not induce us to select it as a desirable place of residence. "This town is one 'of the most gloomy I ever saw. It is situated as it were at the bottom of a 'cauldron of mountains, overhanging and shutting it in close on every side. 'It is intensely hot in the day for the sun is powerful and the air excluded, and cold enough for a blanket at night by reason of its proximity to the 'mountains, and its own elevation above the sea. As if to add to the damp, 'well-like feeling of the place, it is belted on one side by a lake some three 'miles in circumference gloomy as Styx, and only so far different in horrid 'aspect from Avernus, that whilst we know birds must have attempted flight 'across this, across the lake of Kandy they never seemed even to attempt 'flight." From Kandy to Newera Ellia, a distance of 40 miles, the journey is made in some parts through scenery so wild, grand and imposing, that no description can convey an adequate idea of its magnificence.

Of the principal productions of Ceylon the author has not much to say. He is, we suspect, not a coffee drinker or he would have told us something more than he has of that wonderful berry. The planters, like their brother "blues" in this country, are given to hospitality, and an ordinary intro-

duction is all that would appear to be necessary to make you feel yourself perfectly at home with any of them.

The second portion of the book takes us to Madras and overland from that Presidency to Bombay. More recent travellers have made us acquainted with many of the places mentioned by the author. His account of the Neilgherry hills is good, but we are afraid that Government will be slow to put into practice the idea suggested by his visit—that is, to *insist* on all its servants paying these or some other hill station a three months' visit, in every three years' service. The *naïveté* of the suggestion would have been complete, had Government been asked in addition to pay the expenses of its hardworked officials! Altogether we can recommend this little book. Despite a certain baldness of style and an occasional infelicity of expression, it is creditable to the author.

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1. *Campaigning Experiences in Rappootana and Central India during the Suppression of the Mutiny, 1857-58, by Mrs. Henry Duberly. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1859.*
 2. *Up Among the Pandies; or a Year's Service in India, by Lieutenant Vivian Dering Majendie, R. A. London: Routledge. 1859.*

THE great Indian rebellion, as might be expected, has called forth a host of narratives and journals from soldiers, civilians, chaplains, and ladies, from the captive and the conqueror, from Europeans and natives, from the fiery soldier ever foremost in the charge, and the gentle sorrowing woman, who, with a courage not less heroic, amidst the storm of shot and shell, and impending horrors still more to be dreaded, ministered to the sick and the wounded. The public mind had sympathy and interest for all; all were eagerly read. But we know now nearly all that we care to know. The Despatches of Lord Clyde and Sir Hugh Rose, the masterly *résumé* of the Siege of Lucknow signed by General Inglis, the Letters of Hodson, the Narratives of Edwardes, Mrs. Polehampton and Captain Thomson, exhaust the strategy, the tragedy, the heroic deeds, and unparalleled sufferings of a time which shall never be forgotten. The one work that remains is to embalm the whole in the prose of Lord Macaulay. It is a theme worthy of him who sung "the Lays of Ancient Rome;" for never in history or fable did man dare, or suffer more with high heart and unflinching spirit, than was dared and suffered in that year of mortal extremity by men and women of the Anglo-Saxon race. Or, should he decline, Mr. Kaye might give us a record, if not so brilliant, perhaps more sober, truthful, and impartial.

Nothing but the spirited touch of Eothen, or sketches of the interior of the rebel camp, or adventures of startling interest, would now attract

interest, or obtain success. The two autographs of Mrs. Duberly and Lieut. Majendie have come too late. They were neither of them in any special danger ; and they have nothing very new, or very clear to impart. Of so little advantage indeed is mere personal presence in a battle or a campaign, that Mrs. Duberly tells us, when she was in the Crimea, people on the spot derived nearly all real knowledge of the siege from the English newspapers ; and in her well written and agreeable campaigning experiences during the mutiny, although associating with Sir Hugh Rose, General Roberts, and other celebrities of the Central Indian Army, we look in vain for any connected narrative, often even for any incidental allusion, to the most stirring events of a campaign, for sudden and strange changes, and masterly generalship, rivalling or surpassing the exploits of the "Iron Duke" himself on the same field.

It is unfair perhaps to Mrs. Duberly to judge her book from this point of view, and to look for what she does not profess to give us. It is no fault of hers, that she did not see more of the actual fighting ; and whatever she did see, she describes well and truthfully. Her style is that clear, unaffected English, which women seem to have wrested from the lords of the creation, faithful, spirited, and totally free from exaggeration : and, as a picture of a regiment on the march, exposed to all the perils and privations of war, and to the deadly climate of India in its deadliest seasons, her book has great merit. She bore her full share of all the perils and fatigues which she has recorded, and, in that world-famed pursuit of Tantia Topee, from first to last she rode 1800 miles on horseback, always keeping up with the column, with a courage, perseverance, and endurance beyond all praise.

In a book like hers, there is of course little to review. All we can do is to make a few extracts, as fair samples of the whole.

The first is an interesting notice of the tombs of the Raos at Bhooj :

"Bhooj possesses several objects of interest ; amongst which are the tombs of the former Raos. They are of red sandstone, hundreds of years old ; some having almost crumbled away, while the one or two that remain perfect are approached by handsome flights of steps, and are rich in ornament as well as beautiful in architectural design. The domed roofs are supported on clusters, groups, and rows of pillars : while the fantastic and elaborate carvings of every corner remind the spectator of the like ornaments on our fairest English cathedrals. The Rao's Palace, and also several of the tombs, are decorated with figures resembling those seen on English monuments of ancient date. An equestrian statue in chain armour, looking very like a crusader, adorns the Palace : and the entrance to the door of the largest tomb is guarded by two figures, male and female, apparently about the date of Henry I. On inquiry, I learned that many, many years ago, a Dutch sculptor came to Bhooj, and left these traces of his skill. Conjecture wanders in vain over the history of this man. How and why he came so far, a solitary Christian outcast among the heathen, is unknown. His name has long been lost, but his memory lives in his works."

"Here, in silence and in sorrow, toiling with a busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.
'Emigravit' is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies :
Dead he is not, but departed — for the Artist never dies."

Her interview with the Ranees affords us a peep into the interior of the female aspect of an Indian Court :

"I received an intimation from the Ranees, appointing an interview with me, and was much gratified at having an opportunity of seeing the interior of an Indian court. Mrs. Jervis, the wife of the resident chaplain at Bhooj, kindly accompanied me as interpretress. The Rao sent his carriage, an English brougham, for us, with an escort both of horse and foot. The courtyard of the palace, an extensive and handsome building, was thronged with people, and music commenced as our carriage drew up at the foot of the stone steps leading to the ladies' apartments. We saw six of the Ranees, and the wife of the Rao's eldest son. The ladies, who received us in the durbar room, were seated on chairs in a row, surrounded by female attendants and musicians. They rose as we entered, and extended their hands ; seats were then placed for us opposite to them. The eldest lady conversed : the rest sat by in silence. I never saw such a profusion of jewellery in my life. The forehead of each was hidden by a circular ornament of precious stones, and even their eyelids were fringed with diamonds ; nose jewels, the size and weight of which distorted the nostril, completed the decorations of the face. Several necklaces, some apparently of solid gold, others of strings of pearls, covered the neck and bosom ; while massive bracelets, blazing with rubies and emeralds, encircled their arms from elbow to wrist. One bracelet I particularly remember ; it was a thick and heavy circlet of gold, studded with about thirty emeralds the size of peas. On their ankles they wore three or four chains and anklets of different patterns, and each toe was covered with an ornament resembling enamelled leaves. The Ranee who conversed appeared to be an unusually intelligent woman. She was well informed as to everything relating to the royal families of Europe, and listened with interest for my answers to her various questions. Mrs. Jervis mentioned that I was the Englishwoman whom the Ranee had heard of as having been with the army during the Crimean war ; and her inquiries proved that she was familiar with the leading events of the campaign. Her information was, I believe, acquired from a Persian newspaper, which she receives once a week. She was very desirous to ascertain whether the men of the regiment entertained hostile feelings towards the native population, or only towards such as had revolted. The ladies examined my watch and bracelets very minutely, and then desired their attendants to show me their sleeping apartments. This was quite exceeding ordinary etiquette, and arose evidently from a wish to make their friendly feeling as manifest as possible. The rooms were dark and close, but the swinging cots were very handsome. That of the eldest Ranee was made entirely of silver, and suspended from the ceiling by massive chains, carved into elephants, horses, and palm-trees. Close to it was a smaller swinging bed, in a handsome silver frame. It was the cot which had been occupied by her son, the heir apparent, when he was a little child ; and, mother-like, she still keeps it in her room. The ladies retire about ten or eleven o'clock, and are rocked and rung to sleep by little silver bells suspended from the chains that swing the cot. One thing struck me : when in conversation with the Ranee, she asked rather eagerly if I had ever been actually present at a battle. And on being answered in the affirmative, she fell back in her chair and sighed. A whole lifetime of suppressed emotion, of crushed ambition, of helplessness, and weariness, seemed to be comprehended in that short sigh."

There is a poem by Elizabeth Barret Browning, called "The Rhyme of the Duchess Mary." It is a noble poem, a poem that haunts the memory ; but the catastrophe appeared to us unnatural, and all but impossible. But that gifted woman has the keen insight into human nature, which marks the true singer. Here is the poem transcribed into literal heroic fact, the high chivalrous impulse of one of those rebel native chieftains, whom we are too prone to disparage :

"An instance of antique heroism, uncommon in these civilised days, occurred
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during the assault on Kotah. The rebel chiefs were endeavouring to make the most favourable disposition of their forces, and one of them rode with considerable difficulty to the top of a fortification, from whence he could command a view of all that was going on. As the mutineers began to fly, and the English pressed into the town, it became evident to him that, before he could descend, the enemy would be upon him, and escape would be impossible. Choosing death, rather than the disgrace of falling alive into our hands, he gathered up his reins, and plunging his armed heels into his horse's sides, rode him at the parapet-wall. The horse rose bravely at his last leap, and falling headlong with his rider a depth of 120 feet, both were crushed in one mangled mass together."

But heroism was certainly not the characteristic of the mutineers. The pursuit was a chase; and the ruthless haste, and thorough cowardly disorganization of the mutineers, are graphically and vividly set before us in the following extracts:

"During their flight a number of sowars always preceded the rebel force, and pressed all the carts and bullocks of the villages, and any attempt at opposition was answered by death. By these means their march was never hindered for want of transport. The exhausted horses, or bullocks, were unharnessed and turned adrift, while pressed ones took their places. So great was their haste, that if a cart broke down it was pushed aside out of the road and left. At one village the atrocities they committed were so outrageous, that the inhabitants, in desperation, rushed out to attack them under cover of the night, crying, "The English are coming! the English are coming!" The effect of this war-cry was magical. Like the Syrians of old "they arose and fled," leaving their camp as it was. The seven guns thus abandoned fell into the hands of the pursuers, who were in reality nearer at hand than the brave villagers had supposed."

It may interest some to know how the heart of this fair lady beat on the field of battle. Here is the answer:

"The rebels were driven quite to the other end of the plain, amongst some trees; the artillery then rattled in, and gave them such sharp practice, in spite of the grape and shrapnel they sent in return, that they were soon glad to leave. Presently, away they went, hundreds of horsemen, racing as though they were after a fox, and closely followed by the 14th Light Dragoons and 8th Hussars. In the battery from which I was watching there were two 18-pounders, one of which was quickly swung round, and opened on the flying mass. Unhappily its range was too short. Away they sped, and soon dense clouds of dust hid from our eyes the last traces of that discomfited host. It then became necessary to scour the plains, lest any should be found lurking in houses or under tops of trees. The impulse to accompany the cavalry and artillery was irresistible; and I never, never shall forget the throbbing excitement of that short gallop, when the horse beneath me, raging in his fierce strength, and mad with excitement, scarcely touched the ground. We halted beyond the enemy's cantonment, and underneath the grim walls of the fort. Of course we expected some remonstrative guns to open on us, or some notice to be taken of this very forward movement; but all was silent and still. We could not account for this in action on the part of the gunners in the fort. It was now growing dusk; and as nothing more could be done, my husband and I turned our horses' heads back to the camp."

We like her better under another phase, when even her indomitable strength and will gave way from constant marching, discomfort, and want of sleep:

"Since the 10th of June, my pen has never been in my hand. For several days and nights the noise and stir of the camp have been but as a confused and troubled dream to me. I have been lying on my bed unconscious, or communing only with my own heart. It is sad to lie in pain and weakness amidst such stirring

scenes ; and to be so dependent, helpless, and exhausted, as to feel that the sleep of death would scarcely be sufficiently deep to afford relief. How vain is all human strength and courage, when in a moment, and in the very midst of our self-reliant pride, the will of God can cast us down and leave us to be helplessly carried hither and thither at the will of others. A few hours of illness suffice to take away that power of pleasing which gives life such a charm to its possessor. The face becomes pale and wan—no witticism sparkles from the parched lips—no laughter kindles in the eyes that are filled with ever ready tears. True heroism is not to ride gallantly amid the braying of trumpets and all the pomp and circumstance of war, but to wrestle alone, in solitary fight, with darkness and the shadow of death. Many a one may be brave before his fellows, and ride at a gallop to the very cannon's mouth, who would shrink from the sharp arrows of pain, from the weary, lonely watching, and from all the humiliation of soul and body that weakness and illness entail.

Individual suffering counts for nothing where the movements of an army are concerned. The strong fight through—the weak lie down and die ; and the brigade marches on just the same. But, happily, above all, watches the Almighty Power, without whom nothing is strong, and without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground.

Through the kindness of the Brigadier, and of Lieutenant-Colonel Blake, my dooley was allowed to be carried near the head of the column. It was many days before I was able to sit in my saddle ; and, on the first attempt, I fainted from sheer pain."

We conclude with a short notice of all that is known as to the fate of the Ranee of Jhansi :

"With regard to the Ranee of Jhansi, nothing is known with certainty, except that she was killed. Various stories got afloat ; amongst others, that she was run through the body by a private of the 8th Hussars, who, as she was dressed as a man in a white turban and crimson tunic and trowsers, had no idea that his sword was pointed at the breast of a woman. Another story had it that she died, not from a sword-thrust, but from two shot wounds. Sir Hugh Rose told me, that although mortally wounded she was not actually killed on the field, but was carried off the ground, and ordered a funeral pile to be built, which she ascended and fired with her own hand while almost in the act of dying ; an instance of fierce and desperate courage that I can only listen to with wonder. At all events, on the 17th of June her restless and intriguing spirit passed away : a subject of regret perhaps to those who admired her energy and courage, but of congratulation to all who are concerned in endeavouring to settle the intricate and disturbed affairs of this unhappy country."

Lieutenant Majendie's "Up among the Pandies" is a far more readable book than the lady's. It contains passages and descriptions written with great vigour ; and his power of word painting is considerable. As a spectator and combatant in the capture of Lucknow, many scenes of thrilling interest passed before his eyes ; and he relates them with spirit and much—*too* much—of the picturesque. Unfortunately he affects the Punch style, and destroys all confidence in his facts by absurd exaggeration. A theme such as he has chosen, is but a sorry subject for jesting ; and a book, treating of Lucknow and Cawnpore, ought to be written soberly, truthfully, and in earnest. A single specimen will show what we mean, and justify even, more severe criticism :

"Goodness gracious ! my dear fellow, where have you been ?" Such was the salutation which greeted me as I appeared at breakfast on the following morning, after a night, the recollection of which will never, never be effaced, spent among the mosquitoes. Oh ! that night—that night ! the tossing and the tumbling, and the

rolling to and fro ; the single combats that I fought, the general actions with large bodies of the enemy that I engaged in, the scratching, and the tearing, and the groaning—ye gods ! what words can tell ?

I anointed wound after wound, as I received them, with Eau de Cologne, salad-oil, lime-juice, mustard, and a hundred other “infallible cures ;” but, alas ! ’twas of no avail. I groaned,—I walked about my cabin,—I went up on deck,—I drank gallons of cold water,—I buffeted wildly in the air with bolsters,—I tore myself with my nails,—seizing the most bristly clothes-brush procurable, I groomed myself, after the manner of a steed, I—ah ! what did I not do during that awful night ?

On rising in the morning and looking in the glass, behold ! hands, neck, face, one mass of mosquito-empoisoned flesh. As far as I could ascertain by inquiry and private interviews with my looking-glass, it appeared to me that I had four cheeks on the left side of my face and three on the right ; two and a half upper lips, five eye-lids, one nose and three-quarters, and a large proportion of ears, particularly on the right side of my head. In fact, how I found room for all these additional organs, I am at a loss to discover ; but there they were, rather in the way than otherwise, for my lips kept getting into my mouth, my eyelids were in a chronic state of wink, almost entirely obscuring my sight, the enlarged state of my ears materially interfered with brushing my hair ; while, as for getting my hat on to my head—ha, ha !—why, it would have been suicide to think of it !”

Lieutenant Majendie has no need of such paltry efforts to seem clever. They occur often, are always in bad taste, are only pardonable as idle after dinner talk, and altogether unworthy of a man with his talents. The following battle piece, though the Ercles vein does peep out a very little, is painted by the hand of a master :

“Hush ! there is a breaking and rustling of the leaves ; and, look ! a Sepoy in full flight dashes wildly across your path ; but, even as he goes, the barrel of an Enfield is covering him—bang ! a sharp, quick report—a whistling of a bullet—and now he is down, rolling a confused and bloody mass in the dust and dirt—a few convulsive struggles—a little clutching at the grass which is beneath him, and which his blood, as it wells forth, is fast dying a dark red—a low moan or two, perchance, and all is over. Then, breaking through the bushes, follows a hot and excited Rifleman, his rifle still smoking, his lips black with powder, biting another cartridge as he comes, and scarcely glancing, as he passes, on the man whom he has done to death.”

“Hark ! to that cheer—a wild tally-ho. What ! is this, then, fox-hunting ? No—but not unlike it, only more madly and terribly exciting even than that—it is man-hunting, my friend ! and that cheer proclaims that we have “found.” Hark ! to that quick volley which follows it, with death in its every note ! See here and there a flying Sepoy, and here and there a dust-stained, still warm corpse—see, through the trees, the bright-glancing barrels of the deadly rifles as they are raised to deal the fatal blow ; see the dark plumes of the Highlanders, and the grey turbans of the Sikhs, and the red coats of our men flitting to and fro—see that soldier fiercely plunging down his bayonet into some object at his feet—see, is it not red as he uplifts it for another blow ? Raise yourself in your stirrups and look down and behold that living thing, above which the steel is flashing so mercilessly : is it a dog, or some venomous and loathsome reptile ? No—but a human being : it is a man who lies at that soldier’s feet—a man disguised with wounds and dust and mortal agony, with blood gurgling from his lips, and with half-uttered curses upon his tongue, who is dying there ; and the reeking bayonet is wiped hurriedly upon the grass, and the killer passes on, to drain, in the wild excitement of his triumph, every drop of that cup of blood which this day the God of War holds out to him, and which he sees foaming and brimming over before him. Ugh ! it is horrid work at the best ; but that thought comes afterwards, and not now, when mad with excitement, your pulse beating quickly, and I fear me glad at the work of death, as the veriest butcher among them, you press forward, amid smoke, and noise, and cracking rifles, and burning houses and burning jungle, through an

atmosphere thick with sulphurous smells, and choking dust, and heavy heat, while the scenes which I have just attempted to describe are going on, in all their licensed fury, on every side."

During the whole campaign the sun was a deadlier foe than the sepoy, and struck down many a stalwart and gallant man. Here is the experience of but a single day :

"Few who belonged to this column will ever forget that day—how the scorching rays of the sun beat through helmet, cap, and turban, and struck down by dozens the healthiest and strongest among us ; how, still cheered by the prospect of a fight, the men kept gallantly on, stepping out with a "pluck" and determination which cannot be too highly praised, scorning to murmur at the torture (for it was little else) which they were obliged to undergo. One after another, however, the doolies filled with wretched men in all the convulsions of sunstroke ; one after another, sergeants came up and reported some fresh victim. With some, the attack was only temporary ; in a few hours, or days, or weeks, they recovered ; others lingered perhaps till evening, or the next morning, and then sank into their last long sleep ; but many fell, almost as if they had been shot, and in five or three minutes were no more. Never before had we seen sunstroke in all its horrors, and a more appalling spectacle it is difficult to imagine than beholding, not one, or two, but dozens of strong men lying speechless and insensible, gasping and jerking with a convulsive, tetanic action ; while *bhistees* standing over them, vainly strive, by saturating their heads with cold water, to arrest the sands of life that are running out so fast—to see the person with whom you are talking, suddenly turn pale and sick, and fall reeling to the earth, like a man in a fit, and to hear a quarter of an hour afterwards that he is no more."

It is evident that the gallant author is considerably less anxious for the strict veracity of a story, than for its being available for a telling paragraph. He accepts without hesitation all the atrocities of sepoy barbarity : and he relates, without reserve, outrages, scarcely less brutal, inflicted by British soldiers before his own eyes. Much must be deducted for high colouring : there is doubtless considerable exaggeration of details : but there still remains a terrible residuum of fact very painful to think of, to realize, and to believe.

We spare our readers the frightful narrative of the brave man roasted alive by Sikhs ; English officers and English soldiers looking on, some even assisting. If to rescue him was dangerous or impossible, was there no one to deliver the poor creature out of his agony by a merciful pistol shot ? The deed has one poor palliative : it was done in hot blood, and in the madness of revenge. But the following incident, which Lieut. Majendie also witnessed, is still more fatally significant of the spirit which the war engendered, even in the civilized Christian man. It is a dark page in our history, and Lieutenant Majendie writes of it with a feeling that does him honour :

"I have before adverted to the hardness of heart which in some cases was shown by our men, and to the carelessness and callous indifference with which they took away human life ; and I will here relate one of several instances which came under my notice, as being illustrate of this fact. After we had occupied the Iron Bridge for some days, and when we supposed that the houses immediately in the neighbourhood were quite clear of the enemy, we were astonished one even-

ing by hearing a shot in one of the very buildings which we occupied, and directly after, some of the soldiers rushing in, dragged out a decrepit old man, severely wounded in the thigh. It seems that the sentry having heard some body moving about the house, had challenged, and receiving no answer, fired, and shot the poor old wretch in question in the leg. He was brought out, and soon surrounded by a noisy, gaping crowd of soldiers, who clamoured loudly for his immediate execution; expressing themselves in language more remarkable by its vigour than either its elegance or its humanity. "Ave his 'nut' off," cried one; "Hang the brute," cried another; "Put him out of mess," said a third; "Give him a 'Cawnpore dinner,'"* shouted a fourth; but the burthen of all these cries was the same, and they meant "death." The only person of the group who appeared unmoved, and indifferent to what was going on, was he who certainly had every right to be the most interested: I mean the old man himself, whose stoicism one could not but admire. He must have read his fate, a hundred times over, in the angry gestures and looks of his captors, but never once did he open his lips to supplicate for mercy, or betray either agitation or emotion; giving one the idea of a man rather bored by the noise and the proceedings generally, but not otherwise affected. His was a case which hardly demanded a long or elaborate trial. He was a native—he could give no account of himself—he had been found prowling about our position at night; stealthily moving among houses every one of which contained a quantity of gunpowder, and where, for aught we knew, and as was more than probable, mines may have existed, which a spark dropped from his hand would have ignited—or he was a spy, or—but what need of more? In this time of stern and summary justice, such evidence was more than ample; he was given over to two men, who received orders to "destroy him," (the expression usually employed on these occasions, and implying in itself how dreadfully common such executions had become,) and they led him away. This point being settled, the soldiers returned to their games of cards and their pipes, and seemed to feel no further interest in the matter, except when the two executioners returned, and one of their comrades carelessly asked, "Well, Bill, what did yer do to him?" "Oh," said the man, as he wiped the blood off an old tulwar, with an air of cool and horrible indifference which no words can convey, "Oh! sliced his 'ed off," resuming his rubber, and dropping the subject, much as a man might who had drowned a litter of puppies; but it was disgusting to see any man—an Englishman especially—so callous after just launching a soul into eternity. I may perhaps be wrong in relating this anecdote; but I have endeavoured, throughout my narrative, to describe as faithfully as possible what I have seen, and the impressions such sights may have made on me; and my object in selecting this instance has been, not to vilify the British soldier, or to show that *ordinarily* he is cruel, bloodthirsty, or callous to human suffering, for I am sure he is not so; but merely to point out the bad effects which war generally, and this war in particular, tends to produce on even the most civilized of those employed in it, in banishing those nobler feelings of compassion—in stifling those generous throbbings of the heart, nay, even in overcoming that love of fair play which is usually so characteristic of Englishmen, and which is a point on which as a nation we have always prided ourselves. That this war has had, in a great measure, such an effect is undoubtedly the case, and perhaps one hardly to be wondered at, if the earlier scenes and horrors of it be considered; the Sepoys have none but themselves to blame that they have found no quarter; and their misdeeds entailed a large amount of misery on comparatively innocent people. The Oude people have, as I observed in a former chapter, been invariably confounded with the mutinous and blood-stained Sepoy; and a spirit of ferocity arose among our men whenever they recalled the tragedies of Cawnpore, Delhi, Bareilly, and fifty other places, which little disposed them to discriminate between one black face and another."

Not very consistent with this, or consistent indeed with any thing except the desire to write smartly, are the author's remarks:

* The soldiers call six inches of steel a "Cawnpore dinner" The expression needs no further explanation

"With no little astonishment, as we read speeches and leading articles, did we behold the respective positions of Sepoy and Englishman reversed, the former being the martyrs now, the latter the persecutors. Misguided officers and soldiers who had been inwardly congratulating themselves that they had established a sort of claim upon the gratitude of their country, by their services in India—and by this had been cheered up all along, through heat, sickness, and hardships—suddenly discovered, on reading the record of proceedings at Exter Hall, and elsewhere, that it was all a mistake; and that they were, by certain sets in England, looked upon, individually, as something between a cannibal and a grand inquisitor. One unfortunate who, not anticipating this revulsion of public feeling, and who, when the cry of "no quarter" was echoing far and wide through England, had written a little letter home, stating with much satisfaction that he had killed several Sepoys, was astonished to find by return of mail that he was a monster, and not the least bit of a hero. In fact, we were told that "Jack Pandey" was not half so bad a fellow after all, and we really had been a *leetle* too hard on him, and we should for the future take more into consideration the provocation he had received—the dread the poor fellow so naturally had of having his caste destroyed, the—Pshaw! why repeat these canting sophistries, which really are quite sickening."

We conclude with a glimpse of Maun Singh. The author was with the force sent to raise the siege, or (as he will have it) the sham siege of Shahgunge; and this is his opinion (a very general one) of that celebrated affair:

"Most of Maun Singh's guests returned with a worse opinion of their host than they held before, which is saying a good deal; and they further stated their conviction that the whole siege, from beginning to end, had been a hoax got up by Maun Singh himself, in order to give us a high opinion of his loyalty, as measured by the hardships which he wished to make it appear he had undergone in our cause.

The grounds upon which they formed this opinion were certainly tolerably plausible; the fort presented no appearance of having been besieged, hardly a shot-mark upon its walls; the guns did not look as if they had been fired; there were no corpses to be seen; and when they asked to see the sick and wounded, they were informed that they had all been "sent away to their homes;" and, as some one very justly argued, is it not probable, if there had been any wounded, that Maun Singh would carefully have kept them till we arrived, and shown them to us with a sort of pride, as evidence of the sharpness of the struggle and the obstinacy of the defence? Moreover, would there not of a surety have been some cases of a serious nature, which it would have been impossible to remove within the short time—four or five days—which had elapsed between the raising of the siege and our visit to the place, and who *must* have lain in Shahgunge till their wounds were sufficiently healed to admit of their returning to their homes, as we were informed they had done? All this looks suspicious, it must be admitted, and I am inclined to think that, at any rate, Maun Singh had very much exaggerated the whole affair, and indeed several of his men admitted that they had never once been on reduced rations; whereas I have before stated that Maun Singh had sent out to us at Derriabad, stating that they were reduced to quarter rations, which proves at least that one piece of deception had been resorted to, to give a high colouring to the affair. When we, in addition to all this, consider the tenor of Maun Singh's past conduct, his shifting from side to side; the necessity there was for him to give us (now that we had the upper hand) some signal proof of his loyalty, to counterbalance his former repeated treacheries, and reinstate him completely in our favour; the very opportune juncture (all things considered) at which this *soi disan* siege took place; the admirable way in which a deception of this sort would suit his purpose; the man's character, such as we know it to be, which would render a scheme like this, at once bold and cunning, peculiarly congenial, it is impossible to set totally aside suspicion of Maun Singh's conduct in this business."

Lieutenant Majendie's book is, from first to last, essentially ephemeral; but, such are his gifts as a describer and narrator, and so fertile on subjects fitted for the display of his powers is the field he has chosen, that

no one, who takes up his book, will lay it down till he has read the last page.

The Influence of Christianity on the Position and Character of Woman. A Sermon, by W. Kay, D. D., Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta; and Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. Calcutta: Bishop's College Press, 1859.

Dr. Kay's Sermon is worthy of attention, not so much for its assertion of the fact that Christianity and Christianity alone has given woman her true position, as for the illustrations from various sources by which that assertion is accompanied. A residence in the East affords a favourable position from which to look at the subject and to throw new lights upon it. This Dr. Kay has done, while he has, in language which is as plain as it is delicate, urged the duty of chastity and the glory of marriage. We do not object to the exhortations whose evident tendency is to revive the primitive order of Deaconesses in the church, but we fear the slight tone of asceticism which colours almost every page, will lay the writer open to the charge of overlooking, or not allowing sufficient weight to, some of the most cardinal facts of human nature. The purity which the age lacks is not that which is at once contrary to and above nature, but that which recognises and consecrates nature. In a note illustrating the truth that intellectual culture is no guarantee against moral debasement, Dr. Kay takes an instance from the infidels of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

One of them, Rousseau, said; "*L'homme qui pense est un animal dépravé.*" Viewed as the result of an induction performed on the men who in his day called themselves the thinkers, the phrase is too lenient. He might have said, "*dépravé et corrompé.*" Hume argued, (there is something Satanic in the cold, mechanical, bare-intellectual view such men take of moral questions,) that adultery, if known, was a small offence; if unknown, none at all. Lord Herbert of Cherbury maintained that there was nothing more blameworthy in the indulgence of lust than in quenching the thirst of fever. Voltaire laboured during twenty years at an infamous poem *La Pucelle d'Orleans*, which he himself pretended to disavow, and spoke of as "a tissue of sottish and abominable obscenities." (M. Bungener's *Voltaire*, p. 327.) The strongest instance of all would be that of Goethe. But this is a topic too important to be treated of incidentally.

I will add that the fact, which this note is intended to illustrate, is one that we in India shall do well to think carefully over, for two reasons. 1. *As regards the natives*; that we may not be led away to suppose that mere intellectual training, and advance in what is commonly called civilization, (which should rather be called the outward accompaniments of civilization,) will permanently improve the social condition of the Hindus. A cultivated intellect gives a man a *capacity* for greater good or evil; but does not in itself determine how that capacity shall be used. Nay, we may go much farther. That one department of the intellect, the imagination, which is most largely developed by literary culture, is intimately connected with those desires, passions, and affections, which are undoubtedly in every man tainted with evil. No scheme of education, therefore, (least of all, of female edu-

cation) is likely to produce any real social improvement, unless it have a strong spirit of moral goodness working inside it, and animating it.

2. *As regards ourselves.* Every year witnesses large assortments of French novels of the Eugène Sue and Balzac style advertised for sale in Calcutta. There must be a demand for them somewhere. I have often asked, "Who can it be that reads them?" and the answer (incredible as it seems) has still been, "Ladies, in Calcutta and in the Mofussil." If the fact be so, it is the worst possible augury for the future of our English empire in India. The possibility of its being so justifies me in endeavouring to raise a warning voice. The sound-hearted among my countrywomen (the majority, I am sure,) will need no apology for plainness of language in such a case. If this pamphlet, then, should meet the eye of any who read novels of this kind, let it urge them (as in the sight of God) to consider, in what respect they differ *in principle* from such as have thrown aside all belief in moral obligation;—and to inquire whether they are not guilty of a desecration of the imagination, which differs from the desecration of the senses only, in being more subtle, more penetrating, more absorbing, and more deadly.

We value Dr. Kay's sermon as an effort to break the reticence—which is so fruitful of immorality—of the pulpit and of every class, on the subject of the relation of the sexes. Until a crusade is begun against the impure conventionalisms of modern society, which prevent early marriages, and marriage at 20 and 18 respectively becomes as much the law of custom and religion in Europe as it is at too early an age in the East, the social evil will increase and sap the life-blood of what is called the respectable class. Men now-a-days pretend to be wiser on these subjects than the Apostle Paul. They are less pure.

LIST OF WORKS ON INDIA AND THE EAST PUBLISHED DURING THE QUARTER.

(In addition to those already noticed in this Number.)

-
- Delhi, Cawnpore and Lucknow. By Henry George Thomas, Author of
"Poems on the Battle of Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman and Sebastopol."
Printed for Private Circulation.
- Rambles at the Antipodes. London : W. H. Smith and Son.
- A History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature so far as it illustrates the Primitive Religion of the Brahmans. By Max Müller, M. A., Taylorian Professor in the University of Oxford. Williams and Norgate.
- De Paris à Astrakan. Par Alexandre Dumas. Vols. I—V. Brussels.
- A Few Words on the Question of Teaching the Bible in Government Schools in India, by Mr. Hodgson Pratt. Chapman and Hall.
- The China Mission, embracing a History of various Missions of all Denominations with Biographies of deceased Missionaries. By W. Dean, D. D., Twenty Years a Missionary in China.
- One Alphabet for all India. A few words to all interested in the Welfare of our Indian Fellow-subjects, with Appendices, and a Comparative Table of the Alphabets of the South Indian Language. By the Rev. G. U. Pope.
- Dr. Caldwell on the Substitution of the Roman for the Indian Characters. Second Edition. Madras: Gantz Brothers.
- The Bagh-o-Bahar, in the Roman Character with Vocabulary. By Dr. Duncan Forbes. W. H. Allen and Co.
- Geschichte des Englischen Reiches in Asien. Von Karl Fredrick Neumann. Brockhaus : Leipzig.
- The Universal Review for September.
Article II.—Neumann's British Empire in Asia.
————— for October.
Article III.—Literature of the Indian Rebellion.
- Blackwood's Magazine for September.
Article I.—Horse Dealing in Syria.
„ VI.—Journal of a Cruise on the Tanganyka Lake, Central Africa. By Captain J. Speke.
- The British Quarterly Review for October.
Article II.—Tennent's Account of Ceylon.
„ IV.—The Buddhist Pilgrims.
„ VII.—Financial Resources of India.
- The National Review for September.

- Article III.—Senior's Journal in Turkey and Greece.
The Quarterly Review for October.
- Article II.—Progress of New Zealand.
The Edinburgh Review for October.
- Article III.—Sir Emerson Tennent's Ceylon.
The North British Review for November.
- Article VII.—Japan and the Japanese.
Travels in Greece and Russia, with an Excursion to Crete. By Bayard Taylor. Sampson, Low, Son and Co.
- A Thesaurus of English and Hindustani Technical Terms used in Building and other Useful Arts, and Scientific Manual of Words and Phrases in the Higher Branches of Knowledge ; containing upwards of 5,000 words not generally to be found in the English and Urdu Dictionaries. By Captain H. G. Raverty, 3rd Regt., Bombay N. I., Hertford : Stephen Austin.
- A Dictionary of the Puk'hto or Pus'hto, or Language of the Afghans. By Captain H. G. Raverty, 3rd Regt., Bombay N. I.
- The Pus'hto Text-Book ; or, Selections, Prose and Poetical in the Afghan Language.
- A Grammar of the Puk'hto or Pus'hto Language. In which the Rules are illustrated by several hundred Examples from the best Authors, both Poetical and Prose ; together with Translations from the Articles of War, &c., &c., and Introductory Chapter on the Language, Literature and Descent of the Afghan Tribes. A second edition, revised and improved.
- Hand-Book of the Coast from Bombay to Cochin, prepared for the Bombay Steam Navigation Company, for the use of Tourists.
- Note-Book for all Infantry Officers, concerned in the Examination for Promotions under the latest Orders from the Horse Guards. By Lieut. Col. T. E. Knox, H. M.'s 67th Regiment. Calcutta : R. C. Lepage and Co.
- Geodesical Summary of Positions determined in Ethropia. By Antoine d'Abbadie. Paris : Duprat.
- Compendium of the English and Marathi Dictionary. By Baba Padamanji. Bombay : Thomas Graham.
- Sermons for Soldiers for all Sundays in the Year, together with Christmas Day and Good Friday, addressed to Soldiers during the Years 1858-59. By the Rev. C. T. Wilson, M. A., Assistant Chaplain, Presidency of Bombay. Smith, Taylor & Co.
- A Letter to H. E. Sir C. E. Trevelyan, K. C. B., Governor of Madras on a Gold Coinage for India, by H. Nelson, Esq., Madras.
- The Bombay Almanac and Book of Direction for 1860. *Bombay Gazette Office.*

- The Tamil Plutarch, containing a Summary Account of the Lives of the Poets and Poetesses of Southern India and Ceylon. By Simon Casie Chitty, Esq. Jaffna : Ripley and Strong.
- Journal of the *Royal Charter's* Voyage to Australia and Round the World for Magnetic Research. By the Rev. W. Scoresby, D. D., F. R. S. Edited by Archibald Smith, Esq., M. A., F. R. S. Longman.
- Ceylon: an Account of the Island—Physical, Historical and Topographical, with Notices of its Natural History, Antiquities and Productions By Sir James Emerson Tennent, K. C. S., LL. D., &c. Longman.
- Sketch of the Medical Topography ; or, Climate and Soils of Bengal and the North-West Provinces. By John McClelland, F. L. S., F. G. S., Surgeon, Bengal Service. London : John Churchill.
- The Telegraph Manual: a Complete History of Telegraphing in Europe, Asia, and America, with 625 Illustrations. By T. P. Shaffner.
- Our Plague Spot, in Connection with our Polity and Usages as regards our Women, our Soldiery, and the Indian Empire.
- New Map of the Seaboard of China, with the Peiho River, Takoo Forts and Plans of Pekin, Canton, Tinghae in Chusan, Amoy, &c. James Wyld, Geographer to the Queen. London.
- Pointed and Unpointed Romanic Alphabets compared, in six versions of Luke XIV., 18—20. By L. J. Thompson, C. S., Madras. Mangalore. G. Plebst.
- Memoir on the Ruins of Babylon, by Commander Selby of the Indian Navy.
- Tables for the Use of Friendly Societies which may be established in India. Compiled by Dinna Moroba, Accountant, Military Fund Office, Bombay
- The Trade and Commerce of India. Being a Paper read by J. T. Mackenzie before the British Association at Aberdeen, in September last. With Statistical Tables of Exports, Imports, Tonnage, and Banking Operations and an Appendix, since added, containing a few Remarks on the Land Tenures and General Government of India, and the Question of an Imperial Guarantee. Jones and Causton.
- Life and Correspondence of Daniel Wilson, D. D., late Bishop of Calcutta. By the Rev. Josiah Bateman, M. A. Portraits and Illustrations. Murray.
- Historical Evidences of Revealed Religion with Reference to recent Discoveries at Nineveh, Babylon, &c. By the Rev. George Rawlinson, M. A.
- The Story of New Zealand, Past and Present, Savage, and Civilized. By Arthur S. Thomson, M. D., 58th Regiment.
- Pictures of the Chinese, drawn by themselves, with Descriptions. By Rev. R. H. Cobbold, late Archdeacon of Ningpo with 34 plates.
- A Report on the Navigation of the Indus addressed to the Directors of the Oriental Inland Steam Company. By John Bourne, C. E. London.
- Five Years' Residence in New Zealand, or Observations on Colonisation.

By Francis Fuller, Esq., (late Captain, 59th Regiment, a Resident in the Province of Canterbury. Williams and Norgate.

Journal of a Tour to Karen-nee, for the purpose of opening a Trading Road to the Shan Traders, from Mobyay and the adjacent Shan States through that Territory direct to Tounghoo. By Edward O'Riley, F. G. S.

Do We Want a Recorder's Court? By Alpha. Rangoon.

Who Shall Regenerate India? By Major W. Martin, Bengal Retired List. W. H. Allen.

Straits Calendar and Directory, for the Year 1860. S. Bateman, Commercial Press. Singapore.

Sketch of the Attack on the Forts at the Entrance of the Peiho River, 25th June, 1859. Wyld.

A Diary in India. By W. H. Russell, L.L. D., Special Correspondent of the *Times*: in two volumes. Routledge. (*In the Press*.)

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Kingsmill's British Rule and Christianity in India.

Rattler's Dictionary of the Tamil and English Languages.

Dalton's White Elephant, or Hunters of Ava.

The Lady's Tamil Book, by Elijah Hoole, D. D. Longman.

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Report on the External Commerce of Bombay for the Year 1858-59. Compiled by Richard Spooner, Esq. Reporter General. Bombay.

Indian Railways. Note on the Revenue Accounts for the Half-year ending December 31, 1858. By Captain C. J. Hodgson, in charge of the Office of Consulting Engineer to Government of India.

Nineteenth General Report of the Emigration Commissioners. Hansard.

Statistical Tables relating to Foreign Countries. Part VI. Hansard.

Convict Discipline and Transportation—Australian Colonies. Hansard.

Hudson's Bay Company's Charter and Licence of Trade. Hansard.

Correspondence relative to the Earl of Elgin's Special Mission to Japan.

Returns of the Extent of Land under Cotton Cultivation in Sind, in 1858-59.

Our Indian Police. *Commercial Gazette* Press. Allahabad.

Report on the Prisons of the Bombay Presidency for 1857.

Report on the Police of the Bombay Presidency for 1857.

Report of the Commissioner for the Revision of Civil Salaries and Establishments throughout India.

Circular Orders of the Financial Commissioner of the Punjab, during the years 1853-4-5-6-7. 2 vols. *Lahore Chronicle* Press.

A Revised Epitome of the Criminal Law, in Force in the Punjab and its Dependencies. Published by the Judicial Commissioner for the Punjab. *Lahore Chronicle* Press.

Copy of a Despatch from the Government of India, dated 3rd June 1859 reviewing the Report of the Commissioner for the Revision of Civil Salaries and Establishments throughout India.

Parliamentary Papers on the Deepening of Paumben Passage, the Navigation of Palk's Straits and the Gulf of Manaar.

Copies of the Official Papers sent from India, touching the recent Disturbances in Travancore.

